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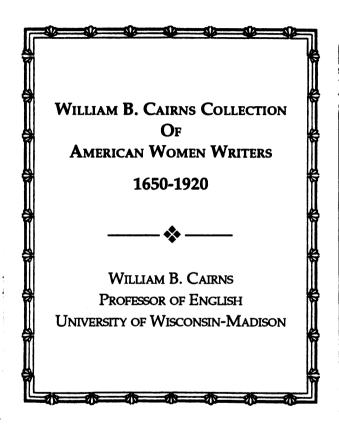
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With Best Wishes
of Mother
and Bennie



yours prayerfully Jennie Smith

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MIDADELPHIA: GARRIGUES BROTHERS, No. 665 ARCH STREET. 1885.



#### FROM

# BACA TO BEULAH.

SEQUEL TO
"VALLEY OF BACA."

By JENNIE SMITH.

'All the way my Saviour leads me."

FROM A COUCH OF SUFFERING TO MY FEET,
TO EXALT HIS HOLY NAME.

PHILADELPHIA:
GARRIGUES BROTHERS,
No. 608 ARCH STREET.
1885.

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## LETTER.

WAYNESVILLE, O., May 30, 1879.

MY DEAR JENNIE: When you first proposed to publish an account of your sufferings and of the measure of divine grace which sustained you under them, and asked my advice with reference to it, you will remember I gave it only a qualified approval. It seemed to me impossible to put on paper or convey by print what I have witnessed, or, if you could do this, I felt sure the story would not be believed. But the Valley of Baca has been given to the public, and has been greatly appreciated. It does most certainly fail to tell all. Indeed, when I read it, the recital seemed to me exceedingly short of the facts; but the conviction that it was a judicious statement, and calculated to do good by giving solace to the tried and afflicted servants of our blessed Saviour and to all classes of persons who might be induced to read it. made its advent most welcome. Your visions of the divine glory, which could be revealed only in some "Valley of Baca" deep, dark and long, the purest piety might, indeed, covet, but no one would seek it through the torturing and horrible years through which you reached it.

Your endurance, cheerfulness, faith, hope and joy during my acquaintance with you at Urbana were to me an inspiration and a blessing; and though you credit me with much, I was more a receiver than a giver, as were also the noble Christian people of the Second M. E. Church, with whom you were then more immediately identified. That you are now whole, and on your feet, is the most palpable proof of a merciful Providence, and also that that which seemed an almost insane faith, was both rational and well-founded. Surely we may trust God to give us, in his own time and in his own wise and loving way, whatever we need; and as to the indulgences which we crave and beg from his hands, we should learn to say,

"Good when he gives, supremely good, Nor less when he denies, E'en crosses in his sovereign hand Are blessings in disguise."

Your late visit to my charge in this quiet town of Waynesville, was a source of much satisfaction to me and my family, and also to the whole community. The entire freedom from cant and fanaticism in your public and private communications, and your exceeding carefulness to avoid any temptation to or outward sign of sordid motives, gave to your words great weight and immense influence. May it ever be so! and if poverty still lingers, may it not be at last, by the blessing of Him whom you have trusted so implicitly in darker days, a helping handmaid who will accompany you to the Master's feet? I know the embarrassment

that attends the selling of books in connection with religious meetings; but in this you should prudently persevere, and, while you gain a modest support for yourself and help for your now broken-down and invalid mother, you will be scattering precious seed wherever your pages are distributed.

Let the sequel to the Valley of Baca be written. Let God have the glory of his great, his wonderful, work. Let the people know what he hath wrought. Let Christians know that he can purify and keep the soul; show them how sanctification is a real and practical common-sense development of religious life and experience, which the closest and most severe attrition with the world cannot neutralize or hinder. A real experience, told in the homely and always forcible language of plain common sense, will go farther than the most minute and logical theories in leading men to higher and better lives. Let the sequel, like the original, be written in your own simple and plain style. There will not be lacking many persons whose investigating crucibles of science and dissecting scalpels of logic will be brought into requisition, and your experience will undergo the harsh tests of their alembics and dissecting-rooms, and you may find yourself quite unable to answer their questions, and may be obliged to fall back upon the reply of the man Jesus healed of blindness: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, I now see"-that whereas I once was paralyzed, tortured and nearly blind, I now see and walk and am strong, and am ready to give you the facts. Whether Jesus did it or not, it is certain

that I asked him, trusted him, and am healed. I give to him the glory, and for ever shall. But this is the lesser of his works, for he has also healed my soul. Indeed, the line between miracle and providence often seems very indistinct, and faith sees the hand of God where blind unbelief hears no voice, and is as unconscious of the nurturing arm as a sleeping child. It will be a glorious day for us all, when we learn to bring all we know, all we are, all we have, to our precious Saviour and Deliverer, and learn by the light and wisdom he bestows the value and true purpose of every part and of every possession.

I am affectionately your brother and former pastor, L. F. VAN CLEVE.





#### FROM

## BACA TO BEULAH.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### EXPLANATIONS.

THE "Valley of Baca" has opened into the Plains of Beulah; the heat of the furnace has passed away, and a new era has dawned upon my life. Since I gave to the public the feeble portrayal of my sufferings and triumphs in "the Valley of Baca," a period of deep and holy experience has come to me.

To-day I dwell in the Beulah-land, while the light streams out through the gates of the beautiful city, brightening up all the landscape and making glad my heart. As I stand with the dark vales of suffering in the past and the light of a Saviour's love enveloping me, I call upon my friends all over the land—you who have known me in my sufferings, sustained me by your prayers, cheered

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me by your sympathy and comforted me by your kindness—to come and hear while I tell of what the Lord hath done for me.

"The Lord reigneth;" no bow of promise shines more radiantly than this—the God who gave Jesus, our Elder Brother; yea, more than brother, Friend, Counsellor, Physician, Shepherd—the God who orders all events and overrules all for our good.

He has no wish to conceal the hand which shadows for a time earth's brightest prospects. "He doth not afflict willingly;" nay, these afflictions are messengers of mercy, though in disguise. There is a need be. No furnace will be hotter than he sees to be necessary. Sometimes, indeed, his teachings are mysterious, yet I believe in heaven we shall praise God for the providences which in the flesh seemed most severe, rather than for those that brought prosperity. "Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant."

But it seems to me I hear many sorrowing hearts say, "There is no prosperity for me." True; "varied are our days of trouble." No heart is exempt in this brief life. The rich and poor, the exalted and lowly, all have their share—sickness, with its hours of restlessness and languor, bereavement, with its rifled treasures, aching hearts, the curtailment or forfeiture

of worldly possessions, riches taking to themselves wings and fleeing away, or, severer than all, the woundings of friends, abused confidence, withered affections and hopes scattered like the leaves of autumn. How familiar does the story of sorrow become, when so oft it is poured into our ears in confidence and finds a heart-echo of sympathy!

But, tried one, hear the voice addressing thee from the cloudy pillar. He who led his people of old "like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron" will manifest toward thee the same shepherd-love. True, the way may be very different from what we wished or would have chosen. But the choice is in better hands. He has his own wise and righteous ends in every devious turning. He leaves not our defenceless heads unsheltered in the storm. He invites us into the pavilion of his own presence: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

It has been said, "Better the bitter Marah waters with his healing than the purest fountain of the world and NO GOD. Better the hottest furnace-flames with one there like the Son of God than that the *dross* should be suffered to accumulate and the soul left to cleave to the dust." He that purifies the silver sits by to control the fire, giving us the assurance, "I will deliver thee." It may not be the deliverance we

had expected or had prayed for, but it will be that which a tender and wise Father sees to be the best.

Shall not the sorest trial be well worth enduring if by a simple and unquestioning faith, by a meek and unmurmuring resignation, we are enabled to glorify him? "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

Who can look back upon the leadings of God without gratitude? I remember one morning. many years ago, when I was utterly helpless, except the feeble use of my hands. I had spent almost a sleepless night in suffering. Mother and sister were sick. The last penny was gonescarcely enough in the house for another meal. A piece of work was promised, but it seemed almost impossible to use my hands. I was so weak, and felt, "Oh, if only I could rest without so much care!" I had not then learned sweetly to trust without complaining. It was a dark hour. I could see no bright side to the picture—nothing to be thankful for-and was inclined to murmur. I opened my Bible directly to Psalm li., and read, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." I called for a drink of water, and as my little fouryear-old nephew came with it I thought: "Is it

not a 'tender mercy' that some one is able to bring me a drink?" and, taking the glass, I felt, "How thankful I should be that I don't have to pay for this! Water! to quench my feverish thirst! No luxury could be more delicious. Then is it not a 'tender mercy' to be able to lift it to my lips and swallow without pain? How often I cannot do either!" Just then a little bird came to my window: Is it not a 'tender mercy' that I can hear those birds filling the air with their songs of praise, and see this lovely blue sky? and oh what a great mercy, what 'loving-kindness,' that I can hear the name and voice of mother! Can I not endure anything if she is only spared to us?"

All through that day everything seemed to come fresh from the hand of God; the "tender mercies" grew into a multitude; my murmuring was turned into praise. From that day I never came into a place so dark that I could not see "tender mercies," for which to be thankful. How true it is that things are never so bad but they might be worse! When we seek through grace to view our trials as so many cords of "loving-kindness" by which our God is seeking to draw us nearer to himself, even though we be hedged about with dark and mysterious dispensations, yet we may read for our comfort: "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him."

"Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And suns and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us in life's darkest night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And what most seemed reproof, was love most true."

The reader who has gone with me through the Valley of Baca will know the writer is no stranger to sorrow. For years I have kept almost a daily record of my inner life; in that I have freely unburdened my heart—not for publication, but rather for my own comfort. On this I shall draw as I sketch the lessons taught me by the Lord, who has caused the painful Baca to open into this Beulah.





#### CHAPTER II.

THE "VALLEY OF BACA" INTRODUCED.

A PRIL 8, 1876.—"In the world ye shall have tribulation."

"One adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life

Exists—one only: an assured belief

That the procession of our fate, howe'er

Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a God

Of infinite benevolence and power,

Whose everlasting purposes embrace

All accidents, converting them to good."

Were it not that I realize this truth and feel that the balm of Christ's peace fills my heart, I surely would sink. My suffering body could not endure this weight of care, yet I desire to lie more passive in his hands, to be more fully swallowed up in his will. I am sure there is a purpose in each trial.

Dear mother is so feeble! If only we could make her more comfortable! But these bills must

be met. It seems the more we try to get out of debt, the deeper in we sink. I am so unable to do anything, yet thankful I can use my pencil. I must finish my manuscript of the Valley of Baca. I feel so deeply the responsibility of this work, but only through divine help have been able thus far to complete it, and now I will trust our heavenly Father for the rest. He knoweth all our needs. I rejoice in the consciousness that through the little strength given me I have done all I could.

Afternoon.— Had a cheering call from Dr. Pearne; also Miss Jennie Whitmore, who brought an acceptable present of muslin from some of the ladies. May they have their reward! Sisters both sick with chills.

April 20th, 5 A. M.—"And this is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will he heareth us." I feel it is according to his will that I ask for this day's needs. Yesterday we had twenty-one calls, but no one made a purchase. This morning we haven't five cents to go to market with, are out of everything but a few potatoes, and mother must have shoes; besides, she and Mollie both need medicine. I have not slept any since near midnight, but amidst much pain Jesus has been precious to my soul.

Later.—What should I do but for the Com-

forter? I have asked for some token of the Lord's will in getting the means to publish my book. I must send my manuscript to the publisher's tomorrow. Several hundred dollars will have to be raised before the work can commence. I know not where it will come from—cannot lean upon one arm of flesh; each expected source has failed. I can only say with Jehoshaphat, "Neither know we what to do, but our eyes are upon thee." I cannot doubt the Lord hath led me thus far. I may be sorely tried, but I believe the way will open.

Evening.— Susie G—— felt it would be a change for me to have a loaf of her fresh bread; little did she know how good this came! Brother sent mother ten dollars for rent, and with one sale we have sufficient for the present. How it would trouble dear brother to know what a strait we are in! Our house is so damp we shall be compelled to make a change. Oh for wisdom to know what is best to do!

When we moved into this house, my eyes were in such a condition I could only use them with dark glasses. I learned nearly three years before, when my eyes were bandaged for eight months, to work by the sense of touch, so I still did much work in this way; learned to write legibly with pencil. I desired to manage so I could carry on a little business, then devote my time to writing. One day I was pondering what to do,

when a colored woman called for ready-made aprons. A remark from her suggested an idea that finally developed into a trade. In addition to our crochet and fancy-work, we made all kinds of aprons, from the workingman's to the child's fancy bibs. My way opened in a remarkable manner; for a time prospects were flattering; had not other duties pressed me, could have made it a success. Each day brought new work and new responsibility, but there was no opportunity for writing. The burden of this duty increased, until I saw clearly I must give up everything else and devote my time to the preparation of the manuscript. I firmly believe if success had attended any other project, the Valley of Baca would not have been written. Up to this time I had a passion for fancy-work—could do almost anything that came into my hands; but I lost that power, so that I have been able to do but little of such work since.

A few days after I sent my manuscript away, sister, in company with Miss Katie W——, went to look for a house. When they returned, sister said,

"Jennie, what have you been doing since we, went out?"

"My time has been taken up by company. Why do you ask?"

"There, Katie! I told you so; I knew she was

not praying for our success. She is not in favor of our keeping boarders."

"No, I am not in favor of it; if you were all well, I would not object."

"But there is nothing else we can get to do; and if we get the commercial students, as promised, we surely can succeed."

"Yes, but it will take considerable means to begin with."

Miss Katie replied,

"I will advance several weeks' board, and that will give you a start. You will have to yield and let them try it, Jennie; you must give up trying to carry on business yourself."

They finally secured a house at twenty-five dollars a month rent; were soon moved and pleasantly located. I was quite poorly for several weeks. My way was entirely hedged up in getting means to go on with my book. How often we find "our extremity God's opportunity"! After many failures the last week had come. Mr. Parmerly called; I laid the matter before him. He at once interested himself, and in a few hours securities were provided for the needed amount.

The same day Mother Stewart came. This was a never-to-be-forgotten time—a day apart from the ordinary days of my life. Five persons in trouble came to see if I could not direct them where to get assistance. Precious was the com-

munion with this aged servant of the Lord. How my heart bounded with gladness as she related in her own enthusiastic manner the wonderful work the Lord opened up for her in England, of the warm hands that clasped hers, and the brave hearts that stood by her in the grand cause she advocated! She brought a gold sovereign for books to be sent across the waters, one to the invalid daughter of John Angell James. The book was sent as soon as published, and, through the courtesy of Mother Stewart, I am allowed to insert here an extract from a letter written by Miss James, acknowledging the receipt of the book and giving a page from her own history:

"I received your kind letter and most interesting book.  $\cdot$ .

"I have been a sufferer even longer than your friend Jennie, and am far more cut off than she is from pleasure of every kind, as you will judge when I tell you that I have never been in health since April, 1828. When in my fourteenth year an affection of the spine, complicated with internal disease, came on, and I am now in my sixtythird year. I was not laid aside permanently for many years, but I have not stood or touched the ground with my feet for fourteen years, all which time I have been confined to my bed and to one position night and day. I am lifted out of bed night and morning, propped up with pillows for

my meals, and that is all the change I have, not having been in my own garden for nearly twenty years, nor in the house of God for twenty-one or twenty-two years. Every joint in the body is the seat of pain and more or less deformed. I am often without my voice, and from my twelfth year I have been afflicted with deafness, which is now much increasing, while, from weakness and the advance of age, my sight is now failing. . . . I am spared poverty, but have solitude. I live alone with my two servants, and a great deal of every day am entirely alone, as I am unable to bear much talking or listening. I live in the room in which I was born, and on the same spot from which my mother went to heaven when I was only four and a half years old, and on the same spot hope to die. I have thought you might be interested in this sketch of my life, from which you will see how I can enter into sympathy with Jennie. I am never free from pain somewhere or other, and spend many restless, weary nights with no company but God (the best of all).

"Do not suppose I am dull or unhappy. I am graciously helped and comforted, and until the last six months the days seemed too short for what I had to do with my books, work and pen, but I am now decidedly much weaker and quite believe I have reached 'the beginning of the end.'

"I think there are many valuable lessons to be learned from Jennie's biography, and hope I am the better for it. I have already placed it in the hands of one of my best friends. If you see Jennie, give her, from me, a message of Christian love and sympathy. We shall never meet on earth, but trust we shall be fellow-worshippers in the heavenly Jerusalem."

The following Sabbath, Dr. Dashiel, Rev. T. I. Scott and Rev. H. H. Lowry, the missionaries, held a service in Grace church. We lived quite near, so I spent the day in the church. While Dr. D. was preaching, my heart was stirred anew with a longing to do something for the cause. When he spoke of the sacrifices others were making, in a moment I felt this gold coin—the firstfruits of the book yet unpublished—must go into the treasury of the Lord. I had a little conflict. There were many things to be met; only a few cents remained over this; but it seemed too sacred to use for any other purpose. I had a great blessing in the victory gained by giving it to Dr. D. I seemed to have a new glimpse of the great mission fields and the privilege of praying for them.

Finally, word came that the books would be ready, and it was thought advisable for me to attend the National Camp-meeting, near Cincinnati.

My way was hedged up until the morning we must go; then it was opened and made so clear by a call from Brother Scott that we could not mistake duty. Mother accompanied me. I suffered intensely in travelling. At 6 P. M. we arrived at the camp-ground; had a warm welcome, and were soon comfortable in our canvas home. A lady desiring to share some tent, we sent for her to be our partner. To our surprise, it proved to be Sister Martin, who had been a *friend indeed* at Urbana and West Liberty years before. (She bought the first book from the box.)

The book-store was opposite our tent. As I looked at the many and varied books upon that table my heart shrank more than ever at the thought of sending my weak volume out into the world, and my mind went back to the feelings when I saw the proof-sheets; and now the books had come to camp, and the first stroke was made to open the box.

I said to mother,

"Let the box be opened, so you can manage it; then let me have a season alone. I cannot endure this conflict; I must have victory before I see a copy in the binding."

I again cast my burden upon Him who alone knew all I had passed through; I realized his sympathizing presence and how he had led me to this work. The sweet assurance came as though

written in letters of gold before me: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

I felt then how able he is to make even blunders a blessing to souls; and if one soul is saved and hearts encouraged by this instrumentality, I can bear to be torn to pieces by critics and endure everything in selling the book.

Not long after this a minister came into my tent as others were going out; he said to me,

"Did you tell them about your book?"

"I did not."

"Now, my sister, you must lay aside this timidity, remembering there is much involved. You will find, if you do not make a *persevering* effort yourself, no one else will sell the book for you. It is to the interest of Christ's cause that you be able to meet the debts contracted."

Soon after he went out Rev. William Taylor and Dr. Thoburn, the great missionaries, came in. As they sat down Brother Taylor noticed the books. He at once advised me to push the sales, and greatly encouraged my heart by taking hold of the matter. At the next service, which was his farewell, he sold thirty-seven books. They gave me timely advice; experience has confirmed their words. It has taken much grace to discharge this

duty, for the helpless are not always greeted with encouragement and sympathy where they might expect it.

We here met many camp-meeting acquaintances; had precious seasons. It did our souls good to meet Amanda Smith and again hear her thrilling voice in song. An unconscious influence goes out from song.

Sabbath evening they were singing, in the tent next to ours,

"Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the crucified One."

Edward Bellis and wife, of Richmond, Indiana, were attracted by the singing. Turning their steps toward the spot, they halted at our tent. We had a profitable conversation, which led to an invitation to visit their yearly meeting at Richmond. Through the singing of that hymn an acquaintance was formed that God has richly blessed, for through it wider paths of usefulness opened.

We returned home; attended our camp-meeting at Embury Park. I was not able to leave the cottage often, but could enjoy the services at the stand. Many burdened hearts came to my cot; some were converted. Several kind friends took a deep interest in selling my books.

Some time after, a mother called; told me that during the camp-meeting her children became so

interested they proposed to do without butter until enough was sold to pay for the *Valley of Baca*, and it had not only proved a blessing to her and the children, but to her husband also. From that time they had prospered as not for years.

Sister Davis accompanied me to the Urbana camp-meeting; the first night I spent at Brother J. R. Smith's. This was a good meeting. I met a number whom I had not seen since childhood. One fine, noble-looking young man approached me, saying, as I did not recognize him,

"Don't you remember little Frank —, who was in your catechism class at Spring Hills years ago?"

"I do remember him. But is it possible there is such a change?"

"Yes—not only in appearance, but, I trust, in heart. I have my catechism yet; no money would buy it. I can assure you the instructions you then gave me were not in vain."

He then introduced his wife to me. This was another proof that seed sown in faith will not be fruitless. How marvellous a change is made when one gives his heart early to the Saviour!

I remained a week at Urbana; visited Brother Happersett's and Sister McGowen's. We had refreshing seasons in these homes; many memories of the past were revived, as friends of former days came together for prayer and social converse.

But the years had wrought changes. The children had grown into manhood and womanhood; some who used to mingle with us had gone to sing the triumphant songs of the redeemed in glory.

"When the record has been ended
Of this fleeting life at last,
And the journey, ever weary,
All its sorest trials past,
May the Master—to us calling
As we reach the unseen shore,
Well done, good and faithful servant!"—
Bid us welcome evermore!"





# CHAPTER III.

#### A MISSIONARY LESSON.

September 15th.—" Who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?"

I awoke with these words ringing in my ears. What a privilege we have in prayer, what a relief! When so many cares are pressing, we would faint by the way were it not that we know "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." We will trust, be it ever so dark. I'm so weak, but thankful for increasing strength; hope I shall soon be well as usual.

Dear Susie Gebhart! what a true friend she is! She gave me five dollars for my book; few take the interest in it she does.

September 17th.—" Oh what a mighty change
Shall Jesus' suff'rers know
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!"

Blessed hope! It is ever a help to this tired,



suffering body. Our faith has been severely tried. Seems strange that advantage would be taken of one so helpless: some have imposed upon us in not paying for books purchased, and so little interest is taken by others from whom we expected sympathy and help. But this is all no doubt permitted to weaken my confidence in the arm of flesh in order to show more fully our dependence upon the strong arm of Jehovah.

In all our adversity it never seemed darker in temporal things; I never felt my helplessness more keenly. Book bills to meet, besides a heavy draft in other respects, but this we cannot help. Brother has enough to discourage him; takes his wages to pay the rent. Dear boy! he is so faithful! All are doing what they can cheerfully. What a relief it would be could we get what is coming to us, or if I could get agents that would take an interest in selling my book! But "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

"It doth rejoice my heart
That Jesus is my friend,
And in every trying hour
On him I can depend."

September 26th.—Awoke early; took advantage of a season alone. Another lesson was learned last night. There was great excitement as I lay at the window; the scene down street was one of

confusion. A political party was out in full force. with torchlight procession, several bands playing, and all the additional noise possible. They marched on through a sudden shower, and in the midst of this, as the loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning sent forth their volleys. the alarm of fire rang out. The next moment the whole city was lighted up by the burning of a large slaughter-house. Through it all came to my ears from across the way the sweet faint sound of singing at Grace church prayer-meeting. thought, "What a contrast! How important that in the uncertainties of this life our hearts be tuned to sing praises amid THE STORMS!" In the earlier part of the evening had calls from Dr. Crawford and wife, Mr. Pence and wife, Sisters . Wells and Bryant. I am so thankful for the light I have upon my pathway! Oh for increased powers of usefulness!

My duty was clear to attend the Friends' yearly meeting. Accompanied by Sister, Fannie, we arrived at Richmond, Indiana, September 27th. Brother and Sister Bellis met us at the train with a warm welcome to their pleasant home. After resting I was able to attend a number of the meetings. This was my first opportunity of attending FRIENDS' meeting. The services were exceedingly interesting and profitable. At one of the meetings a sister gave us a talk on "BRIDLING THE

TONGUE." We were made to see the harm done to an individual by one sentence, how many suffer wrongfully from mere gossip and uncharitableness, and how much good can be done by a KIND WORD, act or look from each of us.

Then the missionary work was set forth. Examples were given showing how those of meagre means raised missionary funds. One devoted the income from a hen—her eggs and chickens; another a grapevine; another a potato-patch; another a churning of butter once a month, etc. Who cannot do something for missions?

The reader may remember the reference made in the Valley of Baca to John S. Van Cleve, the blind son of Rev. L. F. Van Cleve, my pastor while in Urbana. Many have made inquiries with reference to him, and will be gratified to know that he is now one of the most accomplished scholars in music and literature. He has been a licensed preacher in the M. E. Church since 1870; was for seven years professor in the institutions for the blind at Columbus, Ohio, and Janesville, Wisconsin. His ability as musical composer and critic is already recognized in the best musical circles, and his contributions to periodical literature attract attention wherever published.

But I have called attention to him for another purpose. When he was only six years of age his father was stationed in Ripley, Ohio. There stood

a large pear tree in the parsonage-yard, which, after furnishing the family the fruit they wanted and a good deal for the neighbors, yet left a surplus. These were given to him. Each morning he would carry his little basket of pears to the grocery and sell them. The money was carefully saved, spending nothing for CANDIES or TOYS. When his father preached his annual sermon on missions he was intensely interested, and proposed. to subscribe his money for that object. Accordingly, he gave two dollars for his mother, two for himself, and fifty cents each for his sister Mattie and baby-brother Charlie; this left him twentyfive cents, which he gave to a poor family. This afforded him so much pleasure that he determined to become an annual contributor to this cause.

The next year his eyes became so diseased that he was the subject of the most excruciating and continual suffering, which at the end of the year left him totally blind. His father was now stationed in Cincinnati, but his health and that of his mother made it necessary for the family to leave the city, and they removed, after the session of conference, to Franklin.

The missionary zeal of little Johnnie was again aroused, and the building and dedication of a new church excited in him a desire to give. But the ability was apparently gone; what could a little delicate blind boy do? He trembled with excite-

ment on both dedication and missionary days, and begged permission to subscribe. His father's salary was small and means limited, yet he did subscribe six dollars for missions and five for the church. He had heard of expedients for saving money, and resolved to put into the treasury of the Lord all that he could make or save. how, under the circumstances, to make money greatly perplexed him. At his request he received from his father all the extra vegetables from-the garden. These he carefully prepared himself and carried to the near grocery, where they were sold; every penny was saved. At the end of the year that little blind child paid as much into the missionary treasury as any member of the society, and also his five dollars for the church, leaving forty-three cents for himself. was consecrated to God in childhood, and honored his consecration by an intelligent devotion and an early personal experience.

One day, when the rage for playing with bows and arrows was prevalent among the boys, a bow and Arrows were given him; he could only shoot his arrows and have some boy find and return them. A boy who was very kind in this sport one day, in a fit of passion, uttered a profane word. In a moment Johnnie ceased his sport and said to the boy,

"Now you must go out of my yard; you swore

in my presence, and I will never play with a boy that swears."

Thus he sacrificed all the pleasure of play on the altar of PRINCIPLE. His mother, sitting at the window, overheard it, and saw the sadness of her sightless son and the deep mortification on the face of the offender, who vainly attempted to defend himself. May some *little boy* take a lesson from this!

I can hardly pass this remarkable lad (now the pure, noble professor) without recalling another incident, which may encourage some one similarly situated. When at the Institution for the Blind at Columbus as a pupil, he was often ridiculed for his conscientiousness. His father had charged him, when he went to the institution, never to omit his nightly prayers at his bedside. Being one of ten boys in a room, the youngest of all, and the only Christian, his prayers made him the subject of ridicule and the butt of ribald jest. His sensitive nature shrank from this, and he would quietly steal away to bed before or after the others. this did not succeed, and at last he opened his mouth in self-defence, and gave the boys such a lecture as to completely turn the tables and make every one defend him. Several of these were converted during a revival of religion in the institution. Many referred their salvation mainly to his influence. One of the young men said,

"Johnnie is a realization of the good boy of the Sunday-school books."

Dear reader, we are taught several valuable lessons in this chapter. I trust your heart will be as much profited by this little blind boy's experience as mine has been.





## CHAPTER IV.

### ATTENDS A TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

A FTER a pleasant sojourn in R. we left for Bellefontaine, Ohio, October 5th; changed cars at Winchester, Indiana, and found we must wait until II P.M. This frustrated all our plans, but, lifting my heart for direction, determined to profit by the delay; was taken to a hotel. Sister had a severe chill; was too sick all day to travel. Our waiting by the way was not in vain; we believe seed was sown that will tell in time to come. Near evening we found several old acquaintances lived here. Brother Coltons and Emma Brunton called.

Our friends at B. had given us up. I had expected to attend the fair with my books, but they had not come; then I was not able to go out for several days. Spent a brief season at Mr. Byers'; from there to Brother Daily's, near the church, to which I was taken on Sabbath. Heard the pastor, Rev. E. D. Whitlock, preach

from Matt. iv. 4: "Man shall not live by bread alone."

I remained, as was my custom, in the church; enjoyed my old class, having rest between services; in the evening was taken to the young people's meeting at the Presbyterian church. This was a feast-day to my soul, everything seemed so natural and home-like. My heart clings to old homes and associations; time will not obliterate the past.

Had a pleasant visit with my invalid friend Mrs. Hayes, who soon after departed this life. Here we had a little social meeting with Brothers Smith, Yoder and Zooks, from the country, and several other friends, including the Methodist and Baptist ministers in town. Arrangements were made for a meeting at Glady Creek, near West Liberty, but the storm on Saturday and my health prevented my going, so I accepted an invitation and attended the Baptist church on Sabbath. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Tuttle, preached a funeral sermon from Heb. xii. 10: "For they verily for a few days chasten us after their own pleasure, but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness." I was greatly profited by his sermon; he called on me to make the closing prayer. I felt deeply the importance of the hour. Several were present in whose eternal welfare I had been interested for years.

I took dinner with Mrs. Leonard, and returned to Maggie Daily's; next day met the sisters that sold my books here. I could not express my gratitude for their *timely interest*. Sister Brunton, who had persevered through every obstacle, said.

"God bless you, my dear sister! I have had a paying blessing with every book sold."

Sister Calvin Smith's testimony was the same. Those who sold or bought could not realize what the purchase was to me. Editor Campbell, R. Lamb and others called.

Tuesday night I was taken to the prayer-meeting; could scarcely realize that home was not just across the street. How vividly I remembered many blessings that had come to us in the little brown cottage by the hands of those who had so often knelt with us in prayer or carried me to this house of God! I spent a short time at Rev. J. Williamson's, also at Brother Amos Miller's. While here was visited by Rev. D. Plank and several Omish friends. At the dépôt we met Rev. Howbert, Mamie Buchanan and others, while at each station there were rare opportunities of meeting acquaintances.

As we arrived at Urbana an accident occurred which caused delay. The conductor came into the baggage-car, saying,

"Miss Smith, what shall we do? I can't get

you home to-night; we must send to Springfield for another engine."

I answered,

"Do not be troubled about me; there'll be some way to get along."

Just then I saw Brother Rhodes, an old friend, a telegraph-operator, coming toward us. He sent a message to mother, saying I would not be home. Sister Talbot and other acquaintances came to the cars, so our time passed pleasantly. When we reached Springfield we found that by waiting four hours we could go on. The railroad-men did all in their power to make me comfortable.

Met a number of acquaintances here who insisted on my remaining. My dear friend Mamie la Rue sent for me just as the policeman (who promised the conductor he would take *good care* of me) was taking me out to the cars. They begged me to stay; but I felt duty called me home. Had an opportunity at the train that resulted in permanent work. While waiting here a gentleman approached me, saying, as he shook hands,

"Well, Sister Jennie, how do you do? I have the advantage of you; I have known you a long time, but you don't know who I am."

Just then Mr. Allison, the baggage-master at the dépôt, stepped up. I recognized a friend of former days. After a pleasant little chat with the party I said, "Well, I want to find out who this old friend is before we separate."

He replied:

"I don't know that I ought to tell you, because of the way you treated us last Sabbath; we were greatly disappointed in not having you with us at Glady."

I thus found it was Brother Jordan, with whom I had corresponded, and through whom I had received several kind remembrances from Glady Creek church. I met a Quaker sister of Zanesfield, who was in trouble on account of our delay, and took her home with me; this proved a special blessing to both of us. This trying journey prostrated me for several days.

I always felt so delighted to get home! Found myself clinging more than ever to this dear spot. Such a desire to remain at home took possession of me! Our family altar, the prayer-meetings in our home and at our church—indeed, all the means of grace—seemed doubly dear. I shrank from going away any more. No place like home, be it ever so humble, to a heart that throbs with the sympathy of a MOTHER'S love. Some time previous I promised to attend a temperance convention at Troy, Ohio, if able; I wrote the committee I could not go, as I felt my health excused me. They insisted that I must go if possible. I had a conflict with the enemy. It was an unusual cross.

but a victory was gained by going and doing my duty.

MOTHER stood upon the platform after she had committed me into the hands of the kind-hearted railroad-men, tearfully watching her helpless child until the train moved off. More times than one have those men, whom some think void of feeling, turned to wipe away the unbidden tear. With deep emotion I recount these vivid experiences and wonder at the grace and strength given to my dear mother, enabling her to say,

"Thy will be done! Go, my child; do your duty, if the Master calls."

Then how he enabled me to go forth in such helplessness and suffering! Nothing but the grace of God and an eye single to his glory could ever have been sufficient for these things.

When I arrived at Troy, several ladies kindly greeted me at the train. I soon met Mrs. Glenn, Mother Stewart and a number of dear friends at the church, each and all giving me a hearty welcome. The meetings were full of interest. The hearts of all who could see the enormity of this great evil, intemperance, had their interest quickened at this convention.

I requested to remain in the church, as I could be comfortable and have rest between the services. The ladies were so kind that several dinners were sent in, so that I had plenty and to spare. New strength was given with a blessed consciousness of being in the path of duty.

I cannot pass one incident. I had long been refusing to have my cot placed upon platforms; it was a cross, I thought, too heavy to bear. But I felt the force of the argument when, before the evening service, Mother Stewart said to me,

"My dear, you must yield and go on the platform, or you will be shorn of your strength; your voice cannot be heard over the house."

As I asked for strength, oh what a view was given me of UNSAVED SOULS! I consecrated platform, cot and all anew, renewing my vows to be a more willing instrument in the Lord's hands. Such a longing as came into my soul to bear more fruit for eternity! I felt as never before there was a special work to be done upon my cot, promising to go anywhere, or do anything for my blessed Master. I knew nothing would be required for which strength would not be given.

The closing meeting on Friday morning was a solemn one. A prayer-meeting was appointed for that evening at the residence of Brother Snider, president of the Young Men's Christian Association, with whom I was stopping. We had an unusual service. I expected to return home next day; a minister and others insisted on my remaining over Sabbath. I could not decide to do so until it commenced raining. Mrs. Glenn remained with

me; it seemed natural to have her care. They arranged for a union Young Men's Christian Association service, Sabbath afternoon, at the Christian church near by. I did not go out; asked to be alone most of the day, until time for this service. We had a good meeting; one soul was aroused to see his need of a Saviour. I remained in the church for evening services. Rev. Weddell, the Baptist minister, preached from the text: "All things work together for good to them that love God." At his request I spoke, and closed with prayer. I could confirm his sermon by experience. A gentleman in the audience arose and suggested having meeting Monday night. One was appointed: then a friend wrote to mother that I would not be home until Tuesday.

Monday a company was invited to spend a season together at Sister Kincade's. This was a day of social intercourse long to be remembered, as were all the days spent in Troy.

We were surprised, in going to the church in the evening, to find it filled. The pastor, Rev. Watson, said my cot must be put upon the stand, so they could hear my voice. I could not refuse. He then opened the services by saying we would have a praise-meeting, and a successful one it was. At the close a number arose for prayers. After going home several came in for prayers.

Tuesday forenoon we had nearly thirty calls;

several begged to be prayed for. Before going to the train a sister proposed having prayer at the dépôt. I at once said,

"No, I think that will be too much. I do not want to weary the people, for I expect to come back again."

As the ministers called they felt impressed to arrange for a series of union meetings, and urged my return the next week if *Providence permitted*. I arranged to do so. Few that called bade me "Good-bye," each saying, "We'll see you at the train." When we reached the dépôt, to my surprise twenty-five or thirty were there. One of the ministers said,

"The train will not be here for nearly half an hour; can't we have some singing?"

As soon as they began I noticed several employés were interested and came into the office. We had an effectual prayer-meeting, which I learned was by special request; had profitable conversations with the railroad-men, in whose eternal welfare my heart is deeply interested.





## CHAPTER V.

#### A MEMORABLE THANKSGIVING.

"Sweetest note in seraph's song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung,— Jesus, blessed Jesus."

On reaching home my ears were greeted by the sound of these words, sung by "Happy Johnnie," who was now a member of our family. As he grasped my hand a blessing came with his words:

"Yes, sweetest name! I am saved through the blood of Yesus, that cleanseth from all sin. He keeps me moment by moment. Glory to the Lamb!"

This was an orphan sailor-boy who had been indeed redeemed by the blood of Christ from a life steeped in sin. At school and everywhere he could praise the Lord for help. I wonder how many students can ask for help, and praise the Lord when victory is gained in a lesson?

I found mother and sister feeble and greatly pressed with care. My heart longed to aid them more than was in my power. Persons were coming and going most of the time. I could profit by each soul that entered my room, but often I longed for time alone, undisturbed.

The following Sabbath I spent the day at Grace church. Rev. S. D. Clayton of Urbana preached a practical sermon from the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

In order to have divine guidance and strength at this time, I felt it necessary to have the time between services, and enjoyed being alone with God in his sanctuary. How I realized the need of what I find in my journal! "A necessity to retire from all outward objects and silence all the desires and wandering imaginations of the mind, that in the profound quiet of the whole soul we may hearken to the ineffable voice of the DIVINE TEACHER. We must listen with an attentive ear. for it is a still, small voice. It is not, indeed, a voice uttered in words, as when a man speaks to a friend, but it is a perception infused by the secret operations and influences of the divine Spirit, inciting us to obedience, patience, meekness, humility, and all the other Christian virtues, in a language perfectly intelligible to the attentive soul."

It was always a feast to attend Brother Sheaffer's class-meeting on Sabbath evening. He and sev-

eral of the brethren insisted on taking me up stairs to the evening service. One of the heaviest crosses I had to bear was this being carried up and down stairs. I felt this more keenly because of a remark once made, not intended for my ear: "One as helpless as she is ought to stay at home." I was conscious it would seem so to some, but I dared not yield to the tempter; my duty to go was too clear. I was always comforted by the kindness of those who were the "burden-bearers;" not one of them ever made me feel it was a task, but rather a pleasure. I knew it was not for me alone, but for Jesus, who would reward each one.

My way was not clear to go to Troy the next week. I received several letters and visits from there; finally fixed a day to go the week after, but it stormed, and then for a time my health would not permit.

During several weeks we had trying seasons in temporal affairs. It was only with the most persevering effort that I was able to meet my security obligations. I had been disappointed in getting books to supply the demand at several places where I had been. This loss and disappointment hampered me in other respects. But always, "in some way or other, the Lord would provide." One morning I had just paid the last dollar I had on a book bill. Mother

came into my room, looking so frail and careworn, saying,

"My child, what shall we do? More company is coming to-day; we must have a supply of almost everything. No board will be paid until next week."

I never saw her more discouraged, and she was anxious about Mollie's cough, that disturbed her sleep most of the night. It was so dark! but we closed the doors and cast our burdens anew upon "Him who sees the lily bloom and marks the sparrow fall." She went out more cheerfully, saying,

"We will trust the Lord more fully."

The next mail brought a letter from our kind Omish brothers, Lantz and Zooks, stating they were impressed to send a barrel of supplies—potatoes, apples, flour and butter. "He hath given meat unto them that fear him; he will ever be mindful of his covenant." Confidence in our covenant-keeping God was more fully confirmed by every trying season.

Mrs. Langdon of Chicago and Mrs. Glenn were visiting us Tuesday morning before Thanksgiving. Mrs. Glenn said to me as she imprinted a kiss,

"I want you to get through your business engagement with Mr. Reynolds as early as possible, so you can come into the parlor. I expect some friends whom I want you to see."

I noticed during the early evening that the boarders and all were in a gleeful mood. Not until after Brother Reynolds came and we attended to some business, did I discover this engagement had been made to carry out a surprise. I was about to be wheeled into the parlor, when the folding-doors were opened by our pastor, Dr. Pearne. He ran my cot to the centre of the room. The hall-doors opened; all were crowded. I could not understand how they had come in without my hearing them. On one side of the room stood the table, loaded with Thanksgiving presents; on the other those who had gone my security for money necessary to get the book out. I was completely overcome. When Dr. Pearne made the presentation speech, I could not reply until we had poured out our gratitude in vocal prayer to Him who had sent these friends to brighten our pathway. Those who had gone my security then gave expression to their feelings. One brother said,

"When Brother Reynolds came to me I told him, 'I put down my name willingly, but with the expectation of having the money to pay, for I fear she cannot meet this heavy bill.' But she deserves credit for not giving us a chance to pay a cent of it."

Another said,

"This has convinced me that it is our privilege to put our trust in God in our temporal

and business transactions as well as in spiritual things."

Other encouraging things were said. I could see why some peculiar trials had been permitted, for others, as well as myself, had been taught lessons.

This company had met at prayer-meeting, and various churches were represented. It was an evening long to be remembered. We had a Thanksgiving indeed! A barrel of flour was added to the rest. This was a marked providence, confirming some convictions I had regarding duty.

On Thanksgiving-day a Friend from Chester, Indiana, visited me. I had met her at yearly meeting. About this time the Friends at Troy were urging me to return there, and several invitations to other places were as pressing, especially one from Columbus. I never had a more tempting path set before the flesh, in view of worldly gains, than this. Amid all this my friend who visited me felt I needed a quiet rest, and sent for me to go to Chester: I was amused at the thought of going all the way out there to rest. After I answered I could not go, duty called elsewhere. Still, I was exercised about Chester, and when the second letter came, pressing me to go and rest, I could not understand it. I was so strangely impressed. I could see work and somewhat of results in each

pathway except the one to Chester. This was a little obscure way. Every time I went to the Lord in prayer I could see nothing but Chester.

When my pastor called, I laid the matter before him and said.

"Why is it I am not permitted to work more at home? I see so much to do here."

He answered,

"Well, we cannot account for it, but it is clearly your duty to go. Your health is bettered by changes. The Lord is evidently leading you into wider paths of usefulness; your only safety is to follow fully."

After he had knelt at my side in prayer, he said,

"I cannot tell why, but I believe you ought to go to Chester. The Lord will direct you."

My reply was:

"I only want to know my duty clearly, but am thankful for another week at home."

That night my cot was wheeled over to the prayer-meeting; our pastor and wife were both filled with the Spirit. None could go from that meeting without feeling they had been faithfully admonished to do their duty. One question of Mrs. Pearne's made a deep impression as she said,

"How is it with you in your homes? If you had the choice to have the confidence of the out-

side world, or of your own household and employés, which would you prefer? We sometimes meet persons who seem so indifferent as to their home-life! They seem to be satisfied with the mere form of a profession before the public."

This brought up a train of profitable thought. I felt at once, "If I cannot have the confidence of all, give me that of my own household. I want them to know without a doubt that I am a Christian." There is a power in home-influence. In no place does a light in Christian character shine more brightly than in domestic and business cares. But how much good is counteracted because the grace of patience is not more exercised in the trying little things incident to every home and business life!

The next morning after the prayer-meeting, Mrs. Winters, the president of the Woman's Christian Association, called. She had just come from a home of affliction, where the day before the following incident occurred. The facts were related to her by the mother, and they beautifully illustrate how God honors simple faith.

The mother of two little boys lay very ill. The father felt obliged to leave his work and give his undivided time to the care of his family. His small earnings were soon exhausted, and they were reduced to extreme want. The mother was a Christian, the father an unbeliever.

One day the youngest boy came to his mother's bedside, saying,

"Mamma, I's so tired eating just only bread" (they had had nothing but bread for three days); "would it be wrong for me to kneel down and tell God that I want some soup?"

"No, my child," said the mother; "kneel here, put your little hands together, and tell God all about it."

So the little trusting hands were folded, and the believing heart poured forth his simple petition:

"O God, I's so tired just eating only bread; please send me some soup for Christ's sake. Amen!"

Then up he jumped, and, running to the window said,

"Now I'm going to watch for my soup."

Long he stood there gazing over the unbroken tract of deep snow. His little stock of patience was sorely tried; the while, too, he was growing more hungry. When he could stand it no longer, he crept softly again to his mother's side and said,

"Mamma, perhaps God didn't hear me that time; would he be angry if I asked him again? This time I'll speak louder."

His mother told him she "thought it would please God."

Assuming the same position, he knelt and spoke

quite loudly this time, repeating the same earnest prayer. Then he said,

"I must go again to the window and watch."

For a half hour he stood there quietly watching; then he startled his mother by jumping up and down, clapping his little hands and exclaiming,

"It is coming—the soup is coming! Here comes Mrs. M——with the soup. Now, mamma, God wasn't angry, was he?"

True enough, in came a delicate little woman who had made a kettle of soup and had brought some to the invalid and her family.

After the little boy and his mother had been satisfied and the visitor had gone, little Charley kissed his mother and said,

"Don't you think God would like me to thank him now?"





# CHAPTER VI.

### HE LEADETH ME.

"He leadeth me! oh blessed thought!
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

DECEMBER 12, 1876.—While waiting at the dépôt I had a profitable talk with one who has known much of life's sorrows; we could fully sympathize with each other, though he had more to do with the cold, heartless part of humanity than I, and fewer religious privileges. We talked of that brighter clime where there will be no need of invalid-couches and no weary bodies. Our hearts warmed with the glorious prospects of that hope set before us, "which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."

Many readers will be interested in the item concerning him *recently* published:

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"It will be fourteen years to-morrow since Charles Ritchy, the dépôt news-agent (at Dayton, Ohio), had both his legs severed by a locomotive, a few rods west of the Union dépôt. Mr. R. was trying to perform the work of two men when he met the terrible accident, with the usual result when it comes to railroading.

"The locomotive Bessie, which crippled Mr. R., is yet in active service in the yard; he can see it a dozen times a day, and be reminded of the catastrophe which maimed him. It is just thirteen years since Mr. R. mounted the WHEELED-CHAIR inside his NEWS-BOX and devoted the residue of his life to the circulation of current literature."

As the train came in the policeman and rail-road-men placed my cot in the baggage-car. They always handled me with the tenderest care, and with the kindness of brothers did all in their power to make me comfortable. Go where I would, I could always say the same of those men. God bless them and speed the day when more interest will be taken in their welfare by the PUBLIC, whom they so faithfully serve! And should not other public servants be treated with similar consideration?

From the hour I left home there was a satisfied feeling that increased continually in the assurance that "He leadeth me." I arrived at Richmond,

Indiana, on an earlier train than the friends from Chester expected, and, finding I could go to Votaw's station, was transferred to another train. But there was so much uncertainty about the station, and the day very cold; the friends felt I must not go, so they lifted me off. Even the mistake of putting me in that car was not in vain; through it a kind word and suitable tract found their way to a hungry soul.

When Brother B. insisted upon my going to their home, I was impressed to remain at the dépôt until the train I was expected on, should come in. This was a rest to my suffering body, and gave me other opportunities to work for Jesus. One soul was benefited that day by the mottoes placed upon the walls of the waiting-room by the Young Men's Christian Association. Would that more such "words of life" were in our dépôts! Many a weary heart would find comfort, and perhaps a careless one be arrested by reading them.

I was not able to go to C. that evening, and gladly accepted the invitation of Brother Bellis, with whose dear family we had spent a happy occasion a few weeks before; I was quite weary, but very happy. Up to this time knew nothing of Chester, save that it was a county post-office. A lady said to me,

"Jennie, what are you going there for? Do you know what a little place it is? Why don't

you go to the large places where you are invited, where you can sell your books and be made more comfortable?"

"I cannot tell what I am going for, but never in my life has there been a sweeter consciousness, a brighter evidence, that 'He leadeth me' than since leaving home. If there is one poor neglected soul blest through my instrumentality, I will be paid for all I must suffer to get there. Are there any churches in Chester?"

"Yes; a Friends' meeting, and a Methodist church. But indeed I don't understand how you can be willing to travel and suffer as I know you do."

"My sister, if you were in the same condition, and our Father required it of you, as I cannot doubt he does of me, would you not do it? Has he not promised, 'My grace is sufficient for thee'?"

"Well, you surely have more grace than I could have."

The next day I stood the ride of three miles to Chester better than I had anticipated. The warm welcome and kind nursing I received in the home of Lizzie Lee and Mary Pickett were refreshing to my suffering body. Their humble home, so quiet and cozy, was indeed a blessed resting-place to both soul and body. Lizzie felt, when she visited me, that I must have rest from the noisy, busy life around me.

Oh how grateful was this indulgence, from a loving Father's hand who knew my need of rest (in this retreat)! I expected to remain here ten days or two weeks, then return by way of Troy, as the people there were still pressing me to come back, but it was otherwise ordered. I anticipated individual work and met many hungry souls. During my stay two young men, Friends, came to this place and held a series of extra meetings. I attended several. Sabbath evening we had a prayer-meeting in my room, and, as at different times, our waiting upon the Lord was not in vain.

Christmas was a pleasant day. A little company gathered to dine with us. Early in the morning Lizzie Lee spread upon my bed a Christmas covering, an acceptable gift.

January 1, 1877.—I spent the last hours of the old year awake. As the new year begins I feel the great need of consecrating myself more fully to the Lord and being anointed for the Master's work as not heretofore. I do want this year to be more fruitful. Have been reading How to Enter into the Life hid with Christ in God, and long for more of this life and for wisdom to help burdened hearts. This promise is given for to-day's reading: "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

Oh that I may ever fully realize what follows! "Believer, surely thou art thoroughly furnished. Grace is no scanty thing, doled out in pittances. It is a glorious treasury, which the key of prayer can always unlock, but never empty. 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.'"

How this has been verified unto me! "He metes it out for every day's exigences, that we may be constantly comparing our own emptiness and Christ's fulness, our weakness and Christ's strength."

Fanuary 5th.—I am daily realizing more of what has been accomplished by coming here; am learning valuable lessons. Several books have been sold; I will trust that as my heavy bills come due I shall be able to meet them. Not a person, not even mother or brother, has any idea how deeply in debt I am; my ambition to help myself has so many times caused me to invest in uncertain agencies or run risks in getting goods on credit. What mistakes I have made! But I believe, if life is spared and I do my whole duty, the day will come when I can say I owe no man anything.

Letters tell of sickness. They write I must come home immediately. Mother is called to Sister Sallie, who is very ill. I must go on the morning train; yet I do not feel my mission here is accomplished. Lizzie says, "The enemy is making

every effort to get thee away from here." This is the third time I have been written to, to come home for different reasons. It is a necessity now, as sisters feel they cannot take the responsibility without mother or me.

How obscure my way is! It seems so clear that if I leave here now my way will be hedged up both spiritually and temporally. I can do nothing with the books at home. I know my eye is single to the glory of God. Oh for the knowledge of his will concerning my duty! May dear mother and sister have grace sufficient for increased affliction. How much we have to call our thoughts to that heavenly home where sickness, sorrow and parting will be unknown! Amid all, my heart is moved with praise for the precious Comforter.

As I laid down my journal and opened my Bible the first words I read, came with comforting force to my heart: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

My heavenly Father knoweth I have need of these things; I have begged earnestly to be made more efficient in working for souls. All is intended to bring me nearer to himself. I feel such a sweet sinking down deeper into his will, and able to commit every interest to his keeping with more passive faith than usual.

Fanuary 6th, 5 A. M.—Oh sacred spot! Never

can this night's experience be erased from memory. The bond of union with the Holy One of Israel is greatly strengthened in my soul. In the earlier part of yesterday I felt a spirit of heaviness in view of all my responsibility—everything looked so dark—but when I turned to the *Man of my counsel*, my heart took fresh courage. Oh, such a peaceful calm as came into my soul!

Lizzie gave me a bath and dressed my limb. I was relieved, for her sake, when this painful task was done. We had a refreshing season at worship, and retired early. I suffered considerably, but was just getting into a doze, when, behold! a messenger of the Lord came to us. Brother John Addington, once had great unction in vocal prayer, but, as he believed because of disobedience, it was taken from him. Last night he was so exercised he told his wife he could not sleep until he had a victory. He then felt he must come here. His face beamed with light as he walked the floor praising the Lord. Kneeling at my side, his tongue was loosed; I never heard a more powerful prayer. He left us rejoicing.

What it means I know not, but while he prayed the work of an evangelist, was laid upon me so clearly that I cannot get away from the conviction. My dreams all night were filled with work for souls. I thought my friends would not give me up, but the call was so imperative I must obey,

and oh, such a view as I have had of souls at Woodbury meeting! I was lamenting my weakness and ignorance, when the words seemed to be spoken directly to me: "For I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist."

"E'en in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee."

I was preparing to start home, when a letter came saying I could remain longer, as a lady had come who would fill my place. I was rejoiced. How strangely, but how clearly, does my heavenly Father lead me!

The Friends were to hold a meeting at Woodbury on Sabbath. Brother Addington had not said anything to me about the meeting, knowing I expected to go home that day. That morning, as he was passing a friend's house, he felt impressed to secure his sled. As he came he met Lizzie Lee, and said to her,

"I have engaged a wagon-bed sled so we can all go to Woodbury, and I believe Jennie will go with us."

They knew nothing of my exercise. Before Lizzie returned I said to Mary,

"I have such a drawing toward Woodbury; hope they will have a good meeting."

When the letter came my way was clear. The

impressions made upon my mind during that prayer and through the visions of the night seemed to deepen into a solemn reality. I felt there was some service before me. I was deeply conscious of my extreme weakness and insufficiency, "but our sufficiency is of God."





#### CHAPTER VII.

THE SEAL OF AN EVANGELIST IS HERE SET.

SABBATH, January 7, 1877.—I awoke before daylight. Was suffering so I thought it would be impossible to go to the meeting; indeed, felt my great weakness, my helplessness, was no dream. I wheeled my cot nearer the table and turned on the light. After a little season of communion I opened my Bible to the words that seemed magnified before my eyes. I was greatly strengthened by the assurance they gave: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

There was an unusual longing in my heart for the salvation of souls, and felt I could endure anything for Christ's sake. I was convinced of my duty to go to this meeting; all the way my heart was filled with praise. When they carried

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my cot in, there was no place to put it except on the platform.

The meeting was held by a committee of the New Garden quarterly meeting of Friends—namely, Jehu Jessup, Luke Thomas, Samuel Pitts, Harmon Pitts, Sarah B. Woodward, Julia A. Miles, Catherine Williams and Anna Votaw. They gave me a warm greeting, and I felt perfect liberty.

The attendance was small, but the Lord was in our midst. We had several effective services. I remained here during the day, and went to Brother Hodgins' for the night. Monday we intended to go home, but could not turn away from duty, so attended the meeting in a snow-storm. Though cold and stormy, I was so well wrapped, could scarcely realize I was out of doors.

A brother said to me,

"I am thankful I came to this meeting. I said to my wife as you passed our house yesterday, 'What has induced that woman to come to this backwoods place? They can't get a congregation here.'"

"Yes," I replied, "but we need not depend on numbers for results."

"I confess I have not looked at matters in the right light. You were correct in saying we are controlled too often by appearances and circumstances; we do not keep an eye single to the glory of God and see his leadings in minor things as we should. But by his help I shall profit by this meeting."

So he did. Many such testimonies were given, and fruitful results followed. The interest and attendance increased with every service. I remained all night at Mr. Addelman's.

Wednesday morning we were talking about going home. Lizzie Lee said to me,

"Art thou at liberty to go? If not, we cannot take thee."

I was surrounded by a praying group that lifted their hearts for guidance. I replied:

"I am so weak! The flesh would say, 'Go,' but I have felt all morning I must stay for evening service."

Brother Jessup, one of the ministers, said,

"It is not right for thee to go. Many will expect to see thee to-night; and, though they may come through idle curiosity, it may be the means of saving their souls."

At my request I spent most of the afternoon alone. While lying passive in the loving will, I only asked for a deeper knowledge of the vision of evangelistic service that opened before me on Friday night. I believed if the exercise of mind that followed, and that of weeks past, was of the Lord, it was my privilege to have some evidence

before I went from that place, having had a blessed time alone. I realized:

"Oh that the world might taste and see The riches of his grace! The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind embrace."

In the depths of weakness as an emptied vessel, I could nevertheless say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Some duties I had formerly shrunk from seemed insignificant.

During the afternoon a number of little girls came in from school. I had a talk with each, and found among them a *Fennie Smith* whose face and history carried me vividly back to my own childhood. I became deeply interested in her father and family, as also in each family where I was so kindly cared for.

As the evening service opened, the house was so crowded many could not get standing-room, and went away. The Friends were impressed that I would be led to talk, but I never felt more empty, and was so weak it seemed impossible to make the audience hear me. The only message that came to me was: "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." But as I uttered these words I was enabled to see the value of these souls in eternity's light. I lost all

fear and sight of man. The Holy Spirit gave utterance for over an hour. I was entirely carried away from self; the seal was set.

The series of meetings closed next morning; that last one will be long remembered. The exercises had commenced when the teacher of the public school came in with his pupils; we held a children's service. The little ones gathered around my cot while I talked with and commended them to God. It was a very impressive occasion. I trust these children "will remember their Creator in the days of their youth, while the evil days come not," and grow up to be useful men and women.

BLESSED WOODBURY! sacred spot to my soul! I had never realized so fully the office of the Holy Spirit as the executive, proceeding from the Father and the Son, as during these days. After this service I had a delightful rest until Sabbath. Unexpectedly, on that day, the sled that had carried me to and fro at Woodbury drove up, bringing Denney Jay and Rev. William Harnady, who insisted I must go to Middleboro', where already a congregation was in waiting. I could not refuse, but saw the divine leading, and had the assurance that needed strength would be given.

The sisters with whom I was staying accompanied me. The sleighing was excellent; we reached the church after three miles' ride without a jar. The house was crowded. A sermon

was preached; I followed in a brief talk. Several arose for prayers, some of whom were advanced in years. I was carried into Sister Mackey's, where I made my home while here.

Fanuary 18, 1877.—I shall not forget last night. Rested most of the afternoon quietly in the church.

Evening.—Brother Anderson preached from Isa. lv. 6: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." No soul could say it had not been invited to come to the Saviour or warned to flee from the wrath to come. A number were at the altar. One under conviction promised me during the afternoon to do his duty. Another came to me, saying,

"I know I must seek the pardon of my sins or be lost eternally, but oh, my heart is like a stone: it is a cross to go to that altar."

I advised him to do his duty at once; said,

"Ask J. M.; he will go with you."

He went to him, but was repulsed. He turned, stood a moment, then knelt. He did not gain the victory, but I hope he will not give up until he does.

The boys carried me home; I had a talk with them after all were gone. J. M. came in and sat down, saying,

"Well, I gave one man a set-back to-night; guess he will not trouble me again."

As he said this, and, indeed, before he left the

church, he seemed to be possessed of the evil one.

I said, "Is it possible? If that man is lost, you are responsible for this act. What have you done? I hope you have said nothing to drive him deeper into despair."

This seemed to arouse and deepen his convictions. Presently his wife read and led in prayer. As he remained kneeling, I followed, praying for his conversion. At first he was silent, though deeply engaged, but soon his agony was so great he cried aloud for mercy. After midnight light broke into his soul. This was a victory, Oh how I want to see many such that will last for eternity!

Four different persons have been after me this week to go to Newport, but I cannot leave here yet; have promised to go if my way is clear. I have no light in looking toward Troy.

The meetings increased in interest until the altar was filled with seekers; many professed conversion. I had daily conversations with those convinced of their duty, but who did it not. Some days I was not able to be taken out, but made it a rule to be alone during time of service that I might wait upon God for a blessing upon my own soul and those of others.

While at home one day, not so well, I was surprised to see Brother Miles with an express-wagon to take me to Newport. Within a half

hour another brother and two sisters came for me. One was unconverted; he begged me to go. They all went to meeting. I could not think of their going to all this trouble only to be disappointed. This was the sixth time they had sent for me. Oh how I poured out my soul in prayer, asking to know the will of the Lord, and was soon convinced I must not go at that time.

I had settled this, when one of the ministers came in, saying,

"Oh, sister, you must not go; you cannot leave us yet."

I told him and the friends what I felt was duty. They promised to take me over when I felt at liberty to go. I could do nothing, only as light was given me.

The interest increased up to the last night of my stay. The remonstrance was strong against my going—even the unconverted pleaded with me to stay longer; but duty was just as clear now to go as it had before been to stay.

I had the most tender care and deep sympathy of this people. Several incidents will not be forgotten. One evening I was carried into Sister Hawkins', where a surprise awaited me. I was presented with a large can of lard that had been collected from different friends by one whose salvation I greatly desired, also a pair of fine pillows from Mrs. Sallie Hawkins, who afterward made a

lovely quilt for my chair of pieces contributed by the entire community.

On several occasions, as I looked upon the dear friends who were so mindful of my comfort, I longed to tell them my heart's gratitude. My dear mother was the recipient of several kind remembrances from these and other friends at Newport and Chester. They will have their reward. These acts greatly relieved my mind while absent from home.





## CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPORAL AS WELL AS SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

"JENNIE, I don't believe this is right.—Stop, boys! let's take her back. It is not her duty to leave us."

"Yes it is; I feel I have said and done all I can. You will not heed what has been said."

As they lifted me into the wagon and fastened the cot securely, two that I had hoped would be saved each gave me a silver piece with his name engraved on it, saying,

"We don't want you to forget. Don't give us up; still pray for us."

How I long to know their names are written in the Lamb's book of life!

Brother and Sister Mackey took me to Newport, a ride of several miles. I suffered very much. As we came in sight of the house-tops my first prayer was for the homes without family altars. I there had a view of the responsibility

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of parents that has never faded from my mind, but constantly becomes clearer. This I may allude to again.

We had a warm welcome at Rev. Lee Huff's. Had been there but a little while when Brother Mackey came in laughing and said,

"I heard some one on the street say, 'The invalid preacher has come.'"

This was too much. I was not able to go out to meeting that evening, and said to one of the ministers:

"Tell them I am not a preacher; they have been disappointed several times, and will be again if they expect too much from weak flesh. Tell them I am but a simple little errand-girl for Jesus!"

My message was delivered.

I cannot pass two incidents without notice. A letter came from one of my creditors: a bill was due, and must be met. I had only mentioned the matter to Him who knew my situation. Breakfast was just over when Brother H. came in from the store, saying,

"Brother Bogue is idle to-day, and thinks, if it will help you, he can sell some of your books."

Through his efforts and a surprise from the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, also the "Daughters of Rebecca," I was enabled to meet this demand. Brother Bogue and Sister Huff

have since gone to their reward in heaven. They died in the triumphs of living faith.

I was very weak, but duty was clear. Even if not able to say a word, I must be carried to church that evening, and was blest in overcoming a man-pleasing spirit at this point just to become willing to sit before a waiting, expecting assembly in silence. Oh what sweet rest my soul had! My peace was as a river.

Before the close of the service I was led to open my lips in prayer. Almost a supernatural voice was given during the prayer. I was impressed that some soul in the house must decide this night to be saved. Several seekers came forward. We afterward learned—from his own lips—a very wicked man came into the meeting through idle curiosity, or rather, he told me, to make fun. He was arrested by the Spirit through that prayer, and after some weeks was converted. He was in a decline, and soon became confined to his room. At his request I was taken to see him. As I bade him good-bye he said,

"Tell the people at Dover if the Lord can save E. Homer, who has been a slave to sin, he can save any man in Wayne county."

He noticed my Bible was well marked; seemed so pleased with it, I exchanged with him. He died a triumphant death.

Sabbath we had a delightful service. Brother

J. preached; subject, "The Bible." Many hearts responded.

"Blessed Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine."

A brother sang most effectively,

"The old family Bible that lay on the stand."

Was surprised to see several friends with Rev. H., who had come to ask me to return to Middleboro'. I was not able to comply with their request; was very weak, and suffered much. It was arranged that I should have regular hours of rest and quiet, not to be disturbed by even the most special friends, and must say, to the glory of God, I was wonderfully sustained during those days. Not only was my body rested by quiet, but my soul was refreshed by sweet communion with my blessed Saviour. My whole being was filled with love and drawn out after immortal souls.

We cannot be constantly giving out vitality and continue strong in the Lord unless we renew our strength.

"With thee conversing, we forget All time and toil and care; Labor is rest and pain is sweet If thou, my God, art here."

I need wisdom to more fully economize my little strength and time for the Master.

This brings to mind an incident that transpired one noon-hour when I was nearly blind. A group of school-girls often came to my room; they always had some interesting topic of conversation. This time the subject was "Coveting." After each in turn had expressed her choice, one said.

"Now, Jennie, it's your turn; we know you would not covet, but we are only supposing a case. What would be your wish?"

"Well, girls, you will be surprised when I tell you I do covet one thing; but guess what that is."

The guessing began: "You want to get well," "to regain your eyesight," "to go home to heaven," "to have more of this world's goods," and so on.

"No, none of these things, girls. I have really found myself coveting the time and strength I see you and others wasting."

Silence fell upon them, followed by a conversation from which I trust we all profited. In my helplessness I see so much time, talent and opportunity wasted, and can also see the demand in the great white harvest-field for earnest workers.

When able, my cot was carried to and from the meetings; nothing was left undone for my comfort. Drs. Harris and Taylor were very kind. The physicians advised me to use cream, and the friends from the country kept me supplied. I almost lived on cream and crackers.

One day a noble-hearted man whom I approached on the subject of religion said to me,

"I appreciate your interest, but I have put off the one thing needful and stifled conviction until my heart has become like a stone."

At another time he said to me,

"Jennie, I have a request to make."

"I hope I can comply with it," was my response.

"You can," said he. "I want you to let us sinners carry your cot." As I looked surprised, he continued: "I am in earnest; I mean what I say. If we do not heed what you say, we can do that much for you. I will bring the boys; so remember none of the Christians are to have a hand in this work."

"Very well," I said; "your request is granted. You know I always pray for the *burden-bearers*. I understand, as each one is converted, he is to give place to another."

I shall never forget my feelings as they would come for me, while thinking, "Can it be that one never-dying soul that carries this body will go on turning a deaf ear to mercy's call until TOO LATE?"

One evening I remained at home. Brother

H. came in from meeting with one of my carriers, saying,

"Jennie, if you can, do help this man; he must be saved."

He sat down by my side, grasped my hand with, oh! such a look of despair! He soon gave utterance to his feelings; his agony was great. With his devoted Christian wife we had an earnest season of waiting at the mercy-seat. At a late hour the light began to break. We could see the change coming over his countenance. In a moment he realized the Saviour was his—that he was a new man in Christ Jesus. Soon several converts and others from the next room were in our midst. I have seldom witnessed a more affecting scene than we had in that parlor that night.

At certain hours I met seekers, or those who desired to converse upon religion, in my room; generally there was a good number. Some were converted here, others at the church. I always had opportunity to say something to my carriers, who were indeed faithful to their trust. From that time their plan was adopted wherever I went.

Oh how sorry I am that some who have done so much for me are yet unsaved! But marked assurances were given that many who were the subjects of prayer were not untouched. As has been said, "the fact of souls having had a special visitation of the Holy Spirit, if not fully acknowledged in time, will be confessed, to the glory of a prayer-hearing God, before an assembled universe."

Alas! how many convicted ones rest short of true conversion! In answer to the prayer of faith the drawings of the Spirit may—ay, will—be felt. This may lead to some reformation of life, but unless entirely and continually yielded to, and the heart wholly renewed, the subject can never be an inhabitant of the new heavens, "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Oh what a yearning comes up here for the multitude of individual souls who are daily warned to flee from the wrath to come! The Spirit of the living God speaks powerfully home to their hearts; they tremble and are amazed; but earth casts its spell around them with the cry, "Time enough by and by!" They speed on, stifling the voice, till often, ere many months, or even days, have passed, the bolt has sped, the sword has descended, the Judge has come, and the soul is *lost—for ever* LOST, LOST! Oh, terrible the thought! No hope of meeting in heaven.

"Then haste, sinner, haste!

There is mercy for thee,
And wrath is preparing;

Flee, lingerer, flee!"

Frequently before morning service, the ministers

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and co-laborers of different denominations met in my room for covenant-meeting. This was a profitable preparation for work. Our hearts were encouraged by the appearance of "Happy Johnnie" and Brother Brownell as helpers.

One day I had many calls; among the rest two gentlemen, one of whom I never met before. Neither of them was a Christian. One presented me with five dollars, the other with one dollar. The latter turned quickly to go out. I could not let him go without speaking to him about his soul. At first he tried to make me think all was well with him. I realized his dangerous situation. Although at one point he was inclined to get angry, I pressed the truth home, feeling that, though he might think me ungrateful, I must be honest with him. He finally thanked me for it, then asked for the one dollar, and gave me five instead. They both promised to attend to the one thing needful in securing riches that never fade.

Soon after this, on the same day, Mr. Clark called with his wife, and gave me a complete surprise of twenty-five dollars with the names of the donors, each unconverted one marked. I could not express the gratitude I felt. How timely these providences! Only a few hours before, I had borrowed fifty-five dollars of Brother Huff to pay a bill due my publishers that day.

I cannot pass on without mentioning another

surprise—a beautiful brown lustre wrapper made by Sisters Wiggins, Henley and Purviance; also a drab one by Lizzie Lee. Other articles of clothing were also provided.

Several insisted upon my going to White Water some five miles distant. Some of the boys even offered to carry me by hand, but this was impossible; I was too weak. I felt the necessity of accepting the invitation of Brother Charles Henley's family to go to their home, a short distance in the country, for rest.

On Sabbath, February 18, 1877, a number of the Richmond friends came out to attend the afternoon meeting. This was my farewell service; I felt it deeply. The house was crowded; we had an impressive meeting. Before going to church several unconverted young men insisted on my staying in town over-night. I partially promised one to take tea at his sister's, near the church, if I did not go to the country; but as they carried me out of the church the wagon was at the door. As they lifted my cot in, the young men remonstrated against my going to-night. Lizzie Lee said,

"Jennie, dost thou feel it right to go? I do not want to be responsible."

I said to one of the ministers, a favorite among the young people,

"What is duty?"

He answered,

"Jennie, you must give up and rest. With all you have said and done, if they will go down to hell, you can't help it. Your life is too valuable to be sacrificed. You have faithfully done your duty; but if you can rest in town to-night, do so."

His words greatly offended the young men. I felt relieved as they concluded to lift my cot out and carried me where the boys desired me to go. The sister of one who became so angry said,

"Oh how sorry I am this happened! It will almost drive Olie to ruin."

"This is indeed a trial, but we will commit all into our Father's hands. My faith takes hold with a firm grasp. Where are the boys?"

"They are all gathered on the corner, up town, almost enraged with Brother H. Oh how glad I am you came here! It will not be best to urge him to go to church to-night; but there he comes."

He came in and sat down at my side. I had a frank talk with him. At first it seemed vain to try to reason the matter. After a time I felt it best to take hold of God in earnest prayer, leaving him in silence to reflect upon his condition. I could tell by the heaving sigh, and now and then a whispered prayer, that this waiting was not in vain. Some days before, he told me his heart was so hard he felt he could not weep if every friend

was dead, but anger, it seemed, had broken up the great deep of his soul. He became more engaged, until at last, forgetful of all but his lost condition, he fell tipon his knees and cried aloud for mercy. He agonized for two hours before he was able to believe, but oh what a change as by simple faith he took hold of Christ Jesus, who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities! When he began to praise the Lord, his sister and family were soon in his embrace. He then knelt and offered a powerful prayer for the unsaved and those he had cursed in his anger. Then he said,

"I must go into the church and tell the glad news."

We could hear the congregation singing, and imagined the scene as he pressed his way through the crowd, mounted the steps, and, in contrast with the evil he had done but a few hours before, now gave testimony for Jesus, then, turning, threw his arms around Brother H., whose words had so enraged him, but which proved the means of saving his soul.

I met several parties at Brother Baldwin's that night, also Monday morning. When Brother Henley came after me, I could now go praising the Lord for his guidance. The ministers announced that I must not see company until I had a rest. This was a necessity, for I was suffering very

much. This dear family altar remains among the bright spots in suffering hours. The tender, loving hands that administered to my comfort are remembered with grateful emotion. Brother and Sister Henley made and presented me with several valuable articles. They were exceedingly kind.

In the midst of my weakness word came that sister Sallie, who had been so anxious to see me, was not expected to live. Mother had gone to her again, though she too was sick. I knew it was not practicable for me to go to them. It was a trial, but through grace I was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." In order to gain strength, it was necessary I should say:

"All weary thought and care, Lord, I resign; Mine is to do or bear, To choose is thine."

In tender love, God was pleased to restore sister to partial health.

After several weeks of rest I felt refreshed and ready for labor again. We had a melting time of prayer when the parting hour came.

The boys insisted upon carrying me across the fields to Brother Purviance's. I enjoyed the novelty of the experience. The sun was setting behind the varied hues of tinted clouds; the sky, with all nature looked beautiful; the cattle,

horses, pigs, sheep and fowls were all startled as our caravan passed through their domain. I spent a profitable night here; also, next morning, a number came in. We closed our social converse with prayer. On our way to the train we called to see the invalid E. H., before alluded to.

At the dépôt we met a number of the brethren and sisters. As we had some time to wait, they proposed singing, which ended in a prayer-meeting long to be remembered. A few moments' ride brought me to Brother Votaw's; his wife Anna is a minister in the Society of Friends, a congenial spirit. My stay here was preparatory to the work before me.

Saturday, March 3d.—I was taken to Dover, near here. I met with a warm reception in the home of Levi Bond, who lived next to the Friends' meeting-house, where the services were held.

I met with the same love and care I had elsewhere enjoyed. Elva Palmer took charge of me; all the young ladies were anxious to do all they could. It was often amusing to see the interest manifested. It greatly relieved the feeling of being a care.

During the two weeks I remained here each day had interesting experiences. Six or eight ministers were often present. Converts and helpers came from all points where meetings had

been held. From six to twenty were entertained during the meeting in the hospitable home of Friend Bond. Sabbath morning, Marcus Thomas, C. Henley, Olie Clark and Frank Coffin came over from Newport. We had on that morning, as on other occasions, special blessings at family worship.

At times during my stay I suffered severely, but there was no doubt of the divine leading. I knew I was in the right place. The burden of souls rested heavily upon me until rest-hour; then all would be lifted, and I sweetly realized, "He giveth his beloved sleep." When refreshed the same interest returned.

I here met with an element of unbelief we seldom come in contact with. I saw the fearful consequence, especially among the young people, of attempting to keep up a form of church-life and morality without a vicarious Christ, and was often moved in sympathy for some of the noble boys that carried me, who had ability which if well improved would be a blessing to our country.

Several incidents occurred here that impressed the sayings of some of our great men, one of whom said, "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheetanchor of our liberties. Write its precepts on your hearts and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future."

When that good man Chief-justice Jay was dying, he was asked if he had any farewell address to leave his children. He replied: "They have the Bible." What a legacy! Would that all parents could say the same with equal confidence! The influence of parental character upon children is not to be calculated.

The celebrated Rev. Richard Cecil of England says: "The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially where culled from time to time out of the Bible. The child feels his parents' authority supported by the Bible, and the authority of the Bible supported by his parents' weight and influence. They stand in his way. He wishes to forget them, perhaps, but it is impossible. Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. Consistency is the great character in good parents which impresses children."

March 14th.—We had a parents' meeting; none were admitted but parents. Brother Ryan held a young people's meeting at another place. We had an honest hour with fathers and mothers, each feeling the responsibility resting upon them.

Parents, make your child's life bright and joyous. Consecrate it to the service of God, and ever give it the stimulus of a noble and pure example. Thus will your memory be most precious and your life not spent in vain.

"O heart that fainteth underneath thy load
Of toil and care along life's rugged road,
List to the gentle music, soft and sweet—
The music of the restless, pattering feet.
'Tis thine to lead them into pathways bright,
'Tis thine to guide the little feet aright;
So let thy weary heart find sweet repose:
Thy toil and anxious care thy Father knows."





#### CHAPTER IX.

### THE CHILDREN'S DONATION.

MARCH 7, 1877.—Would that I could commit to your pages, dear journal, the precious associations I have had in this room! We shall all remember this kind family, who have granted us many privileges of each other's society. I was quite poorly all night; Sister Coffin slept in my room. We had a good beginning for the day at morning worship. Brothers Luke Woodward, M. Painter, Johnson, Taylor and Johnnie Nawgle, with others, were with us. We have had impressive meetings, and I believe each one has been fruitful, yet I often yearn to see deeper heartwork among the converts, and cannot be satisfied with anything less than a positive experience.

One evening, after I was carried to my room, a young man requested an interview. He was in great distress of mind. After conversation and prayer he said firmly,

"I don't believe the Lord will bless any man

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with a deck of cards in his trunk. I shall burn them before I sleep."

We could not prevail upon him to stay. He rode home, some eight miles, through the storm, burned his cards, and was converted after midnight in his own room.

Saturday, 17th.—I was presented by Brother Ryan, on behalf of twenty-seven young men, with a copy of the *Teachers' Bible*, with the inscription on the back:

# "JENNIE SMITH, From the Dover Boys."

Monday, March 19th.—At 9 A. M. we had a meeting for the new converts. At II A. M. the house was crowded. We had one of the most affecting farewell services I have ever attended. At the close it was proposed to have my cot set down where I could participate in a handshaking accompanied by song. At once the four unconverted carriers arose, came forward and lifted my cot from the platform. It was as solemn as a funeral. The ministers, Brother Woodward and Brother Painter, stood at the head and foot of my cot as the congregation passed from one side of the house to the other. We grasped the hand of each, some for the last time until we meet at the bar of God. I shall never forget the scene as the noble young men who had done faithful service as

burden-bearers stood tremblingly at my side as the congregation sang:

"Shall we gather at the river?"

Solemn thought! Would that I could hope to meet all where there are no "Good-byes"!

Wednesday, 22d.—At Jehu Jessup's, the minister's. I am so glad I came here before leaving! I have had a restless night of suffering, but feel greatly supported by the prayers of God's children. How I have felt my weakness and need of wisdom in meeting those who say they do not believe in the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ! It is manifest they do not believe what they say. I praise the Lord for the victories I have seen. Among such advocates I have never met one who could give me any substitute for this religion, that gives such peace of mind and consolation amid sorrow, besides a hope of immortality.

What a surprise I have had! Brother Jessup came in, saying,

"Jennie, some of thy little friends wish to see thee."

When they were all seated, one of the little girls made a presentation speech in behalf of the children of Dover. Then each gave me an envelope enclosing from three to ten or more cents in each one, with their names and a request for prayer or words of encouragement. One little

boy's note reads: "Jennie, you may pray for me if you want to." The contents of the envelopes aggregated seven dollars and twenty-three cents. Before they left we had prayer and conversation. I trust neither the children nor myself will ever forget this morning.

How kind Brother Jessup is! What a friend he has been! He has sold some sixty or more books. Oh that each of the kind friends could realize my gratitude! I cannot express it.

This morning reminded me of an incident that occurred nearly twenty years ago. I remember how the dark hours of suffering were brightened by the envelopes that came from the little schoolhouse in the country known as "Blue Jacket." When their teacher, Miss Hattie Cretcher, told them of my sufferings, they proposed saving and sending me their pennies, which amounted to over three dollars. How impressive the thought! Where are these children now? They have taken the places of fathers and mothers. How twenty years will tell upon this community! What changes will be wrought upon these children!

Word has come Brother Harvey is dying; they want us to stop there.

The next day I was carried into the home where the shadows of death were gathering. It was a solemn scene. The family came about my cot; we wept and prayed. The husband and fa-

ther was lying where I could see him in another room, but no word or look would again greet us from that mortal face. Only Friday night before, he came to me in the meeting, rejoicing that four of his children were converted, but his heart was burdened for an elder son. His last words to me were, "Do pray for MY BOY!" How that brokenhearted son begged me to pray for him! I trust the covenant made with his God beside the cold form of that father has been sacredly kept.

After I returned to Brother Bond's I was presented by Brother Milton and others with a mattress and slips for my cot, besides other tokens of remembrance. The kindness of the friends at Dover will not be soon forgotten.

March 23d.—Was taken back to Chester by Brothers Jessup, Jarrett and Palmer; stopped at the same place as when here before. The little room seemed more sacred than ever. That evening, as we surrounded the family altar, Brothers Pickett, Strawbridge and family were with us. We had an unusual baptism of the Spirit.

The meeting here had commenced. Brothers Woodward, Ryan and other helpers came from different parts of the country. My heart was burdened for Chester. As I looked back to my previous visit I felt the truth of the words, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

"Content I had been to linger
In whatever the will of my Lord might be,
But I felt his guiding finger
Had led into paths unknown to me."

As it was more convenient to the meeting, I remained at Friend Henshaw's. I here met Mr. C. Brown of Dayton, Ohio. I was not able to attend all the meetings; within a week was taken very ill, and for several days Drs. Reed and Teig, who had my case in hand, would permit only those who nursed me to enter my room. No doubt the close attention of the physicians and the very best nursing prevented a protracted illness. I am greatly indebted to my kind caretakers and physicians.

After I recovered from this attack I was taken to see Emma H., a lovely young girl in a decline. She lived for only a few months afterward. She told me she was resigned to her afflictions, or even death, if only these would prove a blessing to her loved ones. Her desire was intense to meet them in heaven.

To please her and all, they ran my cot out to the barn, among the sheep, chickens and cattle. I enjoyed it very much, but as I looked around this pleasant home of plenty I thought, "What do we all need in this life of UNCERTAINTIES, trials and BEREAVEMENTS more than the whisperings of that better land?" This is a beautiful

world—many things in nature to enjoy—but none are exempt from sorrow, and as has been said, "What a cheerless existence ours would be did no light shine out upon us from the invisible world!"

"If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound,
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond,
Oh, what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give,
Or who would venture then to die,
Or who could then endure to live?"

# But we are going home,

"Far beyond the reach of mortal ken, No eye hath seen it, nor hath human pen Portrayed the glories of that world above, Whose very atmosphere is love."

As I gained strength I continued to labor, giving more time in conversations to the unconverted than to Christians. I observed closely my rules of rest and economy of strength. The ministers labored faithfully; the interest increased. We trust some results will appear in eternity. Yet the work we desired to see was by no means accomplished.

Our last Sabbath meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal church. This was with

many others a day in Chester long to be remembered. As they were about to close, an unconverted man proposed taking a collection. He turned toward me, saying,

"You must not refuse; you have worked hard in this place, and deserve it."

I was too weak to shake hands, so I gave a farewell talk, and was taken out before the congregation was dismissed. They gave me a donation also at the Friends' meeting. I was here presented with another quilt for my bed, also squares for a quilt, a present to mother, with the names of donors in the blocks. The memory of these associations will be lasting.

I spent a few days of rest at M. Williamson's, and, according to promise, returned to Middleboro', where a two days' meeting was held; here we had a reunion of co-workers. The Sabbath services were all deep and solemn, the parents' meeting very impressive. Brothers Crum, Huff, Harnady and Nawgle had charge.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love"

was sung at the close. I quietly took the hand of each as they passed out, realizing, at each farewell meeting, that we should never all meet again in this world.



### CHAPTER X.

#### AT EARLHAM COLLEGE.

I FELT constrained, with Anna Votaw, to accept an invitation to visit Earlham College, belonging to the Society of Friends.

This college is located one mile west of Richmond, Indiana, beautifully situated, surrounded with ample lawns and playgrounds. My journal will bring the reader more minutely into this experience; I have not dated all, as this was written in snatched opportunities.

April 27, 1877.—At Earlham College. Brother Nichols brought me here two days since. I rather dreaded the visit, but a warm welcome soon made me feel at home and among friends.

After dinner and some visiting, a quiet rest in Earlham parlor was acceptable; following this, a talk with superintendent and matron on answers to prayer and kindred topics of lively interest to us all. After school some of the students called on me. After tea several of the girls came in; was surprised to see Mary Green, whom I have not met since she was a little girl. Matron came in, saying,

"My Irish girls want to see thee."

I enjoyed meeting them. We had an interesting time. There are thirteen employed. The head-washwoman has worked here nearly twenty years. What changes in that time in students and officers of Earlham!

I was then wheeled into the chapel across from the parlor. Sister V. and others gathered at the students' prayer-meeting. When this was over, a group of students and the superintendent carried my cot up into the "strangers' room," where, with Sister Votaw, I had a comfortable rest.

Awake early; had a sweet season of communion with my precious Saviour; wrote a note home; they expect me on Monday.

After breakfast Superintendent Wright told me they brought me to this room so I could visit the cabinet on this floor; this was a rich treat. Their collections are fine and in great variety. The view also is beautiful from those front and back third-story windows. Was then taken to the second story; called at the door of each—the "girls' parlor," "senior girls' study," "nurses'," "teachers'," "governors'," "seamstress'," "reading" and "su-

perintendent's" rooms. Here a half hour's rest; then a consultation with President Moore, the superintendent and matron in reference to a felt call of duty toward the students. I consented to remain and have an evening meeting.

During noon-hour, large groups of girls gathered lovingly around in the parlor. Many callers were in through the course of the afternoon and early evening. I was deeply exercised. The weight of souls lay heavily upon my heart, and was thankful to see Johnnie N.; he was tempted not to stay for meeting. When he said to me, "I don't want to make a mistake; I will take a walk in the grove. Let us ask for guidance whether I must go or stay," I was confident the Lord would make it clear, he had directed him here. We had a meeting of much feeling and power. was greatly favored; he forcibly led in prayer, in speaking and in singing. He never sings save when he can do so in a devotional spirit; this is the secret of his power in song. I was led to follow him in a brief talk and prayer. After meeting I was carried up to the nursery for the night.

This morning I awoke early; had no liberty in thinking of leaving here to-day; would have felt condemnation resting upon me had I gone. The dear ones at home will be so disappointed when they hear I am not coming on Monday! I long to see them, but the divine will is preferable to all

things else. When I cried for light to know my duty, the yearning for these souls was greatly increased.

This conviction was confirmed by matron coming to my side and saying, so kind and motherly,

"Art thou free to leave us to-day?"

"No; I have been deeply exercised, and cannot feel my mission here is accomplished."

She then presented the requests made for religious conversation, which, except my resthours, will take up the time until 4 o'clock tomorrow P. M. Oh that these moments and opportunities may be well improved! Two souls were blest at my side this morning. My precious Lord, give me strength and ability to please thee and do ALL thy will!

Have had conversations with President Moore, Superintendent Wright and many others. I have met at times several in a group, but, if it were possible, would prefer seeing each one alone. The conversations on Saturday seemed to drift into the channel mainly with regard to influence. Dr. Teig called; says he thinks I am in my right place for a week; hardly think it possible to stay so long. After tea had a quiet rest in the readingroom, where I could hear most of the lecture in the chapel. I was very restless the earlier part of the night, but toward day had a blessed sleep,

and awoke with a sweet inward stillness, a degree of the precious influence of the divine Spirit.

Directly after breakfast I became so burdened for D. L. that when matron brought the requests for the day I told her I could not labor or converse with any one else or attend a service until he was converted; I was burdened for his soul when I came here. Matron had him excused from duty. He was beginning to feel alarmed, for he was drifting into indifference, losing that deep conviction for sin that had taken hold of his heart at Chester. He had an intelligent view of his condition; his aunt, the governess, had agonized in prayer for him. We were both led to pray audibly; she then left us alone. He could not pray but in stillness. Oh how conscious I was that the Spirit was penetrating his soul with a sense of his presence! Again he pleaded with me to pray for him; I felt he must open his own lips. After another hour's struggle he lifted his voice in supplications. The strong will was brought low and given up: the Lord triumphed. A soul was born into new life.

At II A. M. I was taken down to service. President Moore preached with much liberty. Had a good rest; after which, held conversation with several persons. Was then wheeled into the parlor, and another rest; then had prayer with two hungry souls.

The evening prayer-meeting was wonderful in power and feeling. A little waiting season was a feast to my soul; after that, an unexpected and most interesting mingling in the boys' collecting-room. I had attended similar meetings with the girls. From the testimonies given and the prayerful longings of others, the evident presence and power of the Holy Spirit was manifest.

I spent the night in the seamstress' room with Mary, Eunice and Maggie. I want to please all and stay with each. Matron and all are just as kind as possible; even the servants want to do all they can for me. Have conversed to-day with Prof. Pearson, Prof. Jay and wife, Prof. Trueblood, Governor Bogue and President Moore. I must see several students. This has been a week of earnest work and blessed answers to prayer. Some have found peace at my side, others in their rooms. Some who were obstinate and indifferent have yielded. I hope many more will make a full surrender.

One morning superintendent came to me, saying,

"I will take thee to our room, where thee will have company for breakfast. We welcome back to our midst Willie Steer, who was one of our best students, but his bright prospects were blighted over two years ago by severe and continued afflictions, and he was obliged to give up

his studies. He and his sister will take breakfast with thee."

Oh how it touched my heart as my cot was moved up to the sofa where he was reclining, his noble pale face beaming with sympathy as he rose upon his crutch to greet me! I soon found he was not a Christian; said he once made a profession, but that was all. In our afflictions we could sympathize with and enjoy each other's society; we took our meals together. Tuesday morning he said to me,

"Miss Jennie, I enjoy talking with you, but it is not right for me to take your time, when you can be giving it to some one that can profit by it. I feel it duty to frankly say, while I believe every word you utter, it goes into one ear and out of the other. My heart is like stone; it's too hard for any good to find a lodgment there."

I assured him no one had a better right than he, to the hour we took our meals. It was sad to hear him talk so; but, while I was careful not to say too much to him, my interest was increased.

Thursday I was carried down to the weekday meeting. We had a refreshing season. As usual, when I was down stairs, we took our dinner on the centre-table in the parlor. I had not seen him since breakfast; he sat at the table for some time with his food untouched. To my question if he was suffering, he answered,

"Not more than usual, but I am miserable. I cannot stand it much longer; I must have relief. This feeling will kill me. I want you to pray for me."

We both had engagements for the afternoon. After tea, while in the parlor conversing with superintendent, matron came in, saying, as she affectionately imprinted a motherly kiss upon my forehead,

"Which will thee see first of these three boys?"

I replied,

"I am so exercised about Willie S. Let us ask for direction; then, if Willie desires to see me, I will go up stairs at once."

She soon returned with the glad message:

"The boys are coming to take thee up. Willie says, 'Tell her to come; I must be converted before I sleep.'"

He was lying on the sofa when his old classmates took me in. He said,

"Boys, sit down; I want to tell you. I have said I was not converted before I left here; I must take it back, and confess. I am a back-slider and a terrible sinner. Pray for me before you go."

He had a severe conflict. At one time he thought he must go to his room and take off his braces so he could kneel, but he said,

"No, I will not; I believe that is a temptation. I will remain here until this load of guilt is gone. Oh, why can't I pray? Why can't I believe?"

Amid his great anguish the light began to dawn; as it seemed, the Holy Spirit had prompted some sweet voice to send the glad melody from the girls' collection-room.

He listened with a joyful heart, realizing the import of the words:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer."

A few days after, a group were talking about joy. He said,

"Well, I am not so joyful, but I have peace; I am sweetly trusting. I can now say with Jennie, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.'"

On Friday, at noon, to please students, Irish girls and all, I consented for the boys to carry me down to the dining-room. This was a real treat; all seemed to enjoy it with me. It was a cross to have them carry me up and down stairs so often, and Superintendent Wright would always help. I begged him one day to let the

boys carry me. He paid no attention until they set me down; then he turned around, saying,

"Did thee not say thee prayed for every one that handled thy cot, and that thy Father is the Paymaster?"

"I do say so," I replied, "and believe he will reward each one."

"Then I want thee hereafter to keep thy peace. We want a good portion of the stock in this matter, and will take thee up and down stairs just as often as we see proper to do so; and thee must not protest against it, for it is to us a delightful privilege for the Master."

That evening I gave over an hour to the Catholic Irish girls; a number of them bought my book. Many interesting incidents occurred; space will only permit the mention of a few.

While in Newport I lost my gold pen (mentioned in the Valley of Baca, page 182), which I prized highly. I was here presented another, with the inscription on the pen, From the Earlham Boys, and my name on the case. No one in the college had seen my former pen, and, though I appreciated the present for its intrinsic worth, my surprise was more complete because it was exactly like the one lost.

The last morning was filled with unusual interest. I attended morning collection; we had a solemn meeting in view of parting. As from

time to time I looked over that body of students the vast field of usefulness which they would soon occupy spread out before me. I never had such a view of unconscious influence as at this hour. I spent the remainder of the time in the parlor, mostly with those with whom I had not conversed before. Many little mementoes were contributed by different persons. The parlor was filled with the girls. Superintendent came in, and presented me, on behalf of the girls, a beautiful autograph album with this dedication:

## PRESENTED TO JENNIE SMITH,

BY OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF EARLHAM COLLEGE,
WITH THE SINCERE RESPECT AND ESTEEM
OF EVERY ONE WHOSE NAME IS
WRITTEN HERE.

May these names all be found in the Lamb's book of life!

May 8, 1877.

A bouquet of pressed flowers, a zephyr bouquet presented by one and framed by another, *The Life of President Finney*, and several such gifts, are reminders of those pleasant associations.

We had a parting blessing, I was taken over to Professor McTaggart's, where we were invited to tea; had a pleasant and profitable time with superintendent, matron and several of the Faculty.

From here I was taken to Dr. Teig's, in Rich-

mond; spent a pleasant season meeting friends. The next morning, May 9th, my invalid friend, Willie Steer, joined me, as he started the same day to his home, in Minnesota. I prevailed upon him to stop with us a few days in Dayton.

Thus I spent two weeks instead of one at Earlham. They will ever be remembered as among the most pleasant weeks of my life.





## CHAPTER XI.

#### THE RIDE TO THE SEA.

WE reached home very much fatigued, but the glad welcome by loved ones and getting home made up for all. I left here intending to be absent ten days or two weeks, and was gone four months. They had not informed me of what a serious time of sickness they had passed through. I found our dear mother was still away with our sick sister at S. H., the sick at home just recovered so as to be about. They were compelled to move on account of ill-health. It was some days before I rallied from my ride.

May 20th.—I remain so weak! Dr. Rickey says I must go out more in the fresh air. They want to take me to the Soldiers' Home to-morrow; I always dread going where there is so much suffering. Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, are quite friendly. We have had company from a distance each day, besides many calls. I have met some hungry souls, also those who have

given fresh courage and strength to my own heart. The fields about us are white unto harvest. Had a good prayer-meeting here last night. Afternoon had profitable calls from Dr. Pearne and wife and Mrs. Winters; this evening, Mr. and Mrs. Parmerly, Mrs. Jordan and others. Willie Steer's visit has been a blessing to the young people; he is so firm in defence of the right.

May 28th.—Yesterday I attended service at Grace church; enjoyed Brother Abby's class, and heard Dr. Pearne preach on the resurrection and recognition of friends in heaven. It was a comforting sermon to all who accept the gospel of Christ. Thank God,

"In that land of beauty, in that home of joy, By the gates they'll meet us, 'neath that golden sky, Meet us at the portal, meet us by and by."

May 30, 1877.—Decoration Day—a day that calls up many memories of the past. It reminds me of the year 1862, when I could last walk, and of the months and years that followed, when our country was devastated by dreadful war. Often, when my sufferings were so great and I became weary or impatient, how it would rebuke a murmur to think of our suffering soldiers, who could not have, as I had, a tender mother's care! Although I felt deeply our adversity, when I would think of their privation I could see many mercies

to be thankful for. This brings a thought of the many kind friends of the Spring Hills community, whose memory will ever be sacred. I have had a brief but delightful visit from Sister F. M. Conable of Xenia; she has been a friend indeed. Brother T. Harbor of Quincy, Ohio, and Brother Brownell will be here for tea. How we enjoy meeting old friends! Aunt Fannie Barrett will be here to-morrow. I see it will be duty to go to the country next week. Oh for strength and wisdom to do my entire duty!

Fune 5th.—Zimmermanville, eight miles from home; at Dr. Crawford's. The "Silent Comforter" hanging before me says, "Be ye thankful; rejoice in the Lord always. Neither murmur ye; for consider what great things he hath done for you." I had a restless, suffering night, but how thankful I am that I am no worse, and rejoice in all the way he hath led. Surely, grace hath been sufficient. I have been greatly helped.

I came out on the train Friday; have had a profitable visit. The meetings on Sabbath were well attended. Rev. Hawker conducted the services; I participated in each. Afternoon we had a praise-meeting. I remained all night at Brother Engle's; returned here yesterday. It is so delightful and quiet I would enjoy remaining longer, as these dear friends desire, but I must go home on the noon train to-morrow.

Fune 15th.—These lines came before my eyes in a trying hour. How they strengthened me!—

"With patient mind thy course of duty run;
God nothing does or suffers to be done
But thou wouldst do thyself if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well-as he."

My heavenly Father knoweth my needs. Some lesson may be gained by what seems a great loss, a severe trial.

Blessed Iesus, in whom all fulness dwells! thou art still my worthy, trusted Friend. Oh, the depths of thy condescending love, that gives such consolation to strengthen and support in my weakness! I praise him that I am getting better again and can go out; it seems a necessity to be out-doors as much as possible. I am strongly threatened with paralysis. The Murphy boys are anxious to take me to the temperance-meeting as soon as I am able to go. An excursion from Richmond, Indiana, came to the Soldiers' Home. I greatly enjoyed the calls of a number of the visitors. Mrs. Hanly of Philadelphia is boarding with us a few days. She is a congenial companion. Her husband was a minister; she has written his Life. I marked a lot of tracts, which Walter has been giving to the people going by to the beergarden. Many are seen reading them; we know not but some seed will fall upon good ground.

It is terrible to see the hundreds of young men that are flocking to that place.

Sabbath, 24th.—I consented to be taken to Raper M. E. church. My first visit, but had a hearty welcome. I had enjoyed rich treats from the choir and many visits from the members, who had often brought cheer to my heart in suffering hours. Sister Pritz, who had charge of the infant class, seemed to be led to me when I most needed her sweet voice of comfort.

After their interesting Sabbath-school I was carried up stairs. Rev. W. A. Robinson, their pastor, preached from the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." No troubled or afflicted soul could help but be comforted; even those in financial difficulty were made to feel "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." We cannot see the whys and wherefores, but there is a need-be in every trial. These dealings should endear the Saviour and his grace more than ever to our hearts. The day of trouble led his saints in all ages thus to glorify him. David never could have written his touching Psalms, nor Paul his precious Epistles, had not God cast them both into the crucible. To be the teachers of the Church of the future, they had to graduate in the school of affliction. If he appoints us similar discipline, let it be our endeavor to glorify him by active

obedience as well as by passive resignation, not abandoning ourselves to selfish, sentimental grief, but rather going forth on our missions, our work and warfare, with a wiser estimate of the value of time and the grandeur of existence.

I was carried into the parsonage; after dinner had a good talk with Brother and Sister Robinson. Took a rest, then enjoyed the children's prayer-meeting in the parlor, led by their pastor. Children will profit in after-years by such a meeting as this.

Monday I had an engagement at the Young Men's Christian Association hall. As Brother R. wheeled my cot to the parlor he proposed my going into the ministers' meeting. I laughed at the idea, but, to my surprise, the ministers came from the lecture-room and held their meeting in the parlor. It was pleasant and profitable to see ministers of the different denominations gathered together; was grateful for this privilege.

I remained here for the day, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclare, who always give me a welcome in this dear retreat; I met several parties during the day. Rev. Chapman brought in Captain Cyrus Sturtevant. After talking a while we went into the chapel for prayer-meeting. Just at the close a terrific storm came up; a little company remained with me, and we had an interesting occasion.

I attended several temperance-meetings at this and the "Gebhart Hall." My heart was deeply moved in this work; much good was accomplished. But as I looked upon the slaves of this terrible curse, and witnessed the degradation, poverty and sorrow it caused, then in viewing the value of their souls, oh how I realized the need of God's children being firmly united, working hand to hand and heart to heart in this great battle for victory in the right, keeping an eye single to the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls! Then would no selfish ambitions interfere with any one's work or influence.

July 7th, 1877.—"Be not faithless, but believing. Keep your eyes on Him whose love is leading you, and fear not. Grace will be sufficient, though you may be assailed by the adversary who watches to seduce the timid heart and shake its trust in God."

This is surely timely advice in a letter just received from a friend who knows not the strait I am in. My way has opened to attend the Sunday-school Encampment at Lakeside, Ohio. I have consulted with physicians; they advise me to go and try the lake-breeze. I am growing weaker continually, and must have help from some source or I shall not be able to go, or to do anything long. I have been with dear mother so little, and she is not able to go with me. Oh for wisdom!

"Oh may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise!"

July 9th.—My help cometh from the Lord. Blessed refuge! I have never left mother and loved ones when it seemed such a cross. Home seems so dear! But I bless the Lord for evidences of duty that will help me to go cheerfully and suffer patiently, although it be a trial to separate so soon. I am thankful that dear sister Sallie could be brought home before I leave; I hope her ride will not make her worse. How Harry and Jennie have grown! Walter is so delighted to have them come. Had a profitable call from Rev. A. N. Spahr, also Sisters H. Smith and Winters. What faithful friends! They never forget our Tuesday and Saturday covenants when I am at home.

Brother James was at home this evening. His cough is worse; he is looking badly. I can do nothing but commit every interest into the Lord's hands. May our going not be in vain! Brother Scott called; says we must return for Embury camp-meeting.

With sister Fannie as my travelling-companion, we left home July 10th with the expectation of returning in three or four weeks. I seemed to suffer more than usual in travelling. At Springfield, Mr. C. Howard, railroad superintendent, did all in his

power to make me comfortable. He tried to get my cot into a palace car, but failed. I had every attention from Mr. Cash, the baggage-master, that carried me the first time I travelled as baggage, in 1859. I was compelled to stop one night at Kenton, Ohio; had a warm welcome from an old pastor, Rev. J. A. Ferguson. I was refreshed for my journey next day. We arrived at Sandusky, where I had a rest before I was taken to the steamer Ferris for Lakeside. Here I met Revs. McGaw of Urbana, Grey of Findlay, and Brother Sargent of Cincinnati. We had a beautiful view of sunset on the water.

Arrived at Lakeside after dusk; Brother Gill met us. We were soon at our quarters; sister and the lady tenting with us, soon had things quite homelike. Our cottage was near the preachingstand, so I could hear most of the services without going out. I enjoyed a feast in hearing many of the lectures at the stand—Dr. Vincent's lecture on "That Boy;" Dr. T. De Witt Talmage on "The People we Meet;" Dr. Payne on "Our Young Men;" Frank Beard, Dr. Hayes and many others on various subjects, including "Pansy" and Mrs. Crafts. Dr. H. H. Wells, Dr. C. W. Cushing and others preached excellent sermons; the meetings were all impressive. The association gave a reception at the hotel. It was a real success, socially and spiritually. Many denominations were represented in the encampment, yet all as one, such unity prevailed.

One morning I was taken around to Brother J. Fairbanks' book-store to arrange for the sale of *The Valley of Baca*. They took a deep interest. I went to service. As I had carried all my necessities to the Lord, I was trusting him so fully that it was an *observed providence* when Mr. Benskin and daughters of Texas, Ohio, approached me, saying,

"We met you in Urbana several years ago, and now we want one of your books."

They bought the book, then presented me with five dollars. I was encouraged and began to sell my book, and was able to meet the pressing needs in due season.

Professor Abbott and his choir gave the encampment a rich serenade. They marched around the camp about midnight, giving us a treat of music. Many families remained here for camp-meeting in August. It was a delightful resting-place to us. Brother Jacobs invited us to occupy their pleasant cottage on the lake-shore. The scenery, the quiet and the associations had a tendency to strengthen my suffering body.

After resting two weeks we accepted an invitation from the ladies of Kenton to spend a week in that place. Brother and Sister Benskin accompanied us to Sandusky. We went to Green

Springs; spent the night with our friend Mr. S.; enjoyed a delightful prayer-meeting, which was held in their home, that evening, led by Rev. J. A. Kawl. We took an early train next morning; were soon in the home of Rev. J. A. Ferguson.

Thursday evening, Revs. Robertson, Presbyterian, Waddel, United Presbyterian, and Ferguson, Methodist, united in a union prayer-meeting. Dr. Paul, presiding elder, was also present. We had a meeting where old memories were revived. I remembered when each of these servants of the Most High had knelt in prayer at my bedside; Dr. Paul was the first to tell me of a propelling-cot. Oh how I longed for such a comfort! Two years after, in the home of Mr. Glenn, this desire was gratified.

We spent the afternoon and night at Rev. Robertson's, and were invited to Brother Waddel's, next door, on Friday; remained here until Sabbath. I was poorly, but these were precious days to my soul.

Sabbath, Brother Ferguson preached the annual sermon on missions. I had promised to attend the Sabbath-school and their anniversary in the evening. I remained in the church in order to have more rest. Sister Lee, an old Urbana friend, brought my meal. This was a profitable day. The children proposed to sell my book. I offer-

ed them a percentage, for their missionary-fund, on all the books they sold.

Monday morning several came to me at Brother F.'s for their agency. Some were successful; thirteen books were sold. These children have not been forgotten. Tuesday morning, Dr. Paul, Rev. Robertson and others came in; we had a season of prayer before going home with Brother R. Sister Robertson presented me with five dollars from their ladies, with several useful articles. I never enjoyed a week more. It was spent between the three parsonage-homes. We had interesting calls and profitable conversations at each, their thoughtful kindness giving me the required rest. Mrs. Miller invited us to spend the night with them, so as to be near the dépôt for the early morning train.

We had intended going to Damascoville, but found, on account of the railroad strike, it would not be safe to go any farther than Mansfield; I was obliged to go there. To my surprise, I learned the Ohio camp-meeting commenced here the next day. Some months before, I had been urged to attend this meeting, and had answered it was impossible, I could not go, but here we were so hedged in we could do no other than go. Sister said,

"Why, what shall we do? Everything for tenting is at Lakeside."

We went to the boarding-tent; met many acquaintances. Sister Shires of Akron, Ohio, came to us within an hour, inviting us to her tent; she proposed to furnish it, and we share the expense. We were soon delightfully situated. That night I was quite sick; next day was not able to go out, but could hear the preaching from the tent.

This seemed like camp-meeting of former years. The tents were all new canvas, that whitened the ground, and when lighted up at night the beauty of the scene was increased. The meeting was filled with interest; one of the features were the Bible-readings and services of Rev. Daniel Steel, D. D., and Rev. J. A. Wood.

I here had some peculiar experiences. A number were, and had been, deeply exercised about the healing of my body, but, with all that was said, I could not take hold with them; the more they talked and prayed with me, the more I seemed to be held from asking. One brother severely censured me for what he called my unbelief; said there was no need of my suffering any longer if I would only have faith to be healed. My journal expresses my feelings at that time:

August 4th.—This is a dark season, physically and temporally; I am so weak and helpless!

"To thee I lift my soul, O Lord; My God, I will trust in thee."



Oh, let the Holy Ghost be my Guide, my Wisdom. Strength and Power! Lead me into more intimate communion with thee, my Father, my Elder Brother and Blessed Comforter! Oh, am I limiting thy power? Am I robbing thee of glory, and this suffering body of the blessed boon of health, by unbelief? Is it possible? Can it be? I cannot bear this accusation. Is there relief for me? Precious Lord, thou knowest my heart. Oh, help me to sink deeper into thy will this trying hour. My faith is sorely tested; be thou my defence. Thou knowest I murmur not: I am willing to endure and to suffer all the will of God if there is still a need-be. Oh, what wilt thou have me do? Only let thy will be done.

Just after this Dr. Steel came in. I freely expressed my troubled state of mind to him; his talk and prayer gave me light and comfort. He preached on the subject of faith that day. A reference is given to the sermon elsewhere.

Monday 6th.—How encouraging the words they are singing!—

"Be not weary, but scatter around The seed of truth on every ground, And in thy mind this promise keep: If we faint not, we shall reap."

What a calm peace comes into my soul amid

all! I have much to discourage about the books; it seems impossible to get any one to take interest in them. Brother Chadwick offered to take the names of one hundred men that would buy the books; then, if they did not feel they had the worth of their money, he would pay them back their dollar. This proposition would have brought the books before the public and have helped in my helplessness, but it was not accepted. May Brother C. have his reward! He gave me five dollars for a book; he cannot realize the good his words have done me. This may all be for the best. It might have affected the meeting or injured the book-store sales.

Dr. Steel's sermon caused me to feel what a dear heavenly Father I have and how rich I am amid every trial.

August 7th.—To-day we return to Lakeside; we took tea at Brother Doty's. I spent last night with dear Lizzie Boyd; had a precious time with Sisters Burress and Straton, Brothers Wood, Snead and Dr. William Jones. I trust these calls have not been in vain. I desire to be more of a comfort to sorrowing hearts and lead more hungry souls into the fold of Christ. How thankful I am for the books sold since yesterday! Lizzie will be with us at Lakeside.

When we arrived at Lakeside I found mail waiting, that encouraged my going to Ocean

Grove, New Jersey. This seemed, when first proposed, an impossibility. I had consulted many of the best physicians in the land, but not one of them could mention anything practised in any school which had not been already tried, save only the one thing, a change of climate. This they thought might be somewhat beneficial, especially as I was so seriously threatened with paralysis.

The camp-meeting opened August 9th with a large attendance. Dr. Hoyt preached the first sermon. Dr. Steel, Dr. Payne and wife, Dr. Palmer and wife of New York, Bishop Ames and many noted persons were there. Many sinners were aroused to see their need, and sought for the pardon of their sins. Others who were dissatisfied with their experience came into the full light of liberty in Christ Jesus, realizing that we have every moment by faith the application of that precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. I had a severe attack of sickness while there; spent a few days at Brother Benskin's cottage, where I could be quiet, and soon rallied.

# Monday, 13th.-

"It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine,
Jesus, Saviour! yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height and breadth and everlasting strength,
Know more and more."

Rev. L. E. Prentiss' words were a feast to my soul, and, I trust, sank deep into other hearts. There is ever more to follow. This dear family are so kind!

We must decide to-day about going to Ocean Grove. I am so weak; how impossible it seems! So many obstacles in our way! I met two more physicians yesterday, who advise me to go. I can only seek divine guidance from above.

There come Lizzie and Fannie; I'll see what they say.

11 A. M.—Lizzie said,

"Well, what about Ocean Grove?"

I answered,

"How is your faith? Can we venture, on seventy-five cents? I have sent all but that to the publishers. I have two hundred books here. If it is right to go, I believe we can sell books to pay the thirty dollars and our fare East; if we cannot, I will feel it will not be right to go."

We prayed together; they went back to the tent, pondering upon the possibilities of ways and means, and perhaps improved health and strength. Poor Fannie suffers continually with her teeth.

What a blessing I have had in writing to Rev. G. Hughes! This surely is a faith-venture. I told him, "If it is the Lord's will, we will be there next Saturday."

Saturday.—

"As I lie, so faint, so weak,
I feel that He can be
A precious help in time of need,
And comforter, to me."

Afternoon I was taken down to the meeting; no one knew of our arrangements. Before services began, Sister Small came and knelt at my side, saying,

"Sister Jennie, I think your books should be more thoroughly advertised. I have been exercised about the matter."

Sister B. raised her eyes to heaven, as much as to say, "Praise the Lord!" I did say it, and bade her do whatever she thought best.

Others became interested, and I told them our plans. The result was, books enough were sold to meet my obligations and also to pay full fare for myself and sister.

On Wednesday, 15th, we took the boat Ferris for Put-in Bay. Sister E. K. Doty of Cleveland accompanied us. Here we took the Pearl to Cleveland. We found several acquaintances on board; met others whom we hope to meet where there'll be no sorrow. One lady asked several questions; another handed her my book, saying,

"Perhaps you would be interested in seeing this." She continued, as the lady took it, "It is a simple story of faith."

She almost dashed it from her, saying:

"No! If there is any religion in it, I want nothing to do with it."

She made a few other remarks, then went upon deck.

I felt interested in her, and also in a party of gentlemen that surrounded a card-table on the lower deck, in front of the cabin. Before we landed, an opportunity offered to approach them on the all-important subject. I found that she and several others had been professors, yet knew but little of heart-experience. Each had taken a stand against the religion of Jesus, because of the inconsistencies of friends who professed it. I had an honest talk with several, which we have had evidence was not in vain.

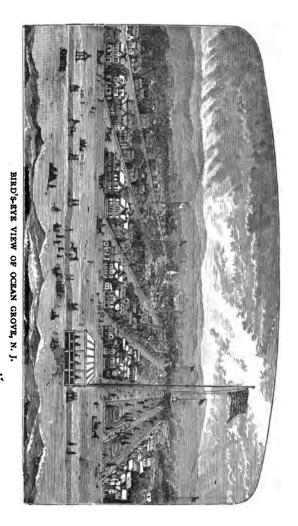
The pleasure of our ride was increased by the kindness of Captain Edwards, who did all in his power to make us comfortable. He kindly invited us to remain on the boat until morning. I was suffering intensely, and accepted with gratitude.

I was transferred to the dépôt next morning with care. Here I met Professor Hudson of Mount Union, also G. W. Cobb and Lange Sheaf; gathered profitable items of railroad work.

With Sister Lizzie, M. Boyd of Wheeling, Virginia, and sister Fannie as companions, we took the train for the eastern shore. As they were

crowded with baggage, by the kindness of the authorities I was permitted to ride in the postalcar; this was a special favor. I travelled with more ease than would have been possible in the baggage-car; was surrounded with over six tons of mail. There were five mail-agents, whose kind efforts made me more comfortable. 8 p. m. we changed cars at Buffalo, New York; had to take baggage-car again. Through the night I was so sick it seemed almost impossible to live without relief. During the ride to New York my suffering was intense at every motion of the train, and, looking to the Source of my strength, begged, if I was in the path of duty, that evidence might be given by my heavenly Father's special care in this time of extremity; received what I asked for. The assurance was so clear I never had a doubt of the leading from that night, and felt the everlasting Arms were around about and underneath me. My soul basked in the very sunlight of Jesus' love, and I finally fell asleep. As the day dawned the scenery was so grand it seemed almost like fairy-land.

At 12 M. we arrived at the Grand Central dépôt in New York City. The confusion was great, but' I was kept from becoming excited, and calmly waited until we could secure an express to carry me to the ferry-boat. We were soon on New Jersey soil, and had a rest before train-time.



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We arrived at Ocean Grove Friday, 5 P. M. They did not expect us until Saturday. I remained at the dépôt until Lizzie and sister went up to Brother Hughes'; was very weary, but refreshed by the kindness of those around me. I could scarcely realize we were among strangers, so far from home.

After making us comfortable in our tent, which was furnished by the association, Brother Hughes, father and mother Osborn, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Mary D. James, Georgie and Mamie Hughes knelt in prayer and offered a thanksgiving for our safe journey, then left us to rest.

Oh how thankful we were for this blessed resting-place! Georgie H. made a platform to run my cot out on. This family and Mrs. Hart were true friends indeed.





# CHAPTER XII.

#### THE SEA SINGS.

"The sea sings in the golden light
Of fragrant morn or dewy eve;
The sea sings through the fitful night,
While winds their stormy vestments weave;
So let us sing the songs of love,
Though darkness reign or tempests sweep.
There's goodness in the Heart above,
And Mercy blesses though we weep."—E. H. STOKES.

I was with mingled emotions we looked out upon the broad blue sea and "heard sweet sounds in the billows' roar." I was very weak, but friends insisted upon my going out. I celebrated my birthday by going to the beach the first time; as they wheeled my cot down the broad smooth avenue, Ocean Pathway, we met several invalids—one lady in her wheeled-cot. It was a wonderful sight to see the mighty breakers come in on "the sea-washed shore." There were hundreds on the beach and in bathing, men, women and children, with their unique bathing-suits in great vari-

ety. Wesley Lake, one mile long, which separates Ocean Grove from Asbury Park, is a lovely sight with several hundred rowboats of every variety and style. But all are moored and quiet on the Sabbath.

The first service I attended met several acquaintances; among others, Mrs. Hanly, Rev. A. Wallace and Brother Horace Waters; heard Rev. Wm. Taylor preach. I was constrained to speak to a man who stood at my side; found him laboring under great distress of mind. He told me he had been a member of the Church twenty-seven years without religion. By simply obeying the prompting of duty to speak to that brother, an avenue was opened that led into unexpected fields of usefulness.

The morning meetings were led by Bishop Peck and others. I remained weak and suffering much. When able to go out, I spent much time in the grove at the pavilion or the tabernacle, and greatly enjoyed the services. But, without any exception, my faith was more sorely tried for a season than ever before, yet it triumphed. I will give my journal's record of those days.

August 22d.—

"O Lord, the pilot's part perform

And guide and guard me through the storm;

Defend me from each threatening ill,

Control the waves; say, 'Peace, be still!'"

I do need special grace in my helplessness; I have been made to feel it so keenly. Have never had such a trial of meeting cold repulses as I have here received from two or three. May they and theirs be ever spared such trials! I am sure they are unconscious of the pain they have caused. The association permits me to sell what books can be sold privately, but what can be done? How am I to meet all before me? Our expenses have been so great! I hoped to sell the books here; had to pay ten dollars express charges on them. If only some one could open the way for me! I do not want to be burdensome to any one; perhaps this is to make me lean less upon the arm of flesh and prove more fully, in my weakness,

"The God of Jacob is our shield,
The Lord of hosts is in the field."

August 23d.—What encouragement we may gather from Job! The comments on fifth chapter say: "How far Eliphaz and Job's other friends erred as to the character of God we shall see in the close of the controversy; in the mean time, we cannot but generally admire his sentiments on the duty of submission under affliction and the necessity of man's humbling himself under the mighty hand of God. That trouble is unavoidable in the present life, and that the ways of God are wonder-

ful and unsearchable are obvious truths finely il lustrated."

"Be patient, then; submit to present ill;
Time is the sire of wonders. Let thy soul
Unwavering trust the eternal Spirit still;
Countless his gifts, his power beyond control."

What solace I find in my blessed Bible in this dark hour! I enjoyed the prayer-meeting last evening at Brother Hughes'. Rev. Wells and Fannie took me down to the beach; was surprised to see Brother Thos. Ladd of New York. Oh the grandeur of the mighty deep! What lessons we are taught at this place! I rested better than usual; feel refreshed this morning.

Brother Wells came and took me to the tabernacle; we had a good meeting. After that a young man said to me,

"Miss Smith, I have a desire to be useful, and feel impressed I can help you in selling your books."

Oh how my heart bounded with gratitude! That brother and the children will never do a day's work more fully appreciated. Georgie and Mamie H., also Mabel Hart, sold several. Mrs. Hart and Brother H. assure me they will do what they can. May they all be richly rewarded! It is wonderful how they sell when any one takes an interest in them. It is a comfort that it is not

only a help to me, but evidence confirms, it has been blest to the good of souls.

A letter from mother informs us she is better, but Dannie is sick again with rheumatism. I now have the amount for mother to settle a bill she has been anxious about, and a few cents over. Oh how thankful that I can send it to her by the morning mail!

The next morning I went to the tabernacle, after a precious meeting; remained there, as I could hear the preaching from one of the windows. The scenery from this retreat was lovely. After service my mail was handed me. A friend very kindly wrote, advising me to use my influence to have my eldest brother change his occupation, for the physicians said his health would be entirely gone if he remained where he was. Outside of my books, his wages were all we had to depend upon.

I had the letter in hand, pondering what should or could be done, when I was informed that we must not sell any more books, as there were many on the ground who had been denied that privilege, and also that of selling other articles; and if one was permitted to sell, others must be treated likewise. I could see at once the absolute necessity of this rule being strictly observed, in order to prevent the camp-meeting becoming a

place of merchandise. Great credit is due those who have with firmness carried out the rules and restrictions of this place and made it a sacred spot to thousands of souls.

On Saturday A.M. the camp-meeting closed with sacramental service. It was an unusually solemn season to my soul as I took from the hand of Brother Hughes and Brother A. Wallace. whom I had met at the Urbana camp-meeting, the-broken emblems of my Saviour's sufferings. He who was "acquainted with grief," he the Mighty Vine, knows the minutest fibres of sorrow in the branches; when the pruning-knife touches "He has gone," says them, it touches him. A TRIED SUFFERER, "through every class in our wilderness-school. He loves to bring his people into untried and perplexing places, that they may . seek out the guiding pillar and prize its radiance. Be assured there is disguised love in all he does. He who knows us infinitely better than we know ourselves often puts a thorn in our nest to drive us to the wing. Upon the smooth ice we slip: the rough path is safest for the feet. The tearless and undimmed eye is not to be coveted here; that is reserved for heaven. When our hearts are tender with sorrow, it is a comfort to realize that we have in Jesus, our Great High Priest, one that is touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

Though camp-meeting proper had closed, the

services were continued, with almost as much interest, for several weeks. I did not at all anticipate such multitudes would remain, as my journal will show.

Monday, August 27th.—How weak I am, and oh how helpless in every respect!

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I cannot doubt his love; I know not what lessons he designs to teach me by this discipline. May he have his own way with me! Above everything, I desire to be an efficient laborer, though in weakness, in saving souls. Oh for more power in prevailing prayer!

Saturday a gentleman left before communion. Feeling much exercised about him, I inquired of a lady who knew him. Yesterday he came to the tent. I was not able to go out all day. When I told him my feelings, he thanked me, saying,

"I appreciate this interest as a divine prompting. I am a church member, but have strayed far from the path of duty and become very worldly-minded. I have a family of ten children, who should, and must, have a better Christian example from their father. Please pray for me now."

We had searching conversation and prayer. I hope he will gain the victory.

Afternoon.—I need a victory too. Oh, I feel

the weight of circumstances! Lizzie said to me this morning,

"I am afraid, my dear, you are becoming too anxious about your temporal affairs; you look so weary and careworn."

But she and Fannie do not know all I have had to contend with. The hour is so dark! I know not what is before me. I want to lose sight of the great lost opportunities of selling books. The summer is over: I am done meeting the masses. It does loom up so before me sometimes that I am overcome to think I have met nearly, if not over, fifty thousand people since we left home, and have not sold three hundred books. and in debt over seven hundred dollars besides our expenses. What should we do but for Sister Hart's kindness-yes, but for faith's way-in my weak condition, suffering so and with my way so hedged up? Oh for a victory over this anxiety about the books! I am convinced I have been looking too much to man, and have not in my heavenly Father as fully put my trust as I should have done. Never saw this so clearly as just now. I will renew, my covenant. Oh, take all, all, into thy dear hands as never before. Dear Father, do manage and direct these things. I WILL TRUST THEE.

> "When obstacles and trials seem Like prison-walls to be,



I'll do the little I can do,

And leave the rest to thee."

"I know God orders all; what he appoints is best, Who knows and feels it, is and must be blest."

Life does not consist in startling events, but in minute and often-recurring, new and unforeseen trials in the daily walk, calling for the exercise of faith to keep alive that communication between the Saviour and the soul. Annie Shipton says, "When difficulties arise and perplexities, like rolling waves, hedge up the path, when prayers seem to bring no deliverance, when light is hid, when the soul cries out despairingly, 'All these things are against me,' when 'he sealeth up the hand of every man that all men may know his work.'-these are the days when the Lord shall fight for ye, and ye shall hold your peace. 'Fear ve not; stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.' But be sure that the place is one to which he has called you, and not some self-chosen service or testimony, for there is no promise to them that are out of the way." I am satisfied I am where the Lord would have me be. I dare not doubt his leadings here, and there is a consciousness that I have done what I could. Blessed be the Lord for this victory in the dark!

Tuesday, 28th.—I have had a struggle, but glory, praise and honor be to my precious Saviour for this

relief! Last evening, during the prayers of Brothers Wallace and Huddleson, I was greatly blessed. My way is more obscure than ever, but that peculiar weight of anxious care about the books and debts is all gone. I believe I can trust for the selling of the books as never heretofore. Oh the peace, rest and sweet calm that fills my heart!

A little event occurred about this time that was to me a special providence. Before going to the tabernacle I said to sister,

"When we come back, I want a letter written to see if we can find Dr. Morgan of Philadelphia."

After the meeting a gentleman at the head of my cot said,

"Do I understand this lady is from Ohio? She reminds me of an invalid I once met there."

To my delight, Dr. Morgan stepped forward; he had just come from Ann Arbor, Michigan. He did not give me the encouragement I expected—said the case was too far advanced to do any more than give temporal aid.

The reader will see the result of our meeting.



## CHAPTER XIII.

#### TO PHILADELPHIA.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace: Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower."

BROTHER WALLACE came to take me to the tabernacle, also to tell us he had arranged for us to move into the tent that had been occupied by the "Buell family;" he requested me to remain here until he came after me. We had a glorious meeting to my soul.

I was overcome with happy surprise as he wheeled my cot to our *new home*. They had everything so nicely arranged—the floors carpeted, white-sheet partitions, snowy table-covers, and

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there my books were placed with an advertisement, so all who passed our tent could see they were for sale; and a convenient platform had been made to run my cot upon. Dr. Stokes, the president of Ocean Grove Association, came in with us; we had first of all a song of praise and prayer. How we enjoyed this blessed spot! Many memories are associated with our five weeks' stay. From this time I sold from one to seven books a day until I had the amount needed to meet the bill that had made me so anxious. I was now situated so I could have more out-door exercise; could be wheeled down to the ocean with ease, and spent much time on the beach.

The sea had charms. I never tired watching its restless, heaving billows; they breathed upon us great sermons. With what interest I could by these, read and meditate, comprehending more fully than ever the meaning of the word which says, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea"!

One of the grandest sights were the surf-meetings, held Sabbaths at 6 P. M., where from ten to twenty thousand people were gathered for service by the sea. These are among the institutions of the Grove. Many times, as a steamer passed, the voice of song and the waving of handkerchiefs above the sea of heads carried a cheerful greet-

ing to those out upon the broad waters, who in turn signalled a response.

One day, while resting in the pavilion, Mrs. Armstrong came to me with a motherly interest and bought three of my books, giving me nearly double their price. Several times such acts of kindness were bestowed just at the time when most needed. I could not do other than accept such things as special providences.

September 3d.—Yesterday was a glorious Sabbath. Sister Inskip led the morning meeting. Brother Inskip preached one of his soul-stirring sermons this morning. Sister Lizzie leads the meeting at the tabernacle. I was not able to go; am suffering with toothache. Mrs. Knoor and Mrs. Moody are so kind!

Friday, September 8th.—At Pioneer Cottage—Sister Stockton's. The storm was terrific. Brother Wallace desired us to spend the night here, but we would have been safe in the tent. Great excitement about the sea; it sounds as if it was mad. Had a sweet season of meditation upon the wonders of God before any were up. Have had a cheering interview with Rev. Teal and Brother Prentiss of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson; also Sister Gallagher and Sister Stockton, who has been so kind. This has been a good week. The prayer-meetings at our tent have been crowded and crowned with blessings. I have been so poorly,

but an sweetly kept. Long to try the effects of a bath; am losing the use of my left side so rapidly, Dr. Morgan and Dr. Ward think it may be beneficial.

On Saturday evening Sister Hughes sent for me to come to her cottage. Sabbath morning, as I was preparing for service, I was taken violently ill. My sufferings were indescribable; for a time it seemed as if I could not survive the attack, but Dr. Morgan came to my relief. I soon rallied, and was better, than for weeks. When strong enough, I persisted in having a surf-bath. opposed this; a few encouraged me. I expected to suffer terribly, but it had been recommended before I came to the seashore. Having procured a bathing-suit for the occasion, a plank with headand foot-board was prepared, and with ten yards of ticking made into bandages my limb was secured; was then put into a hammock, and ten men carried me into the sea. I was not in the least excited, for I felt it was duty. I was calm but exhausted when they brought me out, but felt like praising "God, from whom all blessings flow." The satisfaction of trying the experiment paid me for all I suffered. Was carried to my tent, closely covered, and remained so until I had a good saltwater sweat: this proved beneficial.

When they placed the board upon which I was lying on two chairs, a little boy said,

"Oh, mamma, that is the way they lay dead people."

This was strangely impressive to me, from the fact that little children had often called the box which confined my limb a coffin, the marble I used on the limb a tombstone, and my first chair, which had side velvet curtains, they called a hearse, as it resembled one in the community.

September 2d.—Long will we remember the closing meetings in the tabernacle. The gas would not burn; it reminded us of the flickering light of some Christians. While Sister Amanda Smith was talking it went out. Other lights were ready, but she drew an impressive lesson from this occurrence, and then sealed it by singing as only she could sing.

What a delightful resting-place this is since the multitudes have departed! Last Sabbath, Brother McBride preached the last sermon in the tabernacle for this season. That afternoon Sisters Wittenmyer and James, with others, gave profitable talks. My way was opened by Mr. Prentice to go to Long Branch in the interest of the railroad employés. I had there an experience not soon to be forgotten, as I had to meet one of the prominent men of the day. It was no small cross, but I tried faithfully to perform my duty. As I held the hand and looked into the face of the millionaire, who, I found, was not a happy man

I realized the contrast in our condition here and what it will be hereafter if he does not secure an inheritance in that beautiful land beyond the river.

When I said to him, "What do you think heaven's beauties will be, when your palace and domains are so lovely?" he intimated that heaven would not be as beautiful, and that he had enough to do to look after this world's affairs.

After they lifted my cot into the wagon, our unconverted driver said,

"Miss Smith, I would rather risk your riches than his; I see you are the happier of the two, even in your helplessness."

I never had a deeper realization of how rich I am as during this visit, for I could look away to my mansion beyond the sky, where calamity can never overtake me.

September 28th, '77.—Was pleased to see Rev. Wm. Osborn, the founder of these grounds; he will soon start to join Dr. Thoburn in India. It is sad to hear of Brother Ogden's being burnt out. We can no longer doubt our duty to go to Keyport. We are going to have an invalids' meeting this evening at Mrs. Davison's.

Sisters Cowdrick and Lyman are both sorely afflicted. A brother took me down to the beach. Oh, the grandeur of the scenery! I feel loth to leave this hallowed place. What sacred memories

will linger here! May our Father bless our going!

Monday morning quite a company went down to take a farewell look at old Ocean and see the glorious sunrise. Songs wafted out upon the pleasant breeze, and with us all Nature seemed to breathe forth praises as we lifted our voices in thanksgiving and prayer. As they ran my cot up Ocean Pathway their voices in song were delightful.

Dr. Coleman, who had arranged for us to breakfast with her at the Blockhouse, was one of our company. We had a pleasant time together, and a profitable medical interview. She gave me much encouragement to expect help, and, had not my way opened to go to Philadelphia, I would probably have gone to her for treatment. I have ever since felt grateful to her for her kindness.

Many friends accompanied us to the train. Sister Boyd went to Perth Amboy, sister and I to Keyport, New Jersey. We had a warm welcome at Brother Albert Beedle's, where we made our home, enjoying visits at the parsonage-home of Rev. G. L. Dobbins, also at Father Beedle's, Brothers Harris' and Wharton's.

This is one of the great oyster seaports, a pleasant place, situated on the Raritan Bay. Through the kindness of Captain Bishop we

made a pleasant trip to New York in his excursion-boat, the Mattawan. I enjoyed the day very much. The effects of the great fire in September, which in a few hours laid in ruins over thirty buildings in the business-centre of Keyport, presented a scene of fearful devastation. But the calamity, widespread as it was, only served to quicken the spirit of enterprise. Many striking incidents were related of the bravery with which men withstood the conflagration, of the earnestness with which prayer was made to God, and how, by special providence, God seemed to spread over his trusting ones the wing of protection, and spared them from a more extensive calamity.

Lizzie Boyd returned to K.; we spent three profitable weeks in Christian labor. This people greatly endeared themselves to us through their kind hospitality and spiritual associations. We trust lasting good was done.

From here we went to Philadelphia on October 25th. I cannot pass by my first experience in the "City of Brotherly Love." The Rev. A. Wallace, our faithful and esteemed friend, met us at the ferry in Camden, New Jersey. As we left the boat Sister Lizzie Boyd went to the Rev. J. Thompson's, sister and I to Sister Dunbar's, where we had a hearty welcome; but, lo! when the expressmen ran my cot into the hall, it could not be turned to go into the parlor or sitting-room. They backed out, and

went into the alley. But when they reached the gate, they could not get in here. I was becoming much exhausted, but, while all were greatly distressed, I was kept perfectly calm. They gained permission to take down a board fence, so they could take me through the kitchen. It was a great trial to me to make so much trouble, but a blessing came to us through it. The fence was put up, so I had more rest than if my cot could easily have been taken out. I felt grateful, for my suffering body had need of such rest as I had in this dear home.

October 26th.—Oh how thankful that we are so comfortably housed this stormy morning! I had a painful night; feel easier, but very weary. This afternoon Sister Dunbar's father, Mr. Hanly, who is greatly afflicted, came in with his daughter-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Hanly's widow, who boarded with us in Dayton, Ohio. What a pleasure to meet her! for her stay in our home was a blessing. A physician called, but charges were too exorbitant for the little assurance he gives of relief. I do long for help from some source. I hope Dr. Morgan will undertake my case.

Sister D. has two interesting children; they are both fine performers on the piano. Little Willie is almost blind; will have to be educated in the Blind Asylum.

Monday, 29th.—Yesterday was a precious day of

rest, and Saturday evening will long be remembered. I was deeply affected in meeting for the first time Brother W. H. G., of G. Brothers, with whom I have so long corresponded. He called a moment to let me know that he and his brothers would call that evening. The three brothers, Mrs. G., also Mrs. Kenny and Mrs. Byers with her daughters, spent the evening pleasantly. Maudie and Willie entertained the company so nicely with music. The brothers sing sweetly, and especially Brother H. G. They closed with prayer.

To-day I deem it a blessing to meet once more Rev. Henry Belden, who has been a faithful friend to our family; he is quite feeble, and is here for treatment. Had a call from Brother Wistar Stokes. I shall ever remember with gratitude Sister D.'s kindness in making everything so pleasant for our company.

Tuesday was spent so that it will ever have sacred memories to us all. That evening the G. brothers came with Superintendent Balderston and the teachers of Bethany mission for colored people. Brother Griscom and Brother G. each brought me a copy of *Dorothea Truedel*. Sister D. had just been trying to get it, so there was a copy for her.



## CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL

"Lord, I may seek with patient prayer Thy counsel for my stay, And look to thee to guide my steps In thine appointed way."

BLESSED refuge of prayer! Dr. Morgan gives me some encouragement. Dear Fannie suffered all night with neuralgia; she said so pitifully,

"Oh how I wish I could be with dear mother!"
She has never been so long from mother; it is a wonder she has not been more homesick. She is so devoted to my comfort; would make any sacrifice for me. I know the dear ones at home want to see us.

Much mail this morning, but agents write they cannot sell books; I expected at least one or two encouraging letters. Prospects look dull, but I will not falter, but trust even in the dark.

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Sister D. just came to the door with the dustingbrush in her hand, saying,

"Have faith; the darkest hour is just before day. I believe this day will bring you temporal blessings."

I have such a blessed spirit of trust!

Evening.—Surely this has been a victorious day for faith! A. R. S. and a Friend bought two books; in a few moments Miss Chatham called and bought ten, and Maudie's teacher, Miss Seyfert, took another. Oh, the goodness of our Father! How wonderful this is!

November 3d.—I awoke early, then took an extra rest, so I felt refreshed for the calls of several old friends—namely, Mindie McGowan, Mamie Whitaker, Lida and Georgie Hughes, Sister Moody and A. R. S. Five books were sold. Oh how this does encourage my faith! Georgie said, as he gave me two dollars,

"I may never see you again; I want to present you this of my own earnings."

Dear boy! he is one of my little missionary friends. May he grow in grace and walk in the footsteps of his father! I felt we must have prayers before they left. Later the Rev. Wm. Swindells, pastor of Wharton Street church, with others, called.

November 12th.—Dr. Morgan came; says it will be useless for him to undertake my case unless I

go to the hospital. He seems so anxious to do what he can for me! The way is not clear for me to go there, but we agreed to make it a subject of prayer. I am grateful for a praying physician.

They moved me on the lounge Saturday. My limb was very restless. They put a large stone on the box, then tied it fast to the lounge. I suffered all night, but the Saviour was very precious to my soul. I am in a severe testing-place; have examined my heart closely, and know I prefer my Father's will to be accomplished above all else.

Since Dr. M. left I have heard they will not accept my case at the hospital; it is against their rules to take incurables. Oh, can I say, "Thy will be done" to start back home without any relief? I surely will need great grace to do so, but will still hope for the best; cannot think of giving up.

While writing H. G. called; he had been interceding for me, and found the above information was not by authority. But this gave opportunity to test the power of grace in this trying time. After a little talk he knelt at my side in earnest prayer for a blessing upon each step; then he told me how he was led to different parties. The managers will meet on next Wednesday; then the matter will be decided in reference to my case.

Thursday, 15th.—I bless the Lord for the comfort I have in communion with him. Late last night Brother H. G. and Brother Griscom called;

they brought an unfavorable report from the hospital; there are some difficulties in the way. A. R. S. brought nine dollars for books; dear Lizzie Boyd came to say "Good-bye." After such precious associations as we have had together for the past month, it is a trial to separate. Oh how it cheers in dark hours to think in heaven there will be no parting, pain or sorrow!

17th.—" Turn the full stream of Nature's tide;

Let all our actions tend

To thee, their Source; thy love the guide,

Thy glory be the end."

My way is completely hedged up. We must make a change on Monday, in order not to interfere with dear Sister D.'s business arrangements. I cannot see what is best to do. Just had a call and a pleasant interview with the president of the hospital, but the way is as obscure as ever. Some of my friends say it is not right for me to go to so great an expense, as they fear it will be for nothing. I cannot feel this way, and neither can I consent to try any other physician but Dr. Morgan; can only trust to be guided aright. I praise the dear Lord for his keeping power in this dark hour.

They have made arrangements to take me to the holiness-meeting at Wharton Street M. E. church to-night. Oh for increased power of the Holy Spirit! With all the cares of this day, what rest and peace I have within my heart! The exercise of mind under which I have been laboring, as to what might be duty in regard to going to the hospital, was joined in by friends, and many prayers were offered to learn our Father's will, which has now become so clear.

I felt strangely when they were taking down the fence to take me out. We were about ready to go, when Brother G. brought a letter from President Keehmle, stating that all the arrangements were made for my going to the hospital on Monday, with sister as nurse. I accepted all this as directly from the hand of that dear Father who has never failed me. How it humbled me!

By special request I insert the following, from The Philadelphian, by Rev. A. Wallace:

## "UNDER HIS WINGS."

AN EXPERIENCE OF TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

We mentioned recently the fact that Miss Jennie Smith, of Dayton, Ohio, who has for many years been a suffering invalid, after visiting Ocean Grove during the latter part of last summer, was directed to this city, where an unusual interest has been felt in her circumstances and the probability, under skillful surgical treatment, of her regaining the use of physical powers long paralyzed.

Before entering the homoeopathic hospital, where she now is, she was taken to the Saturday-night meeting at Wharton Street M. E. church, and there related the following experience, which we take from the *Christian Standard*. In the spirit of resignation it breathes she passed through a fearful scene of suffering, in which the presence of Jesus was with her, and her soul has been kept in perfect peace:

"I have often heard of Wharton Street church through the *Home Yournal*. I have enjoyed this meeting in spirit when far from here. It has been a means of grace to my soul. Six years ago it was proposed that I come to Philadelphia for treatment. As the leadings from that time to the present come up before me—my feelings at Ocean Grove, when dear Sister Dunbar proposed my coming to her home, the precious seasons there enjoyed, then this privilege of meeting with you—are, together, enough to bring me down low at the feet of Jesus.

"I have been brought into a severe testing-place the last few weeks, where I have been tested as never before regarding treatment, to discern between the ambition of the flesh and the divine will, trying my motives, looking down into my heart, asking if I would be willing to start back West without being benefited. Weighing all in the balance, I felt, in preference to everything, 'Give me Thy will.' I have just held as it were my Father's hand, and amid all oh how the keeping power has been manifested! I only ask to have the knowledge of his will—the consciousness that he leadeth me; then I am happy; the bitterest cup I can then drink with joy. I am learning to get light out of darkness and the sweet out of the bitter. There was a time when I did not understand the eleventh verse of the first chapter of Colossians. I was resigned, but did not suffer with joyfulness; but I have learned the lesson.

"Never will I forget the season when this body was racked with pain—when sight, speech and every power were gone, except to raise one finger and hear out of one ear; then the subtle enemy assailed me, but I said, 'If I can do no more, I will raise my finger for Jesus.' Oh, the victory of that moment! I have longed to tell the world the peace I then enjoyed.

"The great secret of this resting-place is accepting Jesus as our complete Saviour. Is it not, brethren? It is living in the present, enjoying its blessings, improving its opportunities. I feel I have the best of life. Trials may tangle us so our way is obscure—we cannot understand the purpose; but if our faith is unfaltering, we have the assurance that 'all things work together for good.' That promise I believe. It has been fully verified unto me.

"I remember the night Sister Pearne told us there were sixty thousand promises in the Bible. The first question was, 'Is there one promise but what 'could be used for ten trials with appropriating faith?' So we are sure there are as many promises as trials, and I claim the sixty thousand promises as mine; yet they are all for you.

"And this getting-down process—I understand it. I have been placed where it was a necessity for self to be crucified. No one ever suffered more from a man-fearing spirit than I have, but I was compelled to surrender. I consecrated platforms, cot, soul, body and all. I did get out of self. into Christ.

"Now, if I make such a failure that all can laugh and talk about it, the flesh is humiliated—it needs it—but I can give the results to Jesus and find perfect rest and peace in so doing. Yes, the lower down I get, the sweeter it becomes.

"Then no one need tell me that full salvation will not save from temper as well as other besetments. I have tested the *keeping power* in this—have found faith's way to be a refuge indeed, every day learning more and more of the way.

"I have tried for the last ten months to find somebody happy, who had not made an *entire con*secration or some soul that was exempt from sorrow, but have searched in vain, for no halfway Christian is happy. Every heart has its own sorrow, and every home its skeleton. I am fully convinced that wealth, fame and honor do not give the peace of mind that every heart seeks after, but I know the religion of Jesus does give a peace that passeth all understanding and satisfies every heart that trusts fully.

"As it is decided for me to remain here under treatment, I want your prayers that the dear Lord's will be entirely accomplished. If his will, you will see me on my feet; if not, I believe I will be benefited, so I will be better able for labor. But, be it as it may, I expect in the sweet by and by to praise the Lord for every trial, sorrow and disappointment that has brought me nearer to himself."

On Monday, Nov. 19th, 1877, Brother Streatch and others came in; we had prayer before we left Sister D.'s. Brothers G. and G., with Sister D., took me to F. Gutekunst's gallery, where the last photograph was taken on the cot.

Through the G. brothers several hundred of these photographs have been sold. Thence I was taken to the homœopathic hospital, 1116 Cuthbert st. I had peculiar feelings as they ran my cot into the court, then carried me up on the elevator. The matron, Miss Hunter, addressed me with such motherly tenderness I was at once drawn to her. They wheeled me up the long

ward to the little space allotted to my cot and sister's bed at my side, with a stand between us. The friends with me were deeply affected; they knelt, invoking God's blessing upon our coming here. I was then left to rest.

An hour after, sister came in from the dental college. We were both suffering severely. As she sat down at my side and glanced at the long, long rows of little white beds on each side of the room, with here and there a moan from the suffering occupants, with tears she said,

"Jennie, is this little space all the home we have in this great city?"

I thought, Have I "learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content"? Yes; I can be happy here, if only I may be a blessing to some soul. My peace flowed as a river; I was happy in a Saviour's love.

Matron and physicians said I must have a private room. This seemed impossible, on ac count of the increased expense, but finally the arrangements were made, as I had security through Brother Griscom for one month, trusting to meet all from the sale of my book.

Sister was out, when these arrangements were made. Brother G. afterward laughingly related the following conversation. Meeting her, she remarked,

"If only we were able to take that room! Can't

you persuade Jennie to take it? Maybe I can get work to help pay for it. I am willing and anxious to do everything in my power to make her comfortable."

"Yes, that would be nice, but I must tell thee that two ladies take it to-morrow."

Her disappointment was great, but her surprise was greater when he added,

"Jennie and her sister are to be the occupants."

When we moved into the room it did seem like a paradise; there were plants and pictures to make it pleasant. Through Miss Mary Chatham's kindness our walls were soon hung with cheering mottoes, and we had a fresh supply of blooming plants and hanging-baskets. She kept on hand fresh bouquets all winter. N. O. Bennett presented us with a clock, and, to our great surprise, Prof. E. M. Bruce sent us one of his Estey organs for the room. This was a great source of pleasure to us all. When I was able to hear him, he came once a week to sing and play. He with many others will only know in the Hereafter, the comforts they there administered.

Although our expenses were from twelve to twenty dollars a week, I was kept from being over-anxious, knowing I was in the right place; our God was trusted fully for all. When the time came that it was an absolute necessity for some one to manage my affairs, then agents were provided. As they have often said, almost unconsciously to themselves, or to me either, the Garrigues Brothers, 608 Arch st., were led to take hold of my book and my business in general, entirely relieving my mind even of the correspondence. Everything was satisfactorily managed. Through their efforts and those of Sisters Mary Chatham, A. R. S. and others in selling my book and photographs, with donations from different parties, I was enabled to regularly meet all expenses.





### CHAPTER XV.

### THE LORD DOES PROVIDE.

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in his own way
The Lord will puvide."

I WAS overwhelmed with the wonderful leadings of our heavenly Father, who I felt was indeed my GENERAL AGENT. I observed the providence of all the way he had brought me.

In August, 1871, while attending camp-meeting at Urbana, Ohio, the Rev. Alfred Cookman and the Rev. Wm. Gray advised me to consult with Dr. J. C. Morgan of Philadelphia before he left the grounds. He gave me so much encouragement that on my return home, in Bellefontaine, Ohio, the friends there were about to send me to this hospital, but the small-pox breaking out prevented my going. Often after this, when there seemed to be no relief, I would find myself longing to try Dr. Morgan's treatment, but my cir-

cumstances would not permit; so I never expressed this secret desire—no, not even to my mother. But now, after waiting these years, I was in the very room I would perhaps then have been.

"It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in his own time
The Lord will provide."

When able to use the pencil, I felt it my duty, as it was my pleasure, to keep my journal.

December 2d.—"For I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. My confidence has been so firm amid every cloud! Blessed Saviour, do intensify my love. Let me sink deeper into thyself and be more fully prepared for whatever is before me. Had a precious call from R. Pearsall Smith; his prayers brought a blessing, as his books and tracts have often done. Sister Garrigues and Mother Zorns called. I enjoyed visits from Dr. Bronson and L. E. Gillingham. Had a satisfactory talk with Drs. Morgan and Thomas.

December 5th.-

"I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light;
I'd rather walk with him by faith
Than walk alone by sight."

I was very sick during the night, but feel grate-

ful for the peace of mind I enjoy; it is worth all else. We cannot be so situated that we may not have this, if our minds are stayed on God. Had a pleasant call from Elizabeth Nicholson, Brother and Sister Crew and dear Sister Chatham; the latter brought another lovely bouquet and a lot of postage-stamps. She also enclosed five dollars in a beautiful letter, making fifteen she has given me. What a friend she is! Brother G. came while she was here. They both tell me they had a struggle at the first over selling my books, but felt impelled to do so. What a work they have done for me! This surely is of the Lord, and will not he reward them?

Later.—Several friends came in, with whom we had a comforting approach to the mercy-seat. This will strengthen me for the operation tomorrow. Dear mother writes me they are better at home; I hope all may be well, for her sake.

After the above entry I was not able to write again until January. In 1865 my right limb developed a spasmodic twitching when straightened or lowered, at times taking the strength of from one to four persons to hold it down. The paroxysms occurred at irregular intervals, but with increasing severity. Sometimes for a week together a heavy weight would lie strapped on the limb. In June, 1867, a block of marble weighing over fifty pounds was procured, and had to be used

with increasing frequency. In 1870 it was in constant use, and often during the paroxysms other heavy weights were added, and sometimes in addition several persons could scarce hold it down. In the fall of 1871 the marble gave place to a box made by an undertaker, of inch boards, just large enough, when padded, to receive the limb. In this it was placed, the top screwed on, and the box made fast to the cot by steel hooks. During the first paroxysm these hooks were broken, and thereafter the box had to be fastened with bolts. that day the limb was never free an hour until the 7th of December, 1877. On that day a very skillful and successful surgical operation was performed. which relieved my limb, and it was taken from the box where it had been confined for years. After the ordeal I was unconscious for several days, and for some weeks I hovered between life and death, but as I began to rally I felt it was enough to pay me for coming East to be relieved from the box and able to lie on the bed like other persons, but my limb was utterly helpless.

I was quite sick during the holidays, but everything possible was done to have the patients enjoy Christmas and New Year's. Our rooms were all decorated with evergreen and Christmas trees in the wards. I received several remembrances from kind friends. In the evening Professor John J. Hood and others came, and the organ was

brought out in the hall, so that all in the hospital could enjoy the music. During the day I had several profitable calls, among them one from the evangelist Henry Morehouse of Manchester, England.

I continued to improve slowly for some time, and was able to resume my journal.

January 21, 1878.—Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus! I thirst for more strength and grace and want to be more like Christ, so that every power of both mind and body may reflect his image.

What weeks these have been! Surely grace has been my support. The motto, "My strength is made perfect in weakness," in spatter-work, made and brought me by a friend, has been such a comfort!

Much of the time seems a blank, yet it is wonderful how the dear Lord has kept me from being anxious. My expenses this month have been over sixty-five dollars. Thank God for the faithful friends and the kind physician, with which I have been blest! How dependent I have been upon them! Oh that each soul may have a blessing that enters this room!

Brother G. called to-day, saying,

"I have brought a friend to see thee."

What a happy surprise to greet Philip Phillips, the sweet singer, and also to hear his voice in song once more! After a delightful conversation, he prayed with us before leaving, and insisted on giving five dollars for a copy of *Baca*.

Dr. Smiley had a surprise from a number of his Baptist friends. He brought them up to my room; they sang a number of hymns, and several offered prayers. I greatly enjoyed their visit.

Fanuary 26th.—Several times to-day I have found myself craving more entire conformity to the will of God. I am so strangely exercised! May I be patient and submissive to whatever may be my lot!

Brother G. gave us two pleasant surprises. He brought the great singers, the Hutchinson Family, to sing for us. Rev. Babcock came with them. It was a rich treat to all. The other surprise was a call from T. S. Arthur, the great temperance-writer. He is so pleasant! If he had known how I appreciate his friendship, he would not have asked if he might come again. I very much enjoyed the visit of Rev. J. L. Russell, formerly of Dayton, Ohio.

Nothing was left undone by MATRON, PHYSICIANS or KIND FRIENDS to make us comfortable and feel at home. We had many musical treats, which all in the building enjoyed, it being arranged far enough from the *very* sick to have a soothing effect. This it always had upon me. When suffering intensely I have begged those around to sing softly, for it helped me to bear my pain.

One evening we were all surprised by a magiclantern entertainment from our kind friends. The scenes were all good and impressive. The entertainment closed with music and prayer. At different times almost all denominations were represented by calls from clergymen and members of different singing societies or choirs, who came to sing for us. Our kind friend Mary Chatham had an artist take a stereoscopic view of our room; these have been sold for our benefit at twenty-five cents each, and it has been a great help.

February 5th.—" He shall give thee rest." How comforting the promise to a weary body, as well as to a tired, sin-sick soul! I trust the one with whom I have been praying will soon find rest and peace in believing. Have had a precious rest; am now ready for calls. No one enjoys company more, but I love to have seasons alone. Thanks to Dr. Smiley for his perseverance in keeping resthours.

Evening.—Well, how my heart has been cheered by this afternoon's calls, and dear Fannie's also! Friend Walton brought her a dress-pattern with the request,

"Please accept this as a remembrance of thy faithfulness to thy dear sister."

A friend sent me a memento of her designwork. Mrs. Bishop Simpson's call was profitable, spiritually and temporally; she gave me five dollars for one book. Sister S. B. Garrigues and her friends, Alice S., Mary C. and Sister Stewart, Brother J. Stokes and Friend Tatem, who is an old student of Earlham College, visited me. Drs. Smiley and Perkins have just been in and moved me. I feel so rested when changed from one position to another. How kind all are!

One day a friend, on her way to my room, felt impressed to bring me a little bouquet of violets. They were an unusual treat to me. Soon after, Prof. Hood called to get a book to send to his mother in England. I put a few of the violets in her book. The next hour the teachers of Bethany mission for colored people held a meeting in my room.

A dear friend said to me, "To-morrow I will send thy book to a friend in Iowa." I thought "What may not a violet do?" and I took the little flowers and leaves, wreathing them between paper. I said to her,

"Put them in the book, with my love."

A few weeks after, she returned, bringing the following lines; and when Prof. H. came to bring the thanks from his mother for the flowers from America, he sat down at the organ, played, and sang the verses, which he had already set to music. A little boy thirteen years of age had just been converted and said he wanted to do something for Jesus, and in that spirit printed these

#### LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING "THE VALLEY OF BACA," AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY JENNIE SMITH,

Who had placed in the book a few violets with the thought, "What may not a violet do?" At the same time a portion of the same bouquet went in a book to England.

Patient Jennie, meek and lowly,
I would twine a wreath for thee,
And would send a kindly greeting,
Which perchance a crumb may be.

In the wreath, I would have woven
Joy and peace thy Saviour shed;
He is near thy bed of suffering:
Lean on him thy aching head.

Faith and trust are bright with radiance, Love whose fragrance never dies; As the evergreen of winter, Constant in its fresh supplies.

Many years of pain and sickness
Has thy Saviour brought thee through;
Many lessons has he taught thee,
Precious to thy spirit's view.

Ah! the heavenly light shines brightly
Even in a darkened room;
Prayer, the key to many merciés,
Dissipates the shades of gloom.

Thou hast been a living sermon,
Sowing seed with patient skill;
Thou hast glorified thy Saviour
By submission to his will.

Oft hast thou his head anointed,
And with tears hast washed his feet;
Oft the box of ointment broken
Fills thy room with odor sweet.

From the "tree of life" he feeds thee, With a crown of life in sight; He the hidden manna gives thee, And the garments pure and white.

Oh, the mercy of our Father,
And of Jesus Christ our Lord!
Through his blood he has redeemed thee,
Round thy "couch" his blessing poured.

When the silver cord is loosened,

He will wast thee to thy home

In the kingdom of thy Father,

With the angels round the throne.

By HANNAH WOOD,

Springdale, Cedar Co.,

Ioua.

February 17, 1878.—In Ward 4, Room 1.
Sister Inskip sang and played "Deliverance will Come" very sweetly to-day. I am so grateful for this hope! I find myself at times feeling anxious to gain more rapidly. Had a profitable talk with Sister and Brother H. G.; one of the earnest prayers did my heart good. A letter from a Friend in Minnesota, says, "I have more than a grain of faith that thee may be cured."

10 A. M.—How rejoiced I was to see Rev. H. Belden! He carries blessings wherever he goes.

Letters of encouragement are coming from all directions. I am so thankful for the prayers of God's children, for it is written, "The prayer of the righteous availeth much."

Afternoon.—Dr. S. ran my cot into the college through the amphitheatre; it was quite a treat. No wonder we can hear the students sing so distinctly from our room; did not know we were so near them. It being necessary to make some changes in our room, we were moved to the one above, on the third floor.

What a view we have from this story! I spent a little while this evening over in the men's ward. All who were able to be up were gathered around Mr. P.'s bed, trying to sing for him. Dr. Perkins came up; we had a pleasant time. I had a Bible-reading on "Seek ye the Lord," followed by prayer. What a work to do here! My heart goes out for the cancer case which will be operated upon to-morrow, but I feel relieved, since I learn she is prepared for that better home. The doctors say she cannot live long. Dr. M. and the manipulator came together. They do not seem much encouraged. I remain so help-less!

Wednesday, 20th.—Oh for a baptism that will enable me to hear more clearly the still small voice! There is a great work to do here. We had a good prayer-meeting last evening in the

men's ward. One of the boys just came in for some tracts.

P. M.—Mr. Keehmle and several of the managers came in. They are all so pleasant! A letter from home tells us brother James starts for Kentucky to-day. Oh that he may succeed!

February 23d.—I do not feel nearly so well. Praise the Giver of every blessing for this visit of Friend Evans! He was deeply impressed in reading my book. After an interesting interview he presented me with ten dollars. Brother G. tells me Mr. Childs, the editor of the Ledger, gave a notice of my book and sent ten dollars for my benefit. Whenever it begins to look dark, then the way opens again. I will have to pay mother's rent now, and help her until brother gets a start in business. I do hope his health will improve.

What a treat to see home-friends! Sister Sanford and mother, of Dayton, Ohio, called. They have been friends indeed. In a few weeks after this Mother S. died a triumphant death.

Back in our own room. It is ever so cozy! Sister Chatham had another surprise for me of lovely plants, and some mottoes of her own work.

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### CHAPTER XVI.

#### CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

EBRUARY 28th.—This is the last day of college. Fannie says it is enough to make one homesick to hear the students sing, as they have done to-day, "We are going home to-morrow." How happy they seem! I was very sick all night; Dr. M. was here until late. Am too weak to write.

Evening.—Dr. Childs, then Dr. Briggs, called. I cannot help feeling discouraged. While I am much better in some respects, am just as helpless in others; suffer so with my back when they raise me. Am not conscious of being, in this regard, any better than when I came here. If there be any change, the joints between my shoulders seem even more sensitive to the least touch. The other night I became almost desperate in the determination that all my will, power and ambition could do, should help the manipulator to force my limb to obey the movements,

and also that I would endure the manipulation upon my back. The result was utter exhaustion. Great drops of sweat stood upon my body. How can I help being discouraged? but can I give up the hope of being better?

March 1st.—This is a lovely morning. Our room seems like a garden-spot with Sister Chatham's new hanging-baskets. A cornet-band is giving a serenade at the front door; the music is beautiful. A friend brought me a lovely pink in bloom. I love her dearly; she always reminds me of Sister W. of Urbana, Ohio. Carrie Fling, Sister H. G. and daughter Mary called. We had prayer.

Afternoon.—Sister Chatham brought us a turkey-dinner; not a day but she brings some treat. How suddenly Harry Deemer, who assisted in decorating our room Christmas, has gone! I am told he died happy. Six of the patients came from up stairs to our room for prayer; they are trying to learn "Beulah Land." Dr. Morgan brought another physician. Oh for a victory over this peculiar exercise of mind! I do not want to become impatient, but do feel discouraged.

Alice Smith is reading her brother Frank's life to me—Record of a Happy Life. Her mother, H. W. S., wrote the book, and her father presented it to me. Was so glad to have a talk with

Brother Wallace and Rebecca Bell, Ella Kirkpatrick and Rev. Feltwell.

March 2d.—I am very grateful that money is coming in, so that the G. brothers can settle some of my standing bills. The interest they show is wonderful; I cannot express the gratitude I feel to all the kind friends who are working for our comfort. Almost daily some word comes concerning the good my book is doing. I am glad of this, but how I desire to be more of a fruit-bearing branch! Oh for the knowledge of heavenly Father's will concerning me! I do want to say, Thy will be done. Why, oh why, am I having this struggle?

Tuesday, 12th.—

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet Around one common mercy-seat."

It is comforting to know Sister Winters always remembers me on this, our covenant day. Oh how I need the prayers of God's children! The visit of Rev. G. Hughes and Allen Flitcraft was comforting. I have a peculiar experience; still suffer so with my back when raised. I cannot think of the future but with a nervous agitation—a feeling I cannot describe or understand. I do not want to have any self-will, but the thought of never walking! No mortal knows what it is but by experience. I am so helpless;

at times it flashes over me that I must remain so and must be reconciled. Oh for grace to overcome! I must have victory.

It may be well to explain to the reader the reason of this great struggle. It will be seen by the above journal-entries that I had made extreme exertions to bring about a favorable turn in my condition. This was indeed frequently the case, but on the one occasion specially mentioned it was an effort born of desperation, and the result was correspondingly depressing. I felt my helplessness more than ever, especially in view of the great hope that had always until now sustained me. The readers of *Baca* may remember references to this hope. On page 184 will be found an instance where, in 1872, in Columbus, Ohio, several eminent physicians had carefully examined my case, and after consultation I asked.

"Doctors, tell me candidly, can you do anything for me?"

One, answering for the whole, said,

"No, nothing but what has already been tried."

"Well, doctor," I replied, "not all you can say, can destroy that indefinable hope which I have in my heart. I scarcely know what it is—whether a hope of walking on earth or in heaven—but it is there."

On another occasion, in Bellefontaine, Ohio, a council of six prominent physicians was held on

my case, and after a most searching examination they reached a conclusion similar to that at Co-But still my hope lived, and so I told Recently this strange hope had been greatly strengthened by the relief which I had received. But as the weeks and months wore on I was fully convinced that one place in my back was not yielding to treatment. I fought against this fact until I finally became alarmed at this exercise of mind. It was different from anything that I had ever before experienced. All my hopes were shattered-not because my physician had given up the case, but because I thought I saw plainly the treatment was continued more to gratify me than from confidence in its success, and especially I was forced to believe that in the vital particular just mentioned I was worse rather than better. But I could not say, "Thy will be done" to suffer on. I felt compelled to overcome this feeling; and, thank God! I did by his great grace overcome, but it was, I believe, the severest struggle of my life. But oh what a victory was gained! I became more fully reconciled than ever, and more deeply swallowed up in the WILL OF GOD. From that time I was gradually led into a deeper inner experience and more intimate communion with my precious Saviour. One of Spurgeon's daily readings was made a special blessing to my soul, and I feel impressed to copy it for the comfort of

some suffering one who in the furnace has been permitted to prove the power of divine grace:

"If none of God's saints were poor and tried, we should not know half so well the consolations of divine grace. When we find the wanderer who has not where to lay his head who can yet say, 'Still will I trust in the Lord;' when we see the pauper starving on bread and water who still glories in Jesus; when we see the bereaved widow overwhelmed in affliction, and yet having faith in Christ.—oh what honor it reflects on the gospel! God's grace is illustrated and magnified in the poverty and trials of believers. Saints bear up under every discouragement, believing that all things work together for their good, and that out of apparent evils, a real blessing shall ultimately spring-that their God will either work a deliverance for them speedily, or most assuredly support them in the trouble, as long as he is pleased to keep them in it. This patience of the saints proves the power of divine grace. There is a lighthouse out at sea. It is a calm night; I cannot tell whether the edifice is firm. The tempests must rage about it, and then I shall know whether it will stand. So with the Spirit's work. If it were not on many occasions surrounded with tempestuous waters, we should not know that it was true and strong; if the winds did not blow upon it, we should not know how firm and secure

it was. The master-works of God are those which stand, in the midst of difficulties, steadfast, unmovable,

'Calm 'mid the bewildering cry, Confident of victory.'

He who would glorify his God must set his account upon meeting with many trials. No one can be illustrious before the Lord, unless his conflicts be many. If, then, yours be a much-tried path, rejoice in it, because you will the better show forth the all-sufficient grace of God. As for his failing you, never dream of it; banish the thought. The God who has been sufficient until now, should be trusted to the end."





## CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE HEALING.

N the 26th of March, while Miss Mossman was leading in prayer for my recovery, I found the first glimmer of hope to dawn, that God might in answer to prayer, restore me. I said to matron next day,

"I know not but what I am being prepared for something."

There was a consciousness of being more fully rooted and grounded in love; everything seemed to increase assurance and deepen experience. On March 29th I was suffering intensely; called Dr. Morgan, but he could not relieve me as heretofore. The pain in my head was so terrible, I felt I could not long retain my reason, unless relief was afforded. All at once the prayers of many years arose before me as a memorial. My faith took a new grasp. As my physician was sitting by my side I said,

"Oh, doctor, how is your faith? Can't you—



can't you—take hold with me and ask the dear Lord to help me? I am sure he will; it must be his will."

He replied,

"As I may be able, I will join with you to claim his promise that 'where two or more agree,' etc."

This was sealed with prayer, soon changing on my part to praise. His testimony will be given hereafter to show what followed. The *instant cessation* of all pain was a positive assurance of answered prayer. Oh, such a blessing as came into my soul! How I praised the Lord many times for a *praying physician!* 

Saturday, the 30th, I was very weak; suffered some pain, but oh how sweetly I rested upon the promises! As I opened my Bible these passages appeared as bright and cheering messages to my soul:

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

"Be of good courage."

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Never before had these appeared as special promises to me. I lay passive in God's hands, looking to him in sweet confiding faith for their fulfilment in his own way.

April 13th.—A soul came to my room in great distress of mind on account of his sins. He knelt at my side in prayer, and after several hours' anguish of soul he found peace in believing.

The Sabbath and Monday were days of marked blessing.

Monday evening, April 15th, Sister H., a very dear friend with whom I had covenanted to pray for her husband—who had been for a number of years a victim to intoxicating drink, and who, to use his own words, said, "I was chained -by the curse and was powerless to deliver myself; but from the moment that I vowed unto the Lord that I would sign the temperance pledge and asked him to help me, from that moment the appetite to drink left me, and I believe that my wife's prayers united to mine will be answered and I shall be kept from the appetite,"—asked the privilege of inviting her husband to come with her to my room that evening. She had told me that he had signed the pledge and manifested an earnest desire to lead a new life. He was a noble man, of great business ability and fine education, and, but for the evil habits attendant upon drink, a devoted husband and father. "Intoxicating drink has

brought me to what I am," were his oft-repeated words. They came, and I at once inquired into his condition. He said, "I know I am a changed man," and then expressed what I greatly desired to find out, for so often a turning aside from evil habits is mistaken for heart-conversion.

"I cannot," said he, "say I am converted; the change from degradation to morality is so great, I may be mistaken."

- "Then you want to settle this?" said I.
- "Yes; I want to know I am converted."

"We will wait on the Lord," I answered, "until this is confirmed, if that be midnight."

They knelt at my side and spent a season in silent prayer, then she made a very earnest, touching prayer for her husband; I followed. We continued holding on to God; he would not give up until there was a complete victory, which came in such power that he rejoiced in Christ his Saviour.

The following letter is inserted here by permission of the writer:

PHILA., March 29, 1880.

DEAR SISTER JENNIE: In compliance with your request, and with the hope that it may encourage some and strengthen the faith of many, I gladly send the following statement, trusting that it may reach you in time for your publishers.

You remember the day that I first unfolded to you a page of my life's history? Well do I remember your words of loving sympathy and your ready promise to

unite your prayers with mine in earnest petition to our Father in heaven, for the conviction and conversion of one who was dearer to me than life. Never shall I forget the prayers—the united prayers—of faith that ascended from loving hearts that summer at Ocean Grove, and whose incense, united with mine, I feel sure, reached the ear of Him who listens to the mourner's cry. Don't you know that our faith seemed to take hold upon God for our immediate answer? We did indeed receive the assurance that "He is a very present help." And yet the season passed and the summer ended, and my loved one was still unsaved. With an unfaltering trust in the sure promises of God, I returned to the city and to the active duties of life. still holding on by faith to the Promiser, and crying, in the bitterness of my sorrow, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

During the fall of that year a few devoted women united themselves in a prayer-meeting that was held weekly in a little upper room attached to the Green Street M. E. church of this city. Rev. Andrew Longacre was at that time pastor. Every Monday afternoon during the winter the little band would assemble. Sometimes preventing causes would reduce our number to but three-two united in solemn, earnest prayer, and One listening to our humble cry. lesus was ever present to cheer and encourage and comfort by his presence. We brought our sick and afflicted ones to Jesus. As the women of old brought their children to him, so we brought our loved ones in arms of faith that he might bless them. We asked prayers for the objects of our love or interest without mentioning names, and it was always so sacred that not one, I believe, ever mistrusted what individual might be the subject of the united prayer. But He who taught us to pray knew all about it, and he verified his promise to us. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst." We never met or prayed in vain.

During these meetings I received the following familia.

and blessed text with an impression that I had never had before and an understanding that was entirely new to me: "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ve have them, and ve shall receive them." Must I believe, dear Lord that I have an answer to my prayers, when there is no evidence of the fact to my senses? when there is not a single change—nothing—to give me new hope? "Believe that ye have them" was the constantly-recurring word that came to me. I believed the promise and my faith took hold mightily upon the Promiser, and I said. "I will believe—I do believe—though I am never permitted to see any change. I do believe that now, this moment. I have the answer to my prayer." In some way—in his own way, and therefore in the right way—the blessed Lord answers, while I pray, and I do believe that I shall receive. Then came the text, with as much meaning to me as the first: "By faith, women received, their dead brought to life again;" and I knew what that meant to me. Dead in trespasses and in sins, but Jesus is able to raise from the dead. I coupled these two texts together and I laid them before the Promiser, and then I kept them, never faltering, for I was kept abiding in Him who had given me the inspiration of faith and the power to exercise it; and to him be all the glory, for ever and for ever. Amen!

So real became the verification of the promise to me that I lived in daily expectation of receiving the answer; and when circumstances that were clearly ordered of the Lord brought my dear one to your bedside, and found him kneeling there by my side, confessing his sins and calling upon God for pardon and mercy, I was neither amazed nor surprised. Oh what a holy stillness rested upon me between the hours of nine and ten on that Monday night, April 15, 1878! "Be still and know that I am God." Never, while reason or memory shall last, shall that holy hour, with its hallowed influences, be forgotten. I expect, dear Jennie, that you and I will shout praises together with him who has since passed on before us in the

presence of Jesus and the holy angels, because of the incidents of that night.

In the same moment that the saving power of Jesus came upon my dear husband in the pardon of his sins, the Healer's hand touched your body, and you heard him say, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou Body and soul both healed in answer to the united prayer of faith! I believe this is what Jesus meant when he said to his disciples, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do: because I go to my Father." It is an easy thing for Jesus to cause the lame to walk, to give sight to the blind and to raise the dead, for surely He who created man and breathed into him the breath of life, can bring back strength to the limbs or restore sight to the eyes or bring to life the dead. But for the humble prayer of weak humanity to move the heart of the Omnipotent is a greater thing. Oh, what do Christians not lose by limiting the power of the almighty Sovereign of the universe? We seem to think that he is such a one as ourselves, and therefore we limit his power to the confines of our own littleness.

For sixteen months, my saved one walked in newness of life, rejoicing in his new-found Redeemer and trusting in his helping power. Then, suddenly, while away from all who were near and dear to him—while attending to a business that seemed promising—the "messenger" came. The evening before his death he sat with some gentlemen "talking of his family," and when about to retire remarked, "I never felt better in my life." About daybreak he called for help. Physicians were summoned, and I have the assurance from the proprietor of the hotel at which he was stopping, and also from a minister from whom I have since received the kindest sympathy, that everything was done that my own heart could wish; but, as my dear husband said to those around him, "The messenger has come," and he took him home to himself. His last words

were, "I feel perfectly comfortable," and in a few minutes expired without a struggle or a groan, and apparently without pain—"fell asleep in Jesus," to awake no more till the morning of the resurrection.

We received his remains and laid him beside our little ones, who were waiting on the other shore to welcome their father home.

And I am left still to watch, and pray, and work, and wait till the Master calleth for me. Oh, pray for me, dear sister, that I may finish my course with joy, and for mine that we may be an unbroken family in heaven.

May your little volume accomplish the mission whereunto it is sent, may many sinners be saved through its instrumentality, may many souls be brought into a closer union with Jesus, who came to "save his people from their sins," and may your own soul be refreshed continually from the presence of the Lord,—is the prayer of

Your loving friend, M. S. H.

At the same time he was blest, I received a remarkable manifestation of the divine presence. At once Sister H. commenced praying for my restoration. Before they left I said,

"I believe I shall walk before three weeks."

After they were gone I remained basking in the sunshine of my Saviour's presence. There was such a holy awe and such a sinking, sinking, into his will, and with an expectancy of something, I knew not what. I did not want to stir; and when sister and an attendant came to remove the bed-rest from under my head, I asked that I should not be disturbed. While they stood by

my bed, suddenly I was conscious of a sensation of strength communicated to that weak spot in my back. Previously, when I was raised up, my head would fall to one side like an infant's. Now, as they took hold of me, I was enabled to help myself as I had not done for over sixteen years. Sister was greatly startled. Oh how happy I was! No tongue could describe the sweet joy and peace that filled my soul. My journal next day says:

Tuesday, 16th.—Have faith in God! I cannot doubt the leadings of our blessed Lord. My feelings, when raised by Nurse F. and then Dr. S., were peculiar. I am so settled, and rest so sweetly in the dear Lord's will! Sister Spayd called. She knew nothing of my exercise, but as she sat down at my side and began to inquire after my health, I did not immediately tell her what the Lord had done, nor until after she said, "I have been strangely exercised on your behalf, and am come to say to you that I believe it is your privilege to 'have faith in God' that he will heal you." We had a blessing together.

Brother I. Newton Peirce called; told me his class was coming to spend the evening.

I feel impressed to give out to-night that we will not hold the usual prayer-meeting next Tuesday evening, as I have invited Rev. T. T. Everett, Rev. J. L. Russell, Rev. David Van

Horn, and others, to spend the evening with us, so that we might renew our covenants and get a special baptism; it will better prepare us all for the Master's work. Then, oh what a privilege to think we may ask in prayer a blessing upon each member of those three congregations! and if we ask in faith, believing, that evening's work must tell upon the pages of eternity. Would that all whose names are upon the church records knew more of the love and peace of Christ!

Another treat from the Friends attending yearly meeting. Brother W. G. brought Isham Cox of North Carolina, Isaac Johnson of Wilmington, Ohio, and others. We had a profitable hour. The question was asked,

"How long since thee could sit up or help thyself?"

As I answered, "Over sixteen years until last night," Brother G., with a startled look, said,

"What! What did thee say?"

"Well, just take hold of my shoulders and assist me."

As he took hold under my arms I slightly helped myself forward. He exclaimed, as he held me,

"Why, Jennie! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.' Oh how we have asked and

asked for this! Yet how slow we have been to believe!"

They had a prayer of thanksgiving. In every blessing there was a definite step toward victory. I was surely being led in a way I knew not. Now, as we look back, it seems a very little thing that did then so elate us. I was supported in this increase of strength, but was steadily held back from anything further.

We had a good prayer-meeting that night. Our evening-meetings were always attended with interest. I looked forward with joy to the next Tuesday, counting it a rare privilege to meet those in whose labors I had been deeply interested when they were pastors in Dayton, Ohio. On the 19th I was impressed to write to five different friends asking their united prayers for that evening.

I was most strangely exercised, for it had not occurred to me to ask for prayer for my restoration until I took my pen in hand. The references pertaining to the healing of the body never came so forcibly to my mind before; I was compelled to use them. My thought was indeed carried on far beyond any previous intention. After the letters were written and had left the room for mailing, but were yet in the building, I was startled with the thought, "What have I done?" and reached out my hand to ring the bell and recall them. Instantly a dense cloud overshadowed me as with

a chill; my hand was stayed, and the conviction possessed me that I must not—I dare not—call them back, for they had been written in obedient faith; and from that hour I was confident that God was in some way leading me, and that soon I should know his will, whether to suffer on, or be restored. I had gained the complete victory over the desire to walk, and only now longed to know his will. One of these letters—the one to my pastor—is as follows:

HOMGOPATHIC HOSPITAL, April 19, 1878. REV. A. B. LEONARD, DAYTON, OHIO—

My Dear Remembered Pastor (Eph. i. 2, 3): I feel CONSTRAINED to write you a note asking for the prayers of my pastor and those who have faith in God. I have never been permitted to claim the PROMISES pertaining to healing, nor have I had the assurance that many have felt I must have of restoration until within three weeks. More and more definite become the manifestations of Father's will concerning his weak child. Wonderful have been the blessings received, but I BELIEVE our God must be glorified in complete restoration. It is in obedience that I ask for special prayer next Tuesday night. A little meeting is held in my room. Several of the servants of the Most High are to be here; they know nothing of my peculiar leading in making these requests for a special baptism of the Holy Ghost. In the promises I find unusual strength and assurance: "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up" (James v. 15); "Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy. Thy sins are forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, take up thy bed and walk?" (Mark ii. 9); "And besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment, and as many as touched were made perfectly whole" (Matt. xiv.

36). Will not the beloved of my own household be with us in spirit?

Yours with faith, believing, JENNIE SMITH.

# I subjoin the response by Brother Leonard:

DAYTON, OHIO, April 23, 1878. DEAR SISTER JENNIE: . . . I have no doubt but our Lord has the same power to heal, as when in the flesh, but now, as then, he heals WHENSOEVER and whomsoever he will. He did not heal all the sick in his day; many were left to suffer on and on. It is right, no doubt, for you and your friends to pray for restoration, and the time may come when the Lord can use you to a better purpose in some more active sphere, than in the one you have so long occupied; and when such is the case he will answer. The fact that you begin to feel that the time draws near when you may be made whole, may be properly regarded as an indication that his will as to your suffering is well-nigh accomplished. And still the prayer must be, "Not my will, but thine, be done." But let prayer be constant. Phil. iv. 6, 7. . . .

Your pastor,
A. B. LEONARD.

During those days I was in a waiting attitude, continually sinking deeper into the will of God, which I was confident would soon be fully known. It became so precious to my soul, that I felt even if it was to suffer on, it would be sweet. Glory to the Lamb for the blessedness of those days! Oh how it fills my soul with thankfulness to go over this sacred ground!

Tuesday, April 23d.-My "Daily Reading" for

this morning was, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Often through the day this was repeated with a longing to be more alone with the Saviour.

I suffered more and was weaker than usual all day. In the evening I lay in the extension-chair, which was as comfortable as the bed. Thomas T. Everett, of Trinity Methodist church, Rev. Joshua L. Russell of Spring Garden Presbyterian church, the Garrigues brothers and wives, Samuel E. Griscom, Brother Huddleson and wife, Dr. Morgan, and others, gathered in. Rev. David Van Horn was called away. I told them my conviction, that the time had come, when we should ask definitely for a knowledge of our heavenly Father's will concerning me-whether to be res stored or to suffer on. The first questions of the ministers were of the condition of my will. were in full sympathy with me both in thought and feeling.

The evening was devoted to prayer, led by Brother Everett. After the first hour or more, some were obliged to leave. One brother, whom I had not met before, as he shook hands on leaving, said,

"My sister, you are asking too much; you are too anxious to get well. The Lord can make better use of you upon your cot, than upon your feet."

I was thankful for the brother's words. I then looked searchingly into my heart. The dear Lord knows I honestly answered,

"No, I am not anxious to get well; I have gained the victory over that. If the heat of the furnace was increased a thousand-fold, I could say, 'Thy will be done,' and feel, pain would be sweet if fully shown to me that it is the Father's will that I should suffer. But I believe the time has come for me to know that will."

Up to this point of the meeting, there was not that oneness of mind that I felt there must be. I said to those who remained,

"Can you tarry with me till the morning if need be? I feel that it must be by waiting that our Father will give us this blessing. Are we of one accord in this matter?"

My physician, Dr. Morgan, was the first to say, "I will stay, and fully agree with you."

Then all gathered about my chair. Never can that little group forget that season.

It was now after 9 o'clock. We continued waiting before the Lord. Occasionally one or

another would quote, with comment, an appropriate text of Scripture or engage in a brief prayer. For myself, I lay in quiet expectancy, still suffering, but with a remarkable sense of the divine presence. Much of the time I was almost oblivious of my surroundings, so engaged was I in communion with my heavenly Father. About 11 o'clock I was led to vocally offer myself to God in a fresh consecration, saying,

"I give this body anew—these eyes to see, these lips to talk, these ears to hear, and, if it be thy will, these feet to walk—for Jesus. All that is of me—all, all—is thine, dear Father. Only let thy precious will be done."

Up to this time there was no cessation from suffering or increase of strength. As before said, I was weaker than usual. After a brief silence there suddenly flashed upon me a most vivid view of the healing of the withered arm. It seemed to me I could see it being thrust out whole. At the same instant the Holy Spirit bestowed on my soul a faith to claim a similar blessing. It seemed as if heaven were that moment opened, and I was conscious of a baptism of strength, as sensibly and as positively as if an electric shock had passed through my system. I felt definitely the strength come into my back, and into my helpless limb. Laying my hands on the chair-arms, I raised myself to a sitting posture. The Garrigues

brothers, being seated on either side of the chair, naturally sprang forward and laid hold to assist me. This, however, was not necessary. Dr. Morgan, who was sitting near, stepped forward and let down the foot-board, and, while the hands of my friends were yet on my shoulders, I arose and STOOD UPON MY FEET.

Sister Fannie could not remember ever having seen me standing up. She was so startled, she threw up both hands and screamed,

"Oh, Jennie, Jennie!"

No words can express my feelings. My very being yet thrills with praise as I speak of that hour. As I stood Brother W. H. G. placed his hand upon my head, saying,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

My first thought was, "Can I kneel?" I asked to do so, and knelt as naturally as if I had been accustomed to it. There was so much of that divine presence that not a word was spoken. We poured forth our souls in silent thanksgiving and praise. I then arose and walked across the room with entire ease and naturalness; there were no prickling or otherwise unpleasant sensations. Sat down in a rocking-chair for some minutes. It seemed so wonderful that I did not have to learn to walk! My limb and body seemed as if made new.

After sitting in the rocking-chair for about five

minutes I was lifted into bed, and by the doctor's direction a glass of milk was brought me. I rose directly and drank the milk. Then, for the first time, I realized fully how great a change had taken place. I had no pain. My back was strong and the soreness gone. Laughing almost foolishly from sheer gladness, I said,

"Oh, doctor, is it me?"

I now poured out my full soul in a prayer of thanksgiving; after which, the friends retired, it being near midnight. Before long I was sound asleep, and did not wake until 5 o'clock the next morning—a very unusual sleep for me. As I sat up in bed, sister, waking, started up, saying,

"Oh, Jennie, am I dreaming or am I awake?" Truly, from the heart I could say,

"To thee, O Lord, with dawning light, My thankful voice I'll raise, Thy mighty power to celebrate, Thy holy name to praise."

As I arose to put on a wrapper sister assisted me, saying,

"Oh, do be careful!"

Soon after, the attendant came to the door, asking,

"Do you want the bed-rest put under your head?"

I answered,

"No, indeed! I am done with that dear old bedrest; but you may put that chair up for me."

As he did so I walked to the chair, and remained out of bed all day, either sitting or reclining. From this time I was on my feet more or less every day.

Three days after this, by a misstep, I sprained my well ankle, but was so thankful it was not the old lame limb! This hindered me some, but I never had any trouble since that night with my lame limb, nor any symptoms of my old malady, though it had continued up to the time of the healing.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

#### AFTER THE DELIVERANCE.

THE first work was to get something ready to wear; an entire wardrobe must be prepared. When Brother G. brought my shoes, there happened to be two professional shoe-fitters present. A friend presented me with a wrapper that she had travelled in, through the Holy Land. When pondering what to do about a dress-suit, a full pattern was sent me—a present from Mrs. J. R. Jones, who has been a friend indeed. She since presented me with a silk dress-pattern. Rebecca Bell, Mrs. S. B. Garrigues and Mrs. L. assisted in furnishing other necessary articles.

The next Tuesday-evening prayer-meeting, was one of deep interest. Elizabeth Comstock, a minister of the Society of Friends, gave us a talk on "Faith and its Effects;" others followed. Because of my lame ankle I was reclining. Many present had not seen me upon my feet. I did not realize the feeling it would create as I arose to give my

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testimony for Yesus, then knelt, for the first time in prayer-meeting, to offer vocal prayer. We had a melting time. The next day the dentist, Dr. Sibley, began to work upon my teeth; filled eighteen.

One day Hannah W. Smith and Mrs. Bond of Brooklyn called. "H. W. S." said,

"I want to see thee walk across the room. I have been a doubting Thomas; had to see to believe."

I walked around the room, and she exclaimed, "Well, it is wonderful!"

Many callers, among them Sarah Satterthwaite, a minister of the Society of Friends, from England, Friend Elkinton, the Revs. Redles and Feltwell, Reformed Episcopalians, Ritner, Baptist, and Sarah Doyle, a Friend, from Ireland.

Just as I was consulting sister, what to do about some matters that required immediate attention H. R. called. She knew nothing of our necessity, but presented us ten dollars. Soon after, E. W. F. called and presented the remainder of the required amount. Several times, when arranging for articles of needed clothing, they came. How kind in Him, who knows we have need of all these things!

I am indebted for my first ride to H. Garrigues, who invited Elwood Chapman to bring his carriage. They took me out to Fairmount Park; from there

to Brother H. G.'s, where a company of friends gathered for the evening.

Nothing had brought the past up so vividly, as when I here sat down to a family-table for the first time since February 23, 1862. I could yet see dear mother's anxious look, as on that morning she saw me turn from the favorite dish she had prepared for me. My first thought was, "She is still spared." Oh how I felt like flying to her! In a moment the experience of years arose before me; I was completely overcome and burst into tears, crying like a child. There were others in tears of sympathy.

Saturday, May 25th.—They arranged for me to attend the holiness-meeting at Wharton Street M. E. church. I walked up the aisle, and stood and talked where my cot had stood on a former occasion. Then I was taken to Sister Dunbar's, and walked into her home, where my cot would not go. The contrast was so great I could scarcely reconcile the change. On Sabbath we had a praise-meeting at Sister D.'s.

Many times have I thought, when going up and down stairs, of one morning when little Willie D., not nine years old, led in family-worship. As they knelt around my cot of suffering he prayed,

"O dear Lord, do bless Sister Jennie! Do make her well—so well, that she can walk up and down stairs."

When attending children's meetings upon my cot I often requested the children to pray for me. Mothers have told me how I have been prayed for by their children. I do appreciate the love and remembrance of the LITTLE ONES.

Monday afternoon was pleasantly spent at father Hanly's. The calls of Rev. Mr. Williams, a Presbyterian minister, and Rev. Mr. Steinger, a Baptist minister, formerly of Bellefontaine, Ohio, also the tea-party made in view of their pastor Rev. Wm. Swindells' departure for Europe, were all greatly enjoyed. That evening Mr. and Mrs. Shelden called for me. I had an engagement to fill at the First Baptist church. I felt at home with this people, many of whom had endeared themselves by their cheering visits at the hospital. Went from here to our room.

On Wednesday I was delighted with a visit from Stanley Pumphrey of England, whom I had met before; after which, Brother H. G., with Mrs. Newkirk, called. She brought her carriage and took me out to the Centennial Grounds.

On Friday I was taken by Mrs. Wharton Moody to their home in Frankford, where I remained until Tuesday. This was a pleasant resting-place.

Sabbath evening, after the pastor, Rev. T. M. Griffith, preached from "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made

known unto God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," he invited me to follow. I felt a deep interest in the souls at this place. After this I made them several visits.

On Monday I was taken to see an invalid, Miss Jennie Rogers. As I sat by her bedside I felt as though I was dreaming; could scarcely realize it was myself, her fancy-work and surroundings were so like my past experience, and could not describe my feelings as I knelt in prayer. Many old memories were revived, of the hundreds that have knelt at my side and administered comfort, in trying hours of suffering and adversity.

Tuesday, on my return, we called to see another invalid—a noted artist who had been confined to his room for over five years. As we entered his parlor and looked upon the work of his hands, the great paintings lining the walls, then to his studio, where he most loved to be, we were deeply impressed with these words, uttered so sadly:

"When man is prospering he has many friends, but how the tide turns when laid aside! I find the old adage true: 'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

We had a solemn season of conversation and prayer.

From here went to S. B. Garrigues', where we passed a pleasant rest and visit. Had an engagement in the evening at Rev. J. L. Russell's

Presbyterian church, where we had a profitable temperance-meeting. At the close Rev. R. said, as he took my hand,

"Well, I can scarcely believe my own eyes! It does not seem possible that this is the same Jennie S. that was wheeled about in her cot in Dayton, Ohio, standing upon her feet and talking for twenty-five minutes."

We had a good handshaking-time at the close of the meeting.

Returned to the hospital to spend the last night in our room. I have not mentioned that during these weeks we were preparing for housekeeping at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

Several months ago dear Sister Chatham was for several weeks very anxious about her father, whose health was failing rapidly. Several times she had said,

"If only he were brought into the full liberty of Christ, I could give him up."

She afterward told me that she believed God had so blessed to him, the reading of *Baca* and some notes which I had written him, as to make them the means of his salvation, even though I had never met him. This was a tender cord binding our hearts together. He passed away in peace March 27th.

The next morning after his death she sent, with the usual treat, a note, from which I quote:

". . . I fully appreciate thy kind, loving sympathy; how it consoles me in a measure! But, my dear, if human sympathy were the only alleviation of my sorrow, it would be sad indeed. Oh how much I could tell thee of His gracious and ready help in this time of need! I realize in an abundant measure the all-sufficiency of his grace; 'allsufficiency' just meets the emergency of my case. Could any other, than an almighty Arm uphold, any tones be as tender as those which say, 'It is I; be not afraid'? How comforting to know that my dear father is safe at home! Though at times his sufferings were intense, yet how happy he was, and how simple his trust! How changed he became!—so peaceful and happy when he was enabled to lift the eye of faith above the depressing picture of his own sinfulness to the all-sufficiency of Him, whom he was fully enabled to appropriate as his righteousness and sanctification. The Lord continue to bless thee and keep thee and make thee a blessing to many souls, as thou hast been to my dear . father."

As it seemed necessary for me to spend son.e time at the seashore, Sister Chatham advanced the means, rented a cottage and took me in as a partner. She went in advance of us; had things arranged for our coming.

June 5th.—We had a busy morning getting

things packed. I went through the wards of the hospital to bid the patients "Good-bye." Brothers W. and H. G. came in; they sang in the ward, "All the way my Saviour leads me," and closed with an earnest prayer. Well did we remember our first supplication in this ward. During our stay here of over six months, but three days passed without one of the G. brothers or Sister C. coming to look after our comfort. Such friends are seldom found.

In company with Brother G. and Sister Dunbar I went to F. Gutekunst's gallery; had a photograph taken. Mr. G. and his employés were surprised to see me so changed. We took the streetcars on Arch street—my first ride in them; walked nearly a square to the hospital. Found Captain Sturtevant, J. S. and his sister A. R. S. waiting for me. Lydia Haines, a patient, dined with us; she occupied the room above us. We had talked to each other through the floor from our beds for weeks before we met face to face. Dr. Childs came with his carriage; took us to the dépôt. There we met Dr. Morgan, Brother Griscom and others.

Here I consider is a fitting place to introduce the testimony of my physician in regard to my restoration, just as it was published in the Dayton Democrat after my return home:

### A REMARKABLE CURE.

MISS JENNIE SMITH'S RESTORATION TO HEALTH.—IS IT A CASE OF DIVINE INTERPOSITION?—DETAILED STATEMENT OF HER PHILADELPHIA PHYSICIAN.

Miss Jennie Smith has returned to Dayton, and is stopping with her mother at 824 South Main street. A reporter called yesterday afternoon, speaking to her for the first time, although her history has gone out into all the land and thousands have seen her in her wheeled-carriage, not too much an invalid to work in her own way, for the Lord of her salvation. Her marvellous restoration to her feet is pronounced by many of the best scientific men of New York and Philadelphia as a divine interposition.

We give the complete statement of her attending physician, not heretofore published in full. The story in the Acts, of the cripple at the gate Beautiful of the temple, who was healed by St. Peter, is paralleled in her case.

There will not be a more happy soul in Grace M. E. church this morning than this member of the congregation, coming to the sanctuary with joyful feet for the first time in sixteen years. Hitherto she has been carried in her wheeled-bed, but this morning, Mr. Frank M. Lease, who had helped her to church for many years, will have the pleasure of walking up the steps with her. Her well-known chair was left in Philadelphia; already

several other patients have used it. This is the fourth one she has used in sixteen years. She has been a member of Grace church for five years. There is so much to write of her that we can scarcely begin. She has been before the leading medical-men of the East, and has been critically tested, and everywhere she has worked for the Master.

Last Monday evening she was in Philadelphia, interested greatly in the newsboys of the Ledger Since her restoration she has actively visited all manner of invalids, and really seems to know no fatigue. It was highly enjoyable to witness the reception and comments by her friends who vesterday saw her for the first time in such health and yet the same earnest professor of religion. She is now finding time to add the sequel to her Valley of Baca. In view of the length of her physician's statement, here published, we are compelled to omit many interesting incidents in her history. From February, 1862, to April 23, 1878, she had never been out of her bed, was not an hour in sixteen years without pain, and every jolt or jar caused an agony which it is impossible to describe. She had tried faithfully every obtainable device of the art of surgery and medicine, and she gives all credit to the medical aid received. But she gives only the greatest glory to her heavenly Father for his interposition.

The following is the testimony of Dr. John C. Morgan, who has had charge of Miss Jennie Smith from Nov. 3, 1877, up to, and was present at, her restoration at the homocopathic hospital of Philadelphia, on the 23d of April, 1878.

## DR. MORGAN'S STATEMENT.

" PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1878.

"Having been requested to give my testimony in the case of Miss Jennie Smith, who has been for some months in the homœopathic hospital under my care for internal displacement, spinal irritation, neuralgic and spasmodic symptoms, etc., etc., without the use of her lower limbs, I do so as follows:

"First. Jennie has always been impressed with the fact that all duly-appointed means of cure, are given by our heavenly Father, to be used according to the ability and opportunity we possess; and so, according to her ability and opportunity, she has faithfully used them as advised and applied.

"Second. She has recognized fully that God himself is potentially in the means used. I myself, in common with not a few students of nature, prominent among whom is to be named Dr. Lionel Beale, fully accept this view, recognizing the truth expressed in the words of that eminent authority in science, that life, always and everywhere, is ultimately 'the operation of immanent Deity,' and

that in the use of proper means we have simply acted in the divine order, yet by no means limiting the Deity himself. This statement has appeared needful owing to certain misapprehensions which have obtained currency.

"Third. I observed from an early day, however, that, owing, doubtless, to her very long-continued helplessness (sixteen years more or less), her physical status was receiving little or no aid from the psychical or dynamic. Indeed, her religious labors have been unremitting, and to most persons would be exhausting. Under these circumstances, notwithstanding substantial gain, I often felt dubious of the result, and on her part fluctuations of hope were not uncommon.

"Meanwhile, as she expressed it, she was 'held back' from the full conviction that the Lord would have her expect, and by faith claim, a full restoration to her feet. During the first months she had realized several 'claims' of this nature; thus the liberation of her right limb from the box, in which it had been so long necessarily confined on account of uncontrollable spasms, also her freedom from the continuous occupancy of her wheeled cot. So we hoped that a still higher uplift was yet to come.

"On Friday evening, March 20th, when suffering greatly from a mechanical recurrence of her malady, with intense pain and headache, she requested my attendance. Having ministered to her

with some relief, but not so much as usual, she seemed deeply moved, but silent and with closed eyes. After a few moments, to my surprise, she said to me, 'Oh, doctor, how is your faith? Can't you-can't you-take hold with me and ask the dear Lord to help me? I am sure he will. must be his will.' Thus challenged, I replied: 'As I may be able, Jennie, I join with you to claim his promise that "where two agree it shall be done." "And shall not this daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo! these many years, be loosed?"' These texts came forcibly, and this agreement was fitly sealed with prayer, soon changing on her part to joyful praise, her headache and suffering ceasing and she resting expectantly and happily without other immediate manifestations. As her physician, I saw that the indispensable (psychical) uplift had come (supernaturally or naturally-what matter about mere words?—but) with a divine guarantee, as we believe.

"All this time any attempt at a sitting posture, supported by pillows or the hands of the attendants, had proven futile, the long disuse of the spinal muscles, the extreme tenderness of the spine itself, occasioning an instant sense of utter helplessness and of giving way of the trunk (front and back in the epigastric region), and described by her as like the knuckling of a joint. This effectually arrested our many efforts to gradually bring about a

release from the recumbent posture. The hand of the manipulator could not be borne in the slightest degree upon the spine without hours of subsequent suffering, insomuch that I had prescribed a change of programme.

"I now learned that a good Christian lady had often visited Jennie, and desired her prayers for her intemperate husband, from whom she had been separated for some time. They both requested permission to meet in Jennie's room, where they could have the benefit of a talk with her. This was conceded, and after Jennie had conversed with him upon his condition the wife made a very earnest and impressive prayer. This was followed by a prayer from Jennie. The husband at last acknowledged receiving the coveted blessing, and at the same time, as Jennie informed me, she felt 'as though a mighty hand was laid upon her chest and back, opposite the 'spot' where for years she had felt extreme weakness. Immediately, 'as if an electric shock had passed through this weakest spot,' she felt new strength had been given her. After these friends left, her sister Fannie and an attendant went to raise her, when, to their astonishment as well as her own, she almost raised herself—the first time for many vears. This event increased her assurance that her heavenly Father would restore her to her feet in his own good time. During the days following.

she, still limited to the partially-sitting posture, and that for short periods, stated to me that she should henceforth expect entire restoration, insomuch that she had written to Dr. Cullis, of the Consumptives' Home, Boston, Massachusetts, also to friends in Ohio, asking them to join with herself and friends here in specific prayer to that end on the following Tuesday evening, and expressing her faith that she should immediately be permitted at least to realize a complete manifestation of her heavenly Father's will.

"We believed that the necessary increase of strength, yet unfelt, would be given. Several clerical friends of different denominations, formerly her fellow-townsmen of Dayton, Ohio, now residents of Philadelphia, were engaged with others, and myself also, to spend this Tuesday evening, April 23d, with her. I was able to attend only near the time for closing, q.P. M. Several persons soon left, no special feeling or expression seeming to prevail. Indeed, not all appeared to be of one mind. As one of the company retired he reasoned with her that she was asking too much; she was too anxious to get well; the Lord could make better use of her on her cot than on her feet. She answered, 'No, I am not anxious; I have gained the victory at that point. If the heat of the furnace were increased a thousand-fold, I could say "Thy will be done," and feel that pain

would be sweet if it were fully manifested to me that it is my Father's will for me to suffer. the time has come for me to know his will.' Then Jennie particularly requested a few whom she knew to agree with her in this matter to remain later, and hold on with her in the expectation of faith. Those that remained then surrounded her extension-chair in silence, only broken by brief prayer or appropriate text or expression of faith occasionally. I had in the first place declared to those present my conviction that if Jennie were sustained by the assurance of divine approval and help, she was justified in attempting to stand upon her feet, assisted by the hands of the brothers G (as was the cripple at the Beautiful Gate by Peter). Having continued thus waiting for nearly an hour. Jennie with face covered and silent until now, was moved to pour out her whole soul in prayer and self-consecration in conscious access to God, asking that if, as some had feared, she might, if fully restored, fall away from the fulness of spiritual life heretofore enjoyed, she should in such case again be brought to the old condition, but adding that He who had preserved her safely upon her cot, and who had kept her from falling, was able also to keep her as safely when upon her feet. After this self-consecration, the wings of her faith seemed to be unloosed in language of confident and filial expectancy.

"It was evident to all that a great change was coming over her-that strength was being received. She prepared to carry out her faith in her actions, raised herself to a sitting posture, and on my letting down the foot-board of her chair arose with slight assistance and stood upon her feet. The Doxology never seemed more fittingly uttered, and then she knelt in silence. There was an awed presence in the room. No one uttered a word. But, smiling with entire trust, she knelt at the chair in front of her; then, rising to her feet, and with the two friends G. by her side, she walked slowly and deliberately eight or ten feet, placing one foot before the other as naturally as though she had done so but yesterday. She then sat down in a rocking-chair, remaining there some five minutes. I now directed her to be lifted into hed and a glass of milk to be administered. After drinking it, she smiled, and said 'Is it me?' and then gave new expression to her gratitude and praise. It being now near midnight, it was deemed prudent to retire.

"Her improvement in vigor and facility of locomotion has proceeded regularly ever since. No doubt is entertained by any one that on her departure shortly for Ocean Grove she will be able, as I long ago jestingly stipulated with her, to walk from the horse-cars to the steam train within the dépôt.

"JOHN C. MORGAN, M. D."



# CHAPTER XIX.

### AT OCEAN GROVE AGAIN.

THE reader can judge of the joy it gave me to walk from the carriage to the cars. This was my first ride in a passenger-car for many years. There was a great contrast between the comfort of this ride and of those when I travelled on my cot as baggage. The relief from suffering in travelling seemed wonderful.

We arrived at Ocean Grove at 6 P.M.; a delicious tea was waiting for us. We found everything in order; were perfectly delighted with our cottage-home by the sea. It was located on Pitman Avenue, where, sitting on our porch, we could see the ships sailing slowly by. We felt, in erecting our family-altar, the solemnity of the hour. As Rev. S. D. Jones and Brother O. knelt with us that evening, we dedicated all to the Lord—even the organ of Brother E. M. Bruce, which we brought from the hospital.

On our first Sabbath a number of friends came

in to hold prayer-meeting. I had neglected my sprained ankle, and was again laid aside with it for a few days.

We expected to keep lodgers only, but were soon convinced we could not give satisfaction unless we also boarded our guests.

The cottage in the rear, fronting on McClintock street, was for rent; I felt we must take this, and wrote our landlord about it. He, with others, discouraged so great an undertaking. In the midst of our perplexity Friend Griscom came. As he saw our situation he at once felt that it was advisable to take the other cottage, and offered to advance the means; but Sister Chatham provided this.

Monday, June 24th.—Have had a busy day. Saturday P.M. we were surprised to see our dear friends Brother H. and Sister Garrigues. A number of young people spent a pleasant evening in social conversation and singing. I am glad they enjoy coming here to sing; I trust not a soul will come to our cottage in vain. Brother G. closed the service with prayer.

Yesterday I went to the tabernacle-meeting for the first time on my feet. I had strange feelings as I walked in where my cot had been so often wheeled the summer before. Everything brings up memories of last year. I felt and said,

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise!"

Have had several calls to-day, among them Brother T. T. Everett; he leaves for Europe to morrow. I am glad his sister, Mrs. Mann, and his mother are next door to us; we had a pleasant chat on their porch this P. M. He feels, as many do, that my strength must be used with an eye single to the glory of God. He said to me, "If you are an obedient child, I believe you will yet cross that Atlantic." Our friends are much pleased with our house, and approve of our taking the adjoining cottage. I have sent for Sister Mollie; she will be here next week.

June 29th.—We arose early; had a precious morning worship. Miss Lilly Beal called with her phaeton; took me over to the Women's Christian Association boarding-house. It is a lovely place—a real resting-retreat for the many who desire to spend a brief vacation at the seashore. Carrie Fling and a number of the ladies from there have called. Brother Lightfoot and cousin have come to spend a few days.

Last evening, after the crabbing-party returned, they brought in ice-cream; had a pleasant time, and, I trust, profitable to all. Some good may be done by these little occasions. Sister Lore, the missionary, Sisters James, Hart, Davidson, Pastorious and Chapman called.

Monday, July 8th.—How blessed! Some mornings our family-worship is equal to a prayer-meeting. Father Cope read; Sister Stewart prayed, followed by Sister Allinson. Our family is daily increasing. Saturday a hack-load went from our cottage to Long Branch. Mollie has arrived, and was perfectly delighted with the scenery.

Yesterday I attended the communion-service at the auditorium; I have not had the privilege of *kneeling* at a communion-table for eighteen years. After meeting had a talk with Dr. Stokes, Dr. Hanlon and others.

This A.M., Rev. Babcock, Brother Howland and Brother Spaulding called. Dear Sister C. is not well. She is fearful she will have to withdraw. I do hope her health will improve! I cannot have her leave us. Perhaps, if she goes home with Sister McCage, she will return better.

I went to Keyport, New Jersey; was met at the train by Brother and Sister Wharton. As I went into the homes of Brothers Wharton, Beedles and Harris, where I had visited upon my cot, and then entered the church, I again lived over the past that now came up so vividly. After I had walked up the church-aisle and stood where the cot had been, it was with grateful emotion I told of God's great goodness. A brother said to me,

"I doubted the word of others, but I cannot doubt my own eyes and ears; yet I can scarcely realize that you are the same person that was here so pale and helpless last fall."

I enjoyed the holiness-meeting at Brother Harris', also a visit to Sister Smith, the invalid, who was brought on her cot to church. Met many acquaintances. Greatly enjoyed my brief visit of two days at K.

Saturday, 19th.—"God is known in his palaces as a refuge;" I praise him that he is also known in the humble places as a blessed refuge. How precious to be able to carry even our petty trials in household cares to him! I am sweetly kept amid every disturbing element. Everything is moving along nicely. Just received calls from Rev. E. Davies, Professor Caldwell and Dr. Carsner.

Yesterday I heard Dr. Deems' sermon and had a talk with him; also with Rev. William Taylor. Brother T. approached me, saying,

"Is it possible this is you?"

Sabbath, 14th.—This has been a lovely day. We had a delightful occasion at family-worship; all went to church except the sick ones. After my duties were attended to, I had a little while alone with Jesus. Sacred privilege!

Afternoon I went to hear Dr. A. Lowrey. He preached a grand sermon from the words "The

very God of peace sanctify you wholly." He set forth our duties and privileges, clearly proving what liberty there is in Christ Jesus for his obedient children.

Dr. Palmer and wife recognized me before I saw them; they seemed rejoiced to see me so well. On my way home called at the Misses Canning's to see their sister, Mrs. Patterson. I was not allowed to go to her room, but they requested me to have prayers at the foot of the stairs, where she could hear. It seemed unusually solemn; there is but little hope of her recovery. Her son, a Presbyterian clergyman, came into our cottage; we had an interesting conversation also with Brother Crew, Dr. Ward and wife and Sister Ellis. We prayed together before separating.

15th.—This has been a busy Monday, friends returning home after spending Sabbath, others coming. Several of our family went out in the excursion-yacht, and came home very sick. As I went to the door and saw them coming, the captain on one side of A. S. and M. on the other, both the latter looking ghastly pale, I could not help being amused, though I felt sorry for them too. A. S. was so weak she could scarcely hold up her head. They had been talking of going to Europe, but now she said faintly,

"Oh, I don't, don't want to-go-to Eu-u-rope! This is enough for me."

But a few hours will change her mind about this.

Wednesday, 17th.—We arose early; accomplished much before family-worship.

11 A. M.—Heard Mrs. Lathrope's practical sermon from "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven:"

"We must do more than the Pharisees, and better than they, or we shall come short of heaven. They were partial in the law and laid most stress on its ritual, but we must be universal. They minded only the outward appearance, but we must make inward godliness the rule of our conscience. They aimed at the praise of men, but we must seek acceptance with God. They were proud of what they did; we, when we have done all, must say we are unprofitable servants." Very many im-

Several of our family insisted upon my accepting Sister Wittenmyer's invitation to dine with her and Sisters Lathrope and Robinson at the Howland House. We had a precious time together.

portant points were made.

Sister R. had to take Bishop Fallow's place this afternoon. She is rightly named "the Little Giant." She is so humble and meek, but a mighty power in God's hands. She holds her audience spell-bound.

July 24th.—Blessed refuge in the Saviour! Again we are driven to inquire, "What is duty?" Sister C. feels we will have to take the adjoining cottage; it is nicely furnished, and, with additional linens and bedding, we can surely work it to advantage. I do trust we shall have direct guidance in the matter.

What privileges we enjoy! Rev. Dr. Lyman, editor of *Standard-Bearer*, with his wife and several others, called; we had a profitable occasion in conversation and prayer. New arrivals of boarders.

This P. M. I went over to Sister Pastorious' cottage; spent a pleasant hour. As we sat looking out upon the mighty deep the thought occurred with peculiar force, "Here we are on the last porch and the last house on the American shore." Dr. Morgan called. We are always thankful to see him, who has been such a friend to us. To-day Sister Lida Chatham left for home.

They called me down stairs to see a gentleman. I found our kind friend, Griscom; he came just as before when we talked of taking the other cottage, and now as then, saw our need of more room and again offered to advance us money. I felt it definitely duty to take this cottage; it was a relief when the contract was closed. This gave us advantage of room and furniture.

August 1, 1878.—How I enjoy the retreat of

my own room! This has been a full day. Besides our work, had many choice calls, among them Rev. C. P. Hard and wife, missionaries from India, and Miss Lillie Mitchell and Mrs. Dean of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. While Prof. Bruce was playing, Dr. Ward and Philip Phillips and wife called. Brother Phillips requested me to be at the praise-meeting, saying,

"It is wonderful to see you on your feet; surely we can give praise for such a deliverance."

I went. He called me to the stand, where my experience came in appropriately. Mrs. Osborn will be here through his six days of song-service. How well I remember her kindness in singing for me at Marion, Ohio, in 1873!

Sister Chambers and daughter have come today, and Mary, my precious partner, dear girl! she and sisters are so anxious lest I should overwork myself! Was ever a soul more blest with dear sisters than I am? My Father, thou knowest I am grateful. Oh that our entire household may be blest! May each soul go from our cottage benefited, even our efficient cook and the other colored woman! My very soul praises the Lord for his keeping power amid everything. I feel his dear presence. Oh that all could know this blessedness!

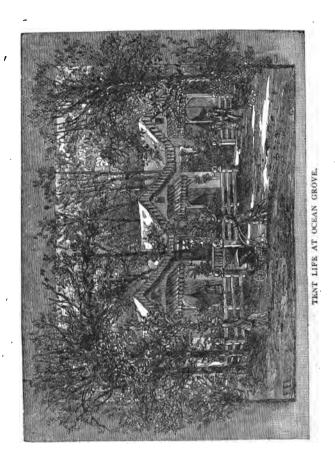
> "How blest are they who still abide Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!"

After duties were attended to we went bathing. I do hope these baths will help Mollie. I eniov going into the sea. Hundreds were bathing. is so delightful! What lessons in faith we can learn there! I abandoned myself completely into the bathing-master's hands, and went out into the deep water, where I could float without a fear. Many hold on to the ropes, and are beaten by the breakers against the sand, until they come out far more weary than when they went in. Just so in spiritual things. Oh how necessary to launch out into the deep waters of God's love, to be made free in Christ Jesus by complete abandonment to him! I surely could not help but get tried at many little vexing things if it was not for this abiding. Our responsibility is great, but oh what blessed privileges we enjoy in our family and all the associations of this "Eden-spot of earth"! only wish our precious mother could be with us.

August 7th, 9 P. M.—They are singing the Doxology at Philip Phillips' last service. What a volume of voices!

Yesterday was a wonderful day. Rev. J. A. Alden and wife ("Pansy"), Dr. Morgan, Brother G. and others went over to the Seaside House and had a little meeting. After tea, I spent a pleasant evening at the Atlantic House.

We had a treat in calls to-day, among others Miss B. Edmondson and the Misses Parrott of



Dayton, and Dr. Whedon, the great commentator. He is in feeble health. I trust his life will be spared to complete his works.

Oh how sad, how uncertain, is life! Mary C. just called me to the head of the stairs to tell me dear little Walter Cope is in heaven. Only one week since they left us! How our household will sympathize with the dear bereaved ones, ho have now buried all their children! Grandpa Cope was impressed to go home yesterday, and just reached there as the light of the little life went out. Mary C. was the Sabbath-school teacher of little Charley Ross when he was stolen. Mr. Ross, who owns the hot- and cold-water bathing-establishment, is his uncle. How these hearts have needed grace! May it be sufficient! They know this refuge.

August 10th, 5 A. M.—Most lovely sunrise. May the Sun of righteousness shine as brightly in our souls to-day! I attended Dr. Palmer's 8 A. M. holiness-meeting. They are real soul-feasts. Mary C. will go to Philadelphia to stay over Sabbath. She daily grows more dear to us. Precious Fannie, it seems, will never cease to feel that I must have help to do everything. She is so much a part of my life! What a comfort she has been to me! Monday, August 12th.—Saturday, after dinner, I came to my room. Sister A. McG. called, say-

ing,

"A lady wishes to see you."

To my surprise, there was dear Sister Winters, from home. She did not know me until I almost reached her and spoke. She never saw me on my feet before. They remained until to-day. "Pansy" and husband and the D. friends came in Saturday P. M., so there was quite a circle of old acquaintances.

We spent a profitable day yesterday; went to Sabbath-school and surf-meeting.

This morning a party of us went to the W. C. A. Home; Maudie and Willie Dunbar played for us. I went to the housetop with the party. The scene from there is grand beyond description. Some one said,

"What would your mother say to see you climb these steps?"

Sister W. will only know in heaven what a help she has been to me, spiritually as otherwise.

As I came back, called at Sister Beegle's. Was surprised to see Brother McClardy of Dayton. Went with him, Sister Dunbar and the children to the meeting to see the seventy orphan children from the Patterson Orphans' Home. On several occasions I had visited the Babies' Home, containing forty little ones. As I now saw these dear parentless children I thought, as when visiting the Babies' Home, "Oh, if only complaining mothers who forget the tender mercies of their own homes

could see these dear motherless children, how much they would see for which to be grateful, even if their lot be cast in a humble home and with many cares!" I never hear hasty or impatient words—whose scar no young heart should ever know—fall from a tried mother's lips but I think, "If she only knew their weight and what influence they may have on the memory, if those tender ones should be made motherless, how it would soften her tones and change her words!"

Sabbath, August 18th, 1878.—This is the most peculiar birthday of my life. The question comes to my soul, "What have these thirty-six years wrought?" More than twenty-one have been in suffering; scarcely a day of these years, but we have had more or less of pain and sorrow. My darling mother! Oh what dark and weary nights of watching she has had in her loneliness with her sick ones! How oft she has said,

"I could not have borne up had not support come from above."

Patient, loving mother! May your life be spared to see your first-born upon her feet once more! As she writes, I know she cannot realize the truth. Oh what a contrast between this and the last sixteen birthdays! No words can express what I feel; tears of gratitude will flow. To-day I can walk the floor and "praise God, from whom all blessings flow." "Oh that men would praise the

Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Though weak and unworthy, I seem to hear the dear heavenly Father say to me, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction, even for mine own sake, that thou mayest glorify my name." My soul magnifies his matchless grace, his amazing love. Oh how great! Glory, glory! Hallelujah to the loving Lamb of God! Thou art my Beloved, and I am thine, O thou Triune God! Accept the gratitude, words cannot speak. I sink before thee in silent adoration.

"Drawn and redeemed and sealed, I'll praise the One and Three, With Father, Son and Spirit filled, To all eternity."

I went to morning-meeting. Glory filled my soul in testifying for Jesus. Rev. W. X. Ninde of Detroit, Michigan, preached from First Peter i. 2. It was to me a feast. After dinner a group of our family went into the yard and had a talk on experience. I went up stairs for a rest, but my heart was too full to sleep.

After tea all went to surf-meeting. While I stood in our dining-room door I could see the multitudes. Every street and avenue seemed alive with people wending their way to the beach. As I approached, the meeting looked like a sea of

heads; over twelve thousand immortal souls were in that mass. I believe the number at some of these Sabbath surf-meetings was estimated at twenty thousand. No tongue or pen can describe the scene. Dr. E. H. Stokes has written many beautiful poems entitled *Songs of the Sea*. I give one of them:

### "WORSHIP BY THE SEA.

"Beside the sea the wond'ring people stood Or sat, as bowed devotion's earnest throng; The spirit, lost in worship's attitude, Mingled its praises with the billows' song.

"O widening sea! O ever-heaving flood!

Here on thy margin, where the surges roar,

Thy people rise to thee, O blessed God!

They weep, they worship, triumph and adore."

August 20th.—The camp-meeting has commenced. Oh for special baptisms at each service during this meeting! My heart is wonderfully drawn out after the hundreds of souls that are pressed with care while looking after the comfort of thousands upon these grounds. From the president to the lowest servant, they need grace. These are remembered every morning at our family-altar.

Brother Lyffer called at our cottage in a hurry and said,

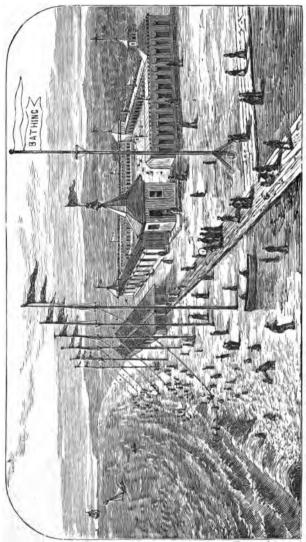
"Are you praying for us boys? We do need

it; our patience is tried by the rush and hurry, for everybody hasn't the grace of patience."

In a conversation with Mr. Ross he remarked that there were many persons on the grounds who were capable of doing much good, but that by impatience or discourtesy, during the bustle at the bathing-grounds, they largely neutralized their influence; the police, railroad-men and other employés, I found, had had similar experience. How important that at all times Christians should let their light shine!

9 P.M.—Had a blessed time at morning prayers; rooms and porch were filled. Dear Sister Leeds is so happy since Brother Redles discovered she can enjoy service by his reading and praying in her ear-trumpet. Oh how these examples teach us to appreciate and thank God for our hearing or the senses of which we see others deprived!

Attended all the services besides a little portion of Dr. P.'s meetings. Have had twenty calls to-day outside our family, which now numbers nearly forty, and we will have more or less visitors for dinner every day, of persons coming with the excursions. We cannot attend many services, but our family-altar is as a feast, so many come in to enjoy it. There are many demands upon time; have had a season or two of prayer during the day with hungry souls.



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Oh for increased wisdom, strength and power to manage all these temporal things, and still work more effectually for Jesus! We can glorify him in domestic work when that is our duty. Sister Chatham says, "We are the Marthas nowadays," but I trust not careful and troubled about too many things without grace, which is surely sufficient. We are trusting Jesus moment by moment.

Rev. Wm. Gray called; I have not met him since at the Urbana camp-meeting, when he and Rev. Alfred Cookman were together. Met dear Sister Cookman yesterday; her noble son Frank, who bids fair to take his father's place, led our prayer-meeting in No. 33 cottage yesterday. Brother Copeland led it the day before. The young people's meetings are so interesting!

"When I am weak, then I am strong, Grace my support, and Christ my song."

After this the diary was neglected for a few days; time was crowded by other duties. These were wonderful days. While they were full of care, they were replete with enjoyment. Blessed memories are associated with all the experiences of those months. We had a happy, congenial family throughout the season, always feeling a regret in parting with a member, though giving a hearty welcome to new arrivals. These were al-

most daily occurrences. We had taken a stereoscopic view of Grace Cottage, including most of the family with us at the time, besides several others.

After the camp-meeting proper closed other services were continued with deep interest for some time; we visited many places of interest along the coast.

Monday, September 13th,—This morning, Brother Imlay took Brother O. and myself to see a sick lady from Washington, D. C. She has not a clear evidence of her acceptance. She was very nervous from the wind-storm of last night. We read and talked about Jesus' moving experience by the sea and how he stilled the tempest. After we had prayed with her, Brother Rogers sent a carriage to take me to their home of sorrow. The dark shadows of death have fallen upon them, their darling babe having been taken from their embrace. As I stood beside its little casket it looked so beautiful! I could not but repeat, "The flower is not blasted, only transplanted; she is not dead, but sleepeth." I remained with them until after dinner, and before leaving had a melting season before the Lord. Several of their livery-hands, whom I long to see saved, were present. Brother R. was the first man that spoke to me, when I first arrived at Ocean Grove on my cot.

Yesterday we spent a profitable hour at the

Metropolitan Hotel, where we visited Miss Mauger, whose father is a Methodist minister; she is using my cot and has often, been mistaken for myself.

September 19, 1878, 5 A. M.-

"From the sunrise, where of old
Land and ocean have their meeting,
From the soft lips of the sea,
Bounding billows send their greeting."

Sister A. R. S. called me to go with her to the beach. Oh the grandeur of that sunrise, the horizon covered with crimson hue, then tinted with different shades, throwing its rays in pathways upon the mighty deep! and the great breakers never seemed so beautiful. How these scenes reveal the power of our God! It seems a pity for people to sleep away these hours of early beauty.

Evening.—Had many calls, among them Jerry McAuley. Brother Mullen had prayer.

Brother Prudy left us to-day. Have had a good visit with "Pansy;" they go soon. So thankful dear Fannie is better! Cottages are closing rapidly, but how we enjoy the quiet! Mrs. Stiles of Bethany Institute, New York, came to-day, also Captain Sturtevant. May we have an earnest service to-night! So many can now enjoy the meetings that have entertained the multitudes.

Wednesday, 23d.-

"How sweet is news when far away From those we dearly love! It falls upon our thirsty souls Like showers from above."

So thankful to hear from the loved ones! Must answer many letters to-day. Have settled up all our affairs, except with Sister C. Dear one! how she wanted to relieve me of care! She says,

"We must say this undertaking has been a success spiritually, if not financially. Eternity alone will tell what has been accomplished."

Yes, blessed be our loving Lord! he truly leads me into green pastures and by the still waters of comfort.

September 25th.—I love to sit on the beach and study the word of God. In finishing the Gospel of St. John, I was much impressed with the words, "The world itself could not contain the books that should be written." These things are beyond our weak comprehension. As we view his wonderful works we are reminded of the ancient writer:

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,—
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
If stretched from sky to sky."

When the rush of the season was over, meetings were appointed in the evenings for the especial benefit of the employés, cottage-matrons and officers, who had not had much benefit of the services. As I was deeply interested in these classes, much of the responsibility devolved on me.

This evening, just before going to the tabernacle, Dr. Richards and wife of Orange, New Jersey, called. Capt. Sturtevant took the responsibility of the meeting to-night. This relieves me.





### CHAPTER XX.

#### ON THE WING.

SEPTEMBER 27th.—I was preparing to start for Staten Island, when Sister Chatham consented to accompany me. She and sister could not bear to see me go alone. She said,

"I will go with you to Rossville if you will go from there to New York and up the Hudson to Newburg. I will pay all expenses, providing you will make this, after leaving New York, a rest-trip."

I consented to obedience.

In due time we reached Freehold, New Jersey, where I had promised to attend a temperance-meeting that night. The next morning we took the train for Jamesburg; from there to South Amboy. Here we crossed in a steam-tug to Perth Amboy, where we waited some time for the ferry-boat. Enjoyed watching the oystermen bringing in and loading oysters. Crossed Raritan Bay to Staten Island; took the train for Rossville.

Were soon welcomed to the parsonage-home of Rev. S. D. Jones, where we spent a pleasant and profitable Sabbath. Filled our engagement Sabbath evening in the M. E. church.

Monday morning, while waiting for the boat, we took a walk around to Gov. Lyon's Castle; Miss Lyon invited us in. This was a rich treat. The Castle looks out upon the sea, and the New Jersey shore beyond. At the entrance is a brass cannon—a captured relic of the Mexican war—farther on the figure of a knight in the armor of the Middle Ages. The house seemed a museum of curiosities, rare paintings—relics of the Old World, the savages of this, and old family portraits. The architecture is admirable throughout.

Brother Jones accompanied us to New York. We remained here until Thursday, making our home at Bethany Institute. Visited many places of interest, enjoying the sight-seeing, but more than all the Tuesday meeting at Dr. Palmer's, which has been held every week for forty years—a wonderful meeting of depth and power—and the McAuley Water street mission, which was opened in 1872 by Jerry McAuley, known as the "converted saloon-keeper, notorious gambler and riverthief." "This," as those who have had the privilege of participating in it say, "has appeared to be a glorious manifestation of the power of God unto salvation, and one of the most useful Chris-

tian agencies existing in the lower wards of New York City."

It has been supported in answer to the prayer of faith, and the Lord has blessed and honored it continually. The doors of the mission-house are never closed to those who are seeking for the way of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. A religious meeting is held here every evening in the year, at half-past 7 o'clock; there is no expense, and no distinction of persons to those who come to the meetings. Every one, however humble or degraded, is welcome and affectionately pointed to Him who is the Way and the Truth and the Life. Their superintendent had been very sick, and had just returned from Asbury Park.

On entering, we read, back of the platform, in gilded letters, "Jerry, we Welcome you Home." I thought, "Oh, may we so live as to merit such a hearty welcome across the river!" Everything here seemed positive and brief; when the meeting opens, their rule is "one-minute speeches." I have never witnessed more definite work. Very many testimonies were given when the altar was presented. A young man arose to go forward, saying,

"I am just out of the penitentiary, where I have served three years. I heard about this mission. I have come here to be saved. I must have salvation. Oh, do pray for me!"

To my surprise, he made himself known to me after the meeting. He-was from Ohio, had run away from his uncle years ago, and had now engaged to embark for a foreign port. We trust he was saved.

In a street-car on our way to the Central Park, I was so impressed to speak to a gentleman and his little girl. Such a step in this great metropolis is a risk. Mary said,

"You can't trust a stranger here."

After meeting several times, in the Park, I yielded to my conviction, and, improving an opportunity, found I was not mistaken. He was a minister of the gospel from Massachusetts; had been seeking through a friend of his, and an acquaintance of mine to obtain one of my books.

October 3d was a lovely day. At 8 A. M. we took the steamboat C. Vibbard for Newburg. Before we reached there, Mary concluded to go on to the Catskill Mountains. Afternoon we were invited to the Pilot House, where we had complete advantage of the scenery, with full explanations from the pilot and captain. We felt grateful for this special privilege.

We landed at Catskill village, and took a stage for the mountains. Here we spent a most delightful week in the home of Mrs. Baker. I was perfectly enraptured with the grandeur of the scenery The Bible history, especially our Saviour's experience at the mountains, had a deepened meaning. Time was improved, All points of interest were visited. Will give my journal of one day:

October 5th.—Arose early; had our devotions. After breakfast prepared for a ride. Miss Eva Baker accompanied us; we left there at 7 A.M.; took a lunch with us. Oh that we could describe the scenery of this day! No artist could do it justice. We visited Profile Rock, Fawn's Leap, Dripping Rock, Buttermilk Falls, Haines' Falls, Cauterskill Falls and the Laurel House. Here we met Mrs. Cleveland, sister of Horace Greelev. We ate our dinner on Sunset Rock. While here, two lady-artists sketched our party. While the rest went to gather ferns and leaves, I remained. The ladies proposed our exchanging cards. To my surprise, one of them was a niece of Dr. Pearne. She seemed delighted, as she had read The Valley of Baca.

I went up to the Laurel House; had a rest before they were ready to go to the Mountain House. This excelled all. A writer well says: "There is something indescribable in the pleasure experienced during the first hour upon the piazza, of the Mountain House, gazing upon the scene toward the east."

As we came through the spacious hall upon the piazza and on Table Rock, my first thought was of the Saviour's experience when taken up into a high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. Here we were almost three thousand feet above tidewater, yet great peaks towered above us. Our guide says: "Although the Mountain House is far below the highest summits of the range, yet portions of four States of the Union and an area of about ten thousand square miles are comprised in the scope of vision from its piazza."

From here we descended the winding Grand Mountain Road. Now and then the eye takes in a magnificent panorama of hill and valley, forest and river, hamlet and village, and thousands of broad acres where herds graze, and the farmer gathers his crops, much of it dimly defined because of distance. It seems more like a map in all its perfection, than a picture of nature. We were delighted with our boarding-place, the scenery was so beautiful.

Just after we reached Catskill Landing, October 9th, a heavy storm came up. The river was very rough when we first went on board the Vanderbilt at 6 P.M., but within two hours we had the privilege of enjoying the beautiful "moonlight on the Hudson." We spent a delightful evening, then retired for a good night's rest.

It seemed quite natural to travel lying down, yet how fully I realized, as the train passed us, the contrast of this night's ride and the one on

my cot, when the train went flying down the Hudson, when on my way to Ocean Grove the first time! I will copy a clause of what I wrote in my journal that night on the boat:

"Oh the change! How helpless I was then, and what I suffered! Am sure, if the skeptics could realize it all, and see the change, they could not doubt but divine power has been manifested in my case. No human means alone could have wrought so great a change in so short a time.

"There seems to be so much controversy about my cure. Mr. Hume's words are so often used, 'We must admit any solution rather than a miracle.' Dr. Bushnell adds, 'Little wonder is it that we have difficulty in sustaining the historic facts of Christianity, when the most Christian, most evangelic teachers assume, so readily, the utter incredibility of any such gifts and wonders as the Gospels report, and as they themselves have it for a righteousness to believe.'"

We went directly to Ocean Grove, arriving that evening. Found sisters preparing to start for Philadelphia, where they had a prospect of business. Sister Chatham and I remained about a week longer. Blessed memories are associated with all the experiences of those months. We had a happy, congenial family throughout the season. Friendships were formed which we

cherished dearly, and which we hope to renew again on earth—we confidently expect to continue in heaven.

October 14th.—"Praise ye the Lord! Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments."

This afternoon, as I take my rest, I have a consciousness that the chief desire of my heart is to work for souls, to do whatever will most glorify my Father in heaven, who for me gave his only-begotten Son. "Unspeakable Gift," which calls for every exertion of praise and gratitude.

"O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown;
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

My precious sisters have left us; I do trust they will be able to secure what seem to be openings before them. It was so kind in Brother G. to intercede in their behalf, but his letter just received expresses fears of disappointment. Dear girls! what faithful sisters they have been to me! I did long to succeed, so they could realize something for their summer's work. But we will praise the Lord that things are as well with us as they are. We have had a blessed summer.

Evening.-Had several calls; Brother Bancroft

and father Osborn had prayers. Seems strange for Sister C. and me to be alone. Our little altar is sacred; her prayers do my soul good. We must soon separate. I can scarcely ever look at her and think of all the comfort she has given me without emotion.

Sabbath we had a farewell prayer-meeting at Grace Cottage, led by Brother Lilagore, Sister In skip and others participating. It was a memorable meeting. With faith we could ask a blessing upon each soul that had entered our cottage during the season. At Sister Davidson's we spent our last night.

A terrific storm prevented our going on Tuesday; I had not witnessed the sea in such a storm. Had a talk with one of the life-saving crew. I was thankful for this scene. "Awfully grand, terribly sublime," expresses it.

In company with Mrs. Eaton of Washington, D. C., we took the train, at Elizabeth, New Jersey. Sister Chatham left us for her home in Philadelphia; I went on to New York. After going with our party to A. T. Stewart's store, I left them there and wended my way to 69 Second Avenue.

This hour I felt for the first time that I had started out into the world alone. It indeed seemed like beginning life anew. Oh how I prayed for God to guide each step! I knew I was in the right path, and soon had a warm welcome at

#### BETHANY INSTITUTE.

This is an institute for the training of Christian women as Bible-readers, city and foreign missionaries. I think there is no other institution in this country having the same specific aim and plan.

Its course is for one year, and its departments of instruction are biblical, medical and practical. The expense to its missionary students is very small, as they are mainly sustained by the institute after the probationary month.

Its superintendents are the Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Ruliffson, who exercise a kind and parental care as well as superintendence over those who are in preparation for their future work. Into this joyous and happy training-home are welcomed young women of all denominations who are called to missionary labor, and who seek experience and preparation for the same.

In this delightful missionary atmosphere I felt much at home, attending the lectures and biblical instruction, and gathering new inspiration from the direct, practical gospel methods of its workers. This institute became my head-quarters for weeks, and my earnest prayer is that many who read this simple record of a most worthy institute may be led to enter its course of studies and missionary work.

On Friday accepted the repeated invitation of Mrs. Clark to visit her. Went expecting to remain but a few hours, but Mr. and Mrs. C. kindly insisted on my making their house my home during my stay in the city.

Monday, October 28, 1878.—Oh for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost! I want, through boundless mercy and free grace, an increasing intercourse and communion with my God every day,

better preparing me for the duty of each moment, whether rest or work shall number the hours of this week.

O my Father, give me wisdom, power and physical strength to do all thy will. Thou knowest I must be clothed; direct us in all our shopping to-day. May even my garments please thee!

Evening.— One year last night since I met the Garrigues brothers. What a marked year of God's special care! What true and faithful friends they have been! Surely they will have their recompense of the Lord. They will take nothing from me for their labor.

After lunch, Sister C. went with me to purchase my cloak, bonnet and winter wear. As I put on the cloak I thought, "Oh that I might be a blessing to each person I meet in this garment!" Had a talk with the ladies from whom I bought it and the bonnet. They were both professors. My friends are all interested in my dressing becomingly, though plainly. I do not believe in extremes either way, but we must hear the voice of conscience in these matters.

We came home, and after dinner I accompanied Grandma Hazen, Henry and his mamma to hear Dr. Newman's lecture on "Babylon." This was a treat.

Wednesday, 30th.—At the lovely home of Brother Wm. Peck Smith, Brooklyn. It is late,

but I must commit to your pages a note of these blessed days. Yesterday morning I spent in writing letters. In the afternoon called for my bonnet and went to pay for it; to my surprise, Sister Clark presented it to me. From the store we went to Dr. Palmer's meeting, where we had a little foretaste of heaven. Many ministers present. Dear Brother Belden, with whom I had been well acquainted, did not know me. Also met Sister Washburn and many others whom I knew. Sister Mary D. James went home with us; had several calls

This morning we all went to Mrs. W. K. Schenck's, to the ladies' meeting. Sister Botome, Sister W. and I remained here for lunch. Brother Smith called and took us to the holiness-meeting at First Place, Brooklyn. I did not know I was advertised to be there, but the Helper was with me in my weakness. Dr. McPherson took tea with us; spent a pleasant evening.

November 1, 1878.—At Sister Clark's. Two more interesting days have passed. This has been a special privilege. Yesterday A. M. went to Dr. Tyng's church. Attended the convention met to discuss "The Second Coming of Christ;" was surprised to meet acquaintances from all parts of the land. Had the pleasure of meeting several with whom I have corresponded—Rev. H. L. Hastings, Dr. Charles Cullis and others.

Brother Russell of Pittsburg, would have me take lunch with him. Here I met Wm. Stili, the author of *The Underground Railroad*, a copy of which he presented to me.

Afternoon.—The meeting was very interesting; Dr. Feltwell went with me to see Harriet Britton, the great missionary. Returned for evening-meeting; heard several great speakers. In the afternoon had a number of calls. Miss Stevens says she read of my restoration while in Paris, France.

Evening.—We all went to the convention; heard Dr. Tyng, Jr., Dr. Brooks of St. Louis, Maj. Whittle of Chicago, and Dr. MacKay of England. This A. M. Sister C. had her servants gather in the nursery, where we had a precious season of prayer before parting. Sister Clark went with me to Bethany Institute, where Mrs. Townsend came for me at 2 P. M. We started for Orange; arrived at her home in time for tea.

Dr. Bartine, the Methodist Episcopal pastor, and wife, Mrs. Mann and her son Albert, spent the evening with us. Dr. B. closed with prayer. He arranged for to-morrow's services. Oh that I may have unction from on high to do my whole duty! Miss Ida Townsend came with her aunt; she is a lovely character in many respects; plays beautifully; is the organist in Dr. Deems' Sabbath-school.

Sabbath was a lovely day. Greatly enjoyed

Dr. Bartine's sermon on the "Cedars of Leb-He compared the character of the Christian to the trees. I have seen fine paintings of our Saviour, but never was so impressed as when I entered the church and gazed upon the life-size figure of Christ in one window and the beloved disciple in the other; as the sun shone against the outside, it was beautiful. I was enraptured with the thought that he is not a picture only to my soul, but a real Saviour, a present reality. When we returned to evening services, the shades of night had made of this beautiful picture only a blur; we could not define the figures. How well this compares with the view which sinners have of Christ! They cannot see the King in his beauty; they treat him as though he were no more to them than was this blur upon the window to our vision by gaslight. Oh how sad the thought of the final condition of that soul who neglects the ample provision made for the salvation of man through the sufferings of Christ, "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree"! "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no

sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "The righteousness of God which is by faith in Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

Thursday, 6th.—In Grandma Everett's room; they fear she will never return to this room again. She is sinking fast, but so happy in the Lord! "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." Such are prepared for the last conflict. Her son Peter has come; they expect Rev. T. T. Everett to-day.

On Tuesday, at the temperance-meeting, led by Mrs. Dr. Knowles, a lady approached me, saying, as she took my hand,

"How thankful I am to meet you! I never expected to have this privilege. I read of your restoration while at my home in Florence, Italy."

She then introduced me to her sister, Miss Van Marter who edits the "Bay-window" in the *Methodist Episcopal Sunday-School Advocate*.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Van Marter came for an hour or two. It is seldom I enjoy such a treat as the society of one person alone. She is a sufferer. It is pleasant to mingle with congenial spirits. She feels we may meet in her home in Italy.

When she and others speak of my going across the water, the neglected fields in our own land come up before me. This brings forcibly to remembrance what at the time seemed a wonderful prediction when confined to my couch of suffering even before entering the homeopathic hospital for treatment. Dear Mary Elliott, a minister in the Society of Friends, from Ohio, visited me while at Sister D.'s. After sitting a time in silence she startled all by saying,

"I seem to feel that thou wilt yet stand upon thy feet; and if obedient, thou wilt do more effectual work for the Master on thy feet than thou hast done upon thy couch; and not only on this, but on the other side of the Atlantic."

I am thankful, with all that has offered since my restoration, to visit other countries, there is no desire to go until my heavenly Father's will.

Dr. Richards called for me; I spent a pleasant hour in their home. According to engagement, I dined with Mrs. Deitze, the constant friend of Mollie Fanshaw of Brooklyn, who has a mysterious power of working without her sight. Mrs

D. has a large embroidered afghan and some bez tiful wax-work which she made. Her history is wenderful. Yesterday she took me to see another invalid, Miss Hart; after a pleasant talk we had prayers. When I enter an invalid's room I seem to live over my past life. After a pleasant afternoon with the little party we had prayer. Mr. D. took me to Rev. Bartine's, where I had promised to spend the night. Went across to Mrs. Townsend's to see Grandma E.; she knew me. Seems fully reconciled to go or stay, as the Lord wills. Rev. T. T. Everett came over and took dinner with us to-day. I have had a good time with Sister B. Was surprised with a present from Dr. Richards and wife of ten dollars. Mrs. D. bought ten books. I can now send mother her rent. How I would like to send her more! But my heart bounds in gratitude with every dollar that helps me cancel a debt. How mother will rejoice with me when I am free from debt! I desire this above all temporal things: then, next, to be able to make her more comfortable in her feebleness. How blessed to realize that we are in the hands of Him who holds the world! This is peace and rest such as the world knows not. Brother S. writes that they expect me in B. to-morrow.

November 19th.—In company with Everett Townsend, I went to Brooklyn; had a cordial

welcome at Fleet street parsonage by Rev. I. Simmons and family, with whom pleasant days were spent. Enjoyed meeting here my dear friends Miss Lily Beal and Rev. A. M. See.

Saturday night I attended the closing service of a holiness-convention. Sister Anna Oliver and others gave practical testimonies. Sabbath morning I attended service at Fleet Street M. E. church; in the afternoon, a union Sabbath-school of Brother Wilson's. After a brief address here to a large audience I returned to my room, feeling deeply the responsibility of the evening's services. This weight increased with my sense of weakness and inability; it seemed impossible for me to address that audience. I went with trembling to my seat; my soul cried unto God for help. As I arose to go to the stand I had such a realization of the value of immortal souls I lost sight of great men, and only felt the responsibility of this hour in view of eternity. The Spirit of the Lord gave me utterance. A deep solemnity pervaded the house. As I took my seat, Brother S., the pastor, said,

"Shall I speak of your books?"

I at once felt that they must not be mentioned. As I went down from the pulpit a gentleman, a navy-officer, from Washington, D. C., said,

"I want to shake hands with you. I came into this meeting in a very skeptical frame of mind; I had no faith in you, but you have convinced me

of some things. I want to have a talk with you."

We arranged a meeting for the next evening at the parsonage; he brought others with him. My book, *The Valley of Baca*, was noticed on the table by one who exclaimed,

"Why was this not spoken of last night?"

The reason being given, the first-mentioned gentleman said,

"There! I don't know anything about the circumstances, the needs, in the case; but had those books been advertised, it would have counteracted the impression made upon the people. The public has been imposed upon to such extent that now we naturally ask, when we hear of a special meeting, 'What is the object?' Miss Smith is right in not giving the world a chance to say she is making capital of this wonderful experience. The Lord will bless her for it."

Other prominent persons have said the same. Some have felt I did wrong in not permitting a collection to be taken, or the books presented on several important occasions when it would have been greatly to my advantage, but I dare not let the temporal interfere with the spiritual interests. The results of good accomplished by keeping an eye entirely single to the glory of God and the salvation of souls have been ample reward for all self-denial required. I praise the Giver of all bless-

ings for the keeping grace in this respect. I have attended meetings where I knew many books would be sold if the matter was pressed. At the same time I was needing means, yet was sweetly kept from a selfish thought, because I went forth doing my duty with a consciousness that I was pleasing Him who always opens my way through every obscure path.





### CHAPTER XXI.

### SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

NE day Brother E. Jones gave me ten dollars for books he sold privately. I was sure I had put it away securely, but on reaching Mrs. C.'s I discovered it was gone. I returned to the spot where I was confident I had lost it, but in vain. I always hoped some needy one found it.

When I went to my room I was made to feel my loss more deeply by letters which increased the obligations which must be met. It was very difficult to sell the books. I did not know what to do; I was depending greatly upon that ten dollars. When thinking of my afflicted loved ones, and how much good this would do mother, for a moment I was overcome, when I thought, "How helpless I am! I can do nothing of myself. I might fret here until morning, and what will it profit? I shall not let the evil one take advantage of me in this, but will fly to my Refuge." I could do no more. I prayed for my way to be

opened, if best, to sell the books and carriageafghan made by sister, and for this trial to be made in some way a blessing to my soul. I retired sweetly trusting heavenly Father, into whose hands I committed all.

As has been said, "To wait upon the Lord is to never be confounded by any array of circumstances, however perplexing to outward sense. The special preparation for service is a trial, and Satan will ever seek to disturb, depress or tempt the soul that has seen the results of a battle with self, as the enemy of the Lord."

The next morning was stormy. They expected me at the Ladies' Christian Union prayer-meeting, at Dr. Taylor's tabernacle, at 11 A. M. As I had a severe cold, my friends doubted the propriety of my going out, but after a season of prayer they felt I must go. There was a large attendance. As requested, I gave my experience; other testimony of the wonders of grace followed.

After the close a lady said to me, "You have done me so much good! My faith is strengthened. I am one of the weak ones. Cannot tell why, but I feel the Lord would have me give you this;" and she placed in my hands ten dollars. I could not refrain from tears as a lady at her side said,

"Let me put ten more to that."

I told them of what had occurred. This proved a double blessing. A lady mentioned an incident

connected with the reading of my book. By this, and through Sisters Clark and James, a number of books were sold. My heart was joyful in this deliverance and the privilege of sending dear mother a needed package for Thanksgiving.

This same evening we attended the annual reunion of Bethany Institute. This proved an enjoyable occasion. The missionaries in the field who could not be present wrote their greeting and gave a report of their work.

During the following weeks I visited Father MacNamara's mission and different institutions, also public schools, and attended the temperance-meetings by Francis Murphy. Many interesting incidents occurred similar to the following. As the pledges were passed we were admonished to speak to those near us. I said to a fine-looking young man,

" Have you signed the pledge?"

"No, madam, I have not, and do not intend to, because I am too much of a gentleman to sign and break it. I could not keep that pledge."

"Is it possible that you are so far gone—a young man of such ability as you appear to have?"

He insisted that he was in no danger. As I talked to him about what his condition would be if he continued in this downward course he became more interested, and when I asked, "Have you a mother?" he answered, with emotion,

"Yes, I have a mother who has been a good Christian forty years, and I have a dear little wife who is a Christian."

"Oh, sir, for their sakes, if not for your own, will you not consider this matter seriously? Unless you do, that mother and wife must have broken hearts."

Directly he said,

"Madam, where can I bring my wife to see you?"

The next evening they came to Bethany, where we had a solemn season. He prayed, for the first time in years, for God to help him begin a new life, to keep his pledge. His interesting wife shed tears of gratitude, as she told me of what she had suffered through this terrible curse; but for this, her home would have been happy. New hope sprang up in her heart.

How many homes are robbed of comfort and happiness by the wine-cup! Oh, then, you who are tempted, hear the warning voices that come to you from many directions; you cannot tamper with this poison without the steps tending downward.

November 28th.—Thanksgiving, and a real one it has been to my soul. Spent last night at Bethany. Many of the poor destitute ones with whom the missionaries are laboring, came this morning with their baskets for their Thanksgiv-

· ing-dinner. They remained for morning prayers. It was interesting to watch their faces brighten when their baskets were returned to them.

On our way to the Murphy meeting we met many who it was evident would not have any luxuries to-day. As Francis Murphy said, "The lunch will be given to-day as usual in the lectureroom; as you are aware, it will not be convenient for some of the boys to take turkey-dinner at home," he reminded many of the blessings they had to be thankful for in their homes of plenty.

I promised Mrs. Clark I would take my first Thanksgiving-dinner on my feet with them. We have had a pleasant time; met Mrs. Hoagland, Mrs. Downs, also Col. Bryant. He has arranged to go with me on a mission.

The following Tuesday, in company with Mrs. James, I visited Mrs. Bella Cook. She has been helpless twenty-three years, yet in her affliction does great good through the means put into her hands to distribute; nearly ninety families were the recipients of her bounty on Thanksgivingday. She is one of the most lovely characters we ever met. We went from here to Dr. Palmer's prayer-meeting, where a number of us had been invited to dine.

In November, 1871, Rev. H. Belden visited Ohio; we entered into a covenant to pray for each other. While he was attending meetings

in Connecticut, I wrote him of a special blessing that came to me while praying for his service. He wrote me what a meeting they had at that hour—how one burdened soul was blessed. Our letters passed each other. I here met that lady from Connecticut, and Rev. Belden, and many others who witnessed to the power of covenant prayer.

Wednesday I attended the mothers' meeting at the Tabernacle, led by Mrs. Willard. Many testimonies proved that a mother's prayers are not lost. I met with one incident that occurred in the Brooklyn penitentiary which may serve to illustrate the mysterious providence of God in treasuring up and answering the prayers of his people. I give below a synopsis of the story.

J. W. was the son of a clergyman; had received a liberal education; was blessed with a mother whose whole life was a prayer for her children; especially was her heart engaged for the conversion of this her eldest son. He left his father's house full of high hopes for the future, carrying in his pocket letters of introduction to prominent men in this country. He obtained a place in a mercantile house in Brooklyn. It is the old story of temptations smiling on him from every side, and the absence of help from the Christian world by which he was surrounded. His father was far away; his mother had gone to her heaven-

ly home, and her boy fell a prey to Satan. In less than four months from the time he left his father's house he was a prisoner in the Kings county penitentiary, his reputation blasted, his hopes ruined. While waiting in the prison-cell for his turn to come to be attired in the fatal prison-suit—waiting in that sort of listlessness which is the border-land of hopeless despair he saw lying at his feet a piece of an old paper. Mechanically he stooped and picked it up. It was a number of the bright little paper Good Cheer. Almost the first words that met his eyes were from his own mother's pen, the title of the article being "The Last Opportunity." The Holy Spirit suddenly and awfully impressed it upon his heart, that these words were for himthat this waiting hour in his prison-cell, with his mother's words ringing in his ears, was indeed his last opportunity. In his anguish he cried to God; and who ever cried in vain? It was on the following Sunday, in the prison-chapel, while singing the hymn,

# "Just as I am, without one plea,"

that he was enabled to say from his soul, "O Lamb of God, I come!" and the decision for eternity was made. He says of himself: "God suffered me to go to prison that my mother's prayers for me might be answered." He served out his

term in the prison, and is now at liberty. But long before he felt, himself liberated from the chains with which Satan had bound him, for he was "the Lord's freeman."

I also met a beautiful girl who was a terrible character; had been at Sing Sing and other prisons. Chaplain Bass told me she was converted soon after entering this prison, where she served four years. She left the next week after I met her. Brother Bass writes she has done a great work since going out, as well as in the prison. A wonderful history comes from these and other such cases, each some mother's child. May they be helpful to others.

That very copy of Good Cheer was given to me.

#### "SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

"'And of some have compassion, making a difference.'—JUDE 22.

- "At home or away, in the alley or street,
  Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
  A girl that is thoughtless or boy that is wild,
  My heart echoes softly, 'Tis some mother's child.'
- "And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
  Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,
  Be it woman all fallen or man all defiled,
  A voice whispers sadly, 'Ah, some mother's child!'
- "No matter how far from the right she hath strayed, No matter what inroads dishonor hath made, No matter what elements cankered the pearl, Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

- "No matter how wayward his footsteps have been, No matter how deep he is sunken in sin, No matter how low is his standard of joy, Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
- "That head has been pillowed on tenderest breast, That form has been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed, That soul has been prayed for in tones sweet and mild: For her sake deal gently with some mother's child."





## CHAPTER XXII.

#### RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA.

A FTER spending several days in Jersey City, attending a meeting held by Rev. J. R. Irvin and wife, I went to Philadelphia to my sisters.

Saturday, P. M., December 14, 1878.—

"Count the mercies, count the mercies!
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep a daily faithful record
Of the comforts from above;
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary desert way;
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts each day."

I trust my seeing those sad hearts to-day was not in vain. As Sister James said when she wrote those lines, it brings us "lovely green spots" and cheers our hearts when we can help others.

Mary Chatham came for me. We called on Sister Dunbar; from there to the store of G. brothers; then to the hospital. Everything seems

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natural about my old room. Called on Dr. Morgan, and returned to Mary's home. Each of these places is freighted with memories of past associations with these kind friends that time will not obliterate. Dr. M. has not charged me a dollar for all his services; I long to pay him something.

Yesterday, after many calls, we attended the Friday holiness-meetings at 1018 Arch street, led by Rev. Wm. Gray and Rev. Levy. For years I have been reading of these meetings; it was a soul-feast.

To-day I called on Miss Leeds, Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Dotterer; dined with the latter. Met Dr. Gestler; he seemed astonished to see such a change in me.

How glad I am to get back to our room! It is a blessed retreat. It is a real luxury to have a little while alone, to rest and gather strength in the Lord.

Many invitations are coming to attend meetings. I cannot accept all; have made engagements for every night next week. Our dear friend Stokes came with a treat, as she always does.

Tuesday, 24th December.—Last Saturday morning Mary C. and myself went to Frankford. We were obliged to return in a terrible snow-storm, though we rode in the street-car part of the way. Brother A. Flitcraft called for me in the afternoon,

and, as the day was so stormy, I felt much inclined to stay at home, but it was a question of duty, and I decided to go with him and fill my engagement at Chester, Pennsylvania.

Sabbath, at 10 A. M., I attended Friends' meeting. In the afternoon a number came into Brother F.'s; had a profitable time, yet I longed to be alone with Him who knew my utter helplessness.

After tea Rev. Robinson of the M. E. church came in. I asked him,

"What of the evening?"

He answered,

"We expect you to occupy it."

I said,

"You must not depend upon me; I feel like an empty vessel, unless a message is given me for the evening."

As we walked to the church he said,

"I am confident the Lord led you here; we shall have his presence to-night."

When before the congregation, I felt more than ever my entire emptiness. I could not realize what the Lord would have me to do until during Brother F.'s prayer; then oh how the light broke in! I lost sight of all else but the immortal souls before me; I had liberty. At the close, the very ones that I most feared were the first to greet me. Col. Theodore Hyatt, president of the Military Academy, would have me go home

with his party. We talked to a late hour and had earnest prayer. They proved friends indeed. As I came into the academy I thought, "How many boys come here who have anxious mothers at home!"

This morning I attended the Friends' meeting again. As I took my seat I remembered that two years ago, this same hour, I was carried on my cot into the Friends' meeting at Chester, Indiana. This afternoon I returned to Philadelphia; went with Brother F. to Mrs. Keen's, another meeting I had often read about.

I cannot realize that Christmas is so near. We will spend the day with Brother H. G. It is sad to be, as a family, separated at Christmas, yet what cause for thanksgiving we have!

January, 1, 1879.—A new year has dawned upon us, bringing its opportunities. We had a solemn watch-meeting at Mount Pleasant Avenue M. E. church, Rev. A. F. Dotterer pastor; we spent the last moments in silent prayer, then sang,

"Come, let us anew Our journey pursue."

The desire of my heart is intense to work for souls—to so live that every step is obedience. "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever; for they are the rejoicing of my heart." How true

"Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move"!

It is persevering; it continues in storms as well as in sunshine, and is equally constant when driven by fierce winds and adverse tides, as when sailing upon a tranquil sea.

I remained all night at Mr. Thomas'; greatly enjoyed seeing Brother Dotterer's fine collection of relics from the Holy Land, and the views which Dr. Strong and he took while there. From here we went to Brother Thos. Cope's, where a profitable day was spent. Rev. R. Whinna took tea with us. We attended evening-services in his church; returned to Brother Cope's. This morning I went through their stocking-factory; they employ several hundred hands; make thousands of pairs of hose a day. Sister Thos. Cope presented me with a New Year's gift. May they have their reward!

From there I came to Rev. John Thompson's, where I took tea. Enjoyed the visit greatly; met "Junietta."

Thence we went to Bethany mission for colored people—my first visit to this school, in which I have felt a deep interest for years through letters received, and the visits of the teachers to my room. We had a solemn meeting.

Fanuary 11th.—Another week is almost gone; each day has been marked with interest. I have

attended temperance, and Young Men's Christian Association, with other meetings. To-morrow I go to the Mariners' Bethel.

Would that I could thank the ladies of New York for the interest they have manifested in having sold sister Molly's afghan and some of my books! They write me so kindly!

Among the many places where my heart was stirred in the work, was the Sunday Morning Breakfast. Seven or eight hundred men and a few women were seated in a body; three sandwiches and two cups of coffee were given to each one. While they ate, the visitors on the platform were singing; then speeches were made, and often encouraging testimonies came from reformed men. The jug-system was one of the supports of this work. A little jug was left at business-houses, and the employés or customers would leave their contributions. I was deeply interested in this work.

At the Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates of Philadelphia, the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, and at all the temperance-meetings, and in many of the prisons and other places, I have seen wonderful work accomplished, through the grace of God, with the instrumentalities used in the reformation of men. Some of education and ability, who have fallen through drink from prominent positions down almost to degradation, have been saved and made new creatures through the power of God. The general testimony is, "I am what I am by the grace of God alone."

One morning we were talking with a railroadman about my travelling as baggage and always paying full fare. I said,

"Well, that is past; I would be grateful if I could now travel at even half-fare."

Just then a friend received a note from ——, with whom he had a talk concerning the matter. He turned to me, saying,

"Did thee not just say if half fare was granted thee would be satisfied? See here;" and he handed me a full pass to go home and return.

During the same day I visited several sick; attended ladies' meeting at Young Men's Christian Association Hall, also noon-services. Went to see parties at Mr. John Wanamaker's; then met an engagement at Hannah W. Smith's, where we had a blessed meeting. In the evening I attended the second anniversary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; this was a meeting of peculiar interest to all classes and denominations. Rev. Dr. Dana Boardman, Rev. Dr. McCook, a Jewish rabbi, a Roman Catholic priest, the Methodist and Episcopal bishops, and others, were represented either in person or by letters. But few have any idea of the work ac-

complished by the society, in behalf of abused children.

February 5th.—How thankful I am to have a while at my room! I need rest. Mrs. Rudolph is so kind! Thursday I was at Dr. Warren's church; did not have the liberty in talking I desired, yet trust it was not in vain. Took tea with Mrs. E. W., and met Prof. E. W. Clark.

On Friday attended the temperance-meeting, also the lecture of Rev. H. M. Field, D.D.; subject, "Around the World." Prof. E. Warren Clark gave a panorama of the prominent places described by Mr. Field.

Saturday, Mrs. Scott called with her carriage to take me to visit an invalid, and thence to the Children's Home in West Philadelphia. Met several interesting cases; one little skeleton of a babe was almost starved when it came into the Home. We had prayers at several places, and then returned.

Mrs. Dr. Gause called for me at 5 P. M. When seated in the carriage she said,

"How is your faith for the evening? There will be much unbelief to meet among the professors and students; we shall have quite a company."

I said,

"I know I am in the path of duty if we do our part, and even that which is seemingly a failure; I can leave the results in our Father's hands"

By 8 P. M. several physicians and students, with Rev. D. C. Babcock and wife, Mrs. Wittenmyer, H. W. Smith, Mrs. Jones, Anna Shiply, and many others, were present, making a pleasant parlormeeting. I would not give the experience until the physicians consented to honestly investigate the case, leaving no room for question.

At the close Prof. G. said,

"Gentlemen and ladies, I have a confession to make. I have been determined that homoeopathy should have all the credit; I did not believe that prayer had anything to do with this restoration; but I acknowledge I am mistaken. I supposed, as Prof. J. C. Morgan was here, we would have some help on our side from him, but his confirmation is as strong as hers. We cannot take the divine interposition out of this case."

I remained with them all night.

Sabbath, 8 A. M., went to the Breakfast Association; had a good meeting. Afternoon went with Sister Gause to the temperance-meeting at Spring Garden Hall. Many hearts were prompted to prayer and praise. As usual, mothers begged me to pray for their sons. Oh for power to take hold of each soul that says, "Pray for me"! Sister Garrigues had her Sunday-school class there; she calls them "her Chautauqua girls."

According to promise, went home with Sister Hart; had a rest before tea. Went over to Green Street church; heard Rev. R. W. Humphries preach. Have promised to be there on Wednesday and Sabbath evenings.

Monday was a lovely day; I had a talk with several sorrowing ones. Went to Mrs. L.'s in time to meet the party who were going to the House of Correction: we took lunch there. Prof. E. M. C., Rev. Cleveland and mother, of Brooklyn, and others, joined us, among whom were Mr. Duff, one of the managers, his daughter and son. The hack met us; we were taken through the building and over the farm, even in the dairies and piggeries, which were a sight to me, as well as to see the inmates at work. We gave many cards and tracts. They gave me a geranium, which I shall take to Ohio. On my way home the street-car conductor, to whom I had given tracts several weeks ago, kindly assured me my words had been effectual.

Brother Benj. Crew, Mr. Pettit and Mr. Speare spent part of the evening with us in Mrs. Rudolph's parlor.

Last night, by request of the pastor, Rev. J. S. J. McConnell, I led the meeting at St. Paul's church. How very kind Mrs. Scott is! She took Mollie out riding, who enjoyed it, but seemed weak and exhausted. As soon as able

she will go home. I hope we can all go soon. I know the time is long to our dear mother.

While at Mrs. Scott's I met Rev. Hurst, D. D., of Drew Seminary, with Sisters S. and Boyd; had a profitable talk about the work among young men. Friday night I promised to be at the watchmeeting and remain all night at Brother I. D. Ware's, who are dear friends.

By special request of Mrs. Freeberger, the matron, who is a very dear friend, I spent some days at the Magdalen Asylum, an institution for the shelter and reformation of fallen women. These were days not to be forgotten. The services were all attended with interest. While there are some stubborn cases, others were deeply penitent; numbers of conversions have occurred at this home.

A matron from one of these asylums writes me:

"Is it right that we as Christians, children of one family, 'of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,' and by the One 'wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved,' should draw back, and think ourselves holier than these fallen sisters?

"If we dared to view it in the natural, we might shrink from contact with them; but when we remember it is all of grace that I am as I am, and remembering, too, Jesus once said, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more,' and

that the way that was made accessible for me is just as free to them, and no other way is made to them but the one that is free to all, and that, too, there was just as much joy in heaven over them as there was over me when I repented, and, best of all, *Yesus delights to dwell with them*,—where am I made to differ from them?"





# CHAPTER XXIII.

#### VISITING THE SICK.

EBRUARY 14, 1879.—Through Sister E. Boyd, who is deeply interested in my welfare, my books were mentioned at the two last meetings; the brethren have sold several copies privately. I shrink from having it done, but the world cannot say I have been working for money. My eye has been single in every step of my way to the glory of God, and through grace it shall continue so.

"Father, I know that all my life.
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee."

Dear Mollie started home last night; I will rejoice when Fannie and I can go, but will cheerfully do my duty while we remain, praising the Lord for many opportunities. My friends are

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pressing me to get my sequel out as soon as possible.

I greatly enjoyed going to the Newsboys' Home. I saw the boys introduced to their new quarters. Number Sixteen, their leader, has a little room furnished by G. W. Childs of the Ledger. One boy said, with a shrug of the shoulders, as he looked at his little bed,

"Hi, boys! this'll be better than bumming, won't it?"

Had a pleasant call from Mrs. Lincoln, the singer. They want me to attend their meetings, but my time is all engaged.

In company with Sister Moody, I went on Saturday to Vineland, New Jersey, one of the lovely places; not a liquor-saloon in the community. Saturday night had a little meeting at Brother Peck's; Sabbath they had three services. I remained at Rev. Mr. Pittinger's during the night; suffered with the toothache. Dr. Welsh insisted upon fixing my teeth and putting in one. I sent a telegram I would not be at Philadelphia, so spent most of the day in the dental chair; felt most grateful for the work done there. Spent this stormy night at Mrs. Hughes', an anxious wife, whose husband was out at sea.

Tuesday morning, at six, we took the cars for Philadelphia. Went to Rev. A. Wallace's office; there met Mary C. and Brother G. Went to our

room, repacked my valise, then to the dépôt, where I met Rev. Vanhorn and family; accompanied them to New York. They desired to visit the vessel that he would sail in next day for Palestine. Here we separated. I went to Mr. Pach's, where I found Mrs. Clark waiting for me; we went to Young Men's Christian Association hall, and from there to Bethany Institute, to take a final farewell.

While at tea Mrs. R. said,

"I promised Mrs. E. Congdon that, if only for a few moments, I would bring you to Fifteenth street to see her invalid sister; so, if it is impossible to go to-morrow, we must arrange to go this evening."

We went, and spent a brief but pleasant season with the invalid. As we came out Mrs. R. said,

"Can we turn away from Dr. Palmer's without a little call?"

As I lifted my heart for direction I answered,

"No; we must look in upon them a moment."

As we entered, Sister Palmer exclaimed,

"How wonderful! We were just talking about you. Sister Stevens just said she would have to give up seeing you, because there would not be time for her to go to the Tabernacle."

She started to Paris next day. Here we found Sister James, Brother Rose and Col. Bryant; had a blessed little meeting.

Sister R. accompanied me on the elevated railway to Fifty-seventh street to Mr. Clark's, where her husband met her.

Wednesday I had several missions to perform in the morning; I was rejoiced to have one more visit to these dear homes. Quite early Father McNamara called; soon after, Miss Moony, one of the Five Points missionaries, came. The servants were called up to the parlors, so we could have prayer and conversation together before separating.

I met, according to engagement, a number of friends at the Ladies' Christian Union, at Broadway Tabernacle. After six calls went to Mr. Pach's gallery, and had the photograph taken from which the engraving is made for this book.

Mrs. C. accompanied me to the elevated cars, where we separated. Met an acquaintance here also on the ferry-boat; and when I took my seat in the cars, a lady from Keyport was at my side. I saw, as the conductor came in, he was one who had helped to carry me on my cot. I showed him the picture, saying,

"Did you ever carry that invalid on your train?"

He answered, "Yes, I did," but could scarcely believe I was the same person. He soon came in with two of his boys, saying,

"They will not believe me; they must see for

themselves." I had a profitable little talk with them.

They informed me the fourth one, the brakesman, was killed in an accident between Long Branch and Ocean Grove.

The conductor came in and invited me to go into the baggage-car where my cot had travelled. This has been a common occurrence; seems more natural in the baggage- than in the passenger-car. Many of the boys can tell of tracts or what was said to them when they carried me as baggage.

I arrived at Ocean Grove quite late; here met Mr. Taylor and other railroad boys.

On my way to Thorn Cottage, Brother Imlay would have me stop at the prayer-meeting at St. Paul's. Rev. Barnhart was talking when we entered, but, late as it was, we had a little feast, both here and at Mrs. Thorn's.

Thursday morning we had a deep snow. I went out on the third-story veranda, where the scene was magnificent. The varied shades of newly-painted cottages, the evergreens ornamented with their spires of snow, which spread out before us in an unbroken sheet, greatly contrasted with the mighty raging ocean.

The following Sabbath, Brother J. S. Inskip, who lives next to Thorn Cottage, broke the way and made us a cheery call. Brother Imlay came early and took me to Grace Cottage, where I

had matters to attend to. Took dinner at Sister Davidson's, the Trenton House, where with dear friends we had a little farewell meeting.

Met Sister Lee in the hack, and other acquaintances on the train, among whom was Dr. Stokes. Before I reached Philadelphia spoke with seven of the railroad boys, who had handled my cot. Arrived at Brother S. B. G.'s at 6 P. M., where they had arranged to have a reunion of our Grace Cottage boarders.

I received a message before leaving New York, saying, "Do not disappoint us; some are coming twenty miles to our meeting." I rested until the company gathered. We had a delightful evening of social and spiritual profit.

Next day, with Sister G., made several calls on the sick and sorrowing; had prayer with each one.

Our first visit was to Mrs. Day's Reformed Men's Home, where she had cared for over sixty men the night before, many intelligent-looking men, who seemed to be struggling against the terrible foe. We read the Scriptures, sang and had prayers.

Among six invalids, we called on one young man who was dying with consumption, but without a hope. The next visit was to Miss Anna Mulford, a happy invalid of long standing. From here I took the car to Mary Chatham's; spent

two hours with her—our last meeting. It was a trial to separate, as she was to start for Florida the next day.

Received word that Sister Hughes, who had been an invalid for a year, had come from Haddonfield to meet me at Sister Hart's, on Green street. Here we had a refreshing time with congenial spirits, also a little rest before the engagement to meet Brother J. Leeds at the 5.20 train.

I said to myself, "How thankful I have no engagement for to-night!" But when we arrived at their lovely home in Germantown, dear Sister L. said,

"I want thee to go and take a rest before tea, so thee will be refreshed when the carriage comes to take us to Rev. Redles' church."

I said,

"Must I go out to-night?"

Well, I shall not be expected to talk in the Episcopal church, so it will be a rest. I shall enjoy hearing Brother Redles. We had a good meeting, and, to my surprise, Rev. R. requested me to make a few remarks.

Saturday the carriage was ordered to be ready at 9 A. M. Spent until noon making calls on the sick and on friends. My friend Dr. Teal was surprised to see me on my feet. After lunch I had two hours or more of rest and sleep.

When we went down to dinner, everything

looked beautiful with floral decorations. A pleasant little company spent the evening with us, Rev. R. closing with prayer. After all had retired but Brother and Sister Leeds and his sister Sallie, she presented me with a lovely little watch and chain—an article I greatly felt the need of, but never expressed it to any one. I could but feel that the Lord had prompted my dear friend to give me this surprise. Brother L. put in the box with it a five-dollar gold-piece. My prayer is that each hour of time may be spent acceptably to Him who will reward.

Sabbath morning I attended Friends' meeting; in the afternoon had a little time with an invalid. Spent a pleasant evening with the family.





# CHAPTER XXIV.

## NEWSBOYS' RECEPTION.

FEBRUARY 27th.—My motto for the week has been "Nearer, my God, to thee." The blessings of these days bring me low at his feet.

Monday afternoon I was invited to meet Rev. Richard Newton at Mrs. S.'s, where I remained until Tuesday. When I called at Mrs. Williams' to see Miss Harriet Britton, I enjoyed a rich treat in seeing the large collection of foreign relics. After a busy day took tea with friend R. J. S., as promised. Went to St. Paul's church; from here to our room for the last night.

Wednesday, 10 A. M.—Brother Leeds called for me to go to Twelfth Street meeting. This I greatly enjoyed; it was a profitable meeting to my soul. I met many who cheered me by their visits while in the hospital; being near, I went there, and took lunch with our dear matron, Miss Hunter. Brother L. arranged to visit institutions during the afternoon. When he returned for me, we went

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through the wards and shook hands with all the patients. At one asylum they rang the bell and called all together, so I could bid each one "Good bye." After several other calls, we finished at the Blind Asylum, where we enjoyed a musical treat. From there went to Sister Dunbar's.

On each street-car we gave tracts and talked to the conductors and drivers. It is nothing new to hear such testimony as one gave in answer to the question, "Has thee a family?"—"Yes, a lovely little daughter that I never see awake but once a week, for I get home so late, and have to leave so early."

Sister D. had a number of friends invited for the evening. After social intercourse, Brother Flitcraft led a very interesting meeting of prayer and testimony. Brother S. made the last prayer in this home before I went to the hospital, and the closing one last evening.

Many references were made to my first coming here; precious memories are linked with everything. Last night will not be forgotten. Near the close I was surprised by Willie and Maudie giving me a beautiful bouquet, and in behalf of kind friends Sister D. presented me with a beautiful black dress-pattern and other articles, one made by Sister Chambers' own hand. This morning, before leaving, we had farewell prayers.

After several calls I went to 608 Arch street; there found a package containing a silk dress-pattern from Sister Jones and a chintz from Sister Gause. Would that I could express to my dear friends my appreciation of their kindness! but I cannot tell my gratitude to man. Came on to Brother H. G.'s, where I shall rest until company comes for the evening.

Friday, Mrs. H. G. went with me through the Mint; had a note of introduction to Mr. Thompson, who at once recognized us, as did ex-Governor Pollock, who had not seen me on my feet. It was a curiosity to see them manufacturing the silver coins, and to see the ingots of silver and gold piled up like bricks; the cabinet was filled with curiosities.

After other calls, went to 1512 Chestnut street—American Tract Society—to see Mr. H. N. Thissell. Went to Charles Sharpless' store. He took us through the building, and gave us many ideas of manufacturing goods.

After lunch went to 1018 Arch street, to the Friday meeting, which is always crowded. Rev. Anthony Atwood led. While testimonies were being given, he said,

"We have just heard Lizzie Smith; now we would like to hear from Fennie Smith."

As I closed my few remarks, Louisa Stokes came for me to go with her to the Penn Hospital.

Went through this; had prayers in one ward. From here went to Mrs. C.'s and took a rest.

On my way to an engagement at the Franklin Reformatory Home I ran into the Newsboys' Home for a few moments; had a hearty welcome from the boys; asked for some of their real experience. One of them (Tim's friend) gave me an item that a friend of mine put in tract form. It has gone the rounds of the press. I could give a number of items from newsboys and bootblacks, but have space only for

#### TIM'S KIT.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Limpty Tim" come among them in a quiet way and to hear him say,

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blackin', a good stout box, and the outfit goes

for two shillin's."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfullest kind jist now."

"Goin' out a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money, and said,

"I guess I can write it, if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death-notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Little Ted—of scarlet fever; aiged three yeres. Fu reral to-morrer; gon up to Hevin; left won brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and, pointing to the notice on the counter, gasped,

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord was touched?

This story I read to the boys; talked with them a little, and had prayer. Then, by consent of the matron, I invited them to come to 1616 Brandywine street on Monday night for ten minutes. This invitation delighted them.

After a half hour at the F. R. H. in company with Miss Canning, called at the Academy of Music; she proposed stopping, as we had tickets to the dental commencement. This was a rich treat. From there to her home. I was thankful to make these dear friends a visit. I rested until late Saturday. Miss C. went with me to Mrs. Chambers', where we had a profitable call. Dr. Morgan would have me go with him to see Rev. Dr. Mutchmore. I accompanied Mrs. Morgan and Miss C. to the Incurables' Home. We had a pleasant time, yet I felt, after leaving, it might have been made more profitable could we have had more

time for prayer. I led the temperance-meeting in the afternoon. Albert Votaw of Indiana met me here. After a brief visit with Mrs. Jones, I returned to Brother G.'s for the night, almost too weary to rest.

Sabbath morning found me refreshed and ready for the day's engagements. The first was at 8 A. M. at the Breakfast Association. There were nearly one thousand present. Mr. Dutchess, the first speaker, gave an illustration of a vessel bound for Liverpool. She was discovered to be out of her bearings and running near to rocks and shoals, but, the crew obeying their captain's orders, the course was changed and the vessel sailed safely into harbor. "So," said the speaker, "it is with you: if you will only obey the Captain's orders and steer away from these dens of iniquity which like the rocks and shoals are waiting to destroy, and follow the exact course which your compass-the Bible-points out, you will land safely in the harbor of heaven."

From this point we went to the penitentiary to attend services there, then through the corridors; stopped in several cells and had conversation with the prisoners.

Monday A. M. Dr. Child called in his carriage; took me to Girard College and to Mr. Cahill's; then to 1018 Arch street. Here I met ministers and other friends. I felt that it was blessed to be

at this sacred place and enjoy Brother T. T. Everett's sermon at ministers' meeting.

Our farewell reception in the City of Brotherly Love will ever be set down among my pleasant memories. A company of nearly one hundred gathered at the home of Brother H. G. At the appointed time I heard the tramp of my newsboys. This feature of the evening was a surprise to the company, but I said to them,

"Oh if you ever prayed, do pray now for the next ten minutes. I do want this opportunity to be remembered by them, and to bring forth fruit in their lives."

The boys filed in across the long parlor in an entirely decorous manner. Several little talks were given by gentlemen present, then we all sang "Yield not to temptation." As I shook hands with them and gave them tracts, adding a word here and there, this thought occurred to me for the first time: "West of the mountains there are only three boys under seventeen years of age who have ever seen me on my feet." Oh how earnest was my prayer that I might be a blessing to the children of our land! As the boys bade me "Good-bye" and passed out one of the guests said,

"Don't let us forget to pray for the seed sown to-night. 'Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God giveth the increase.' We don't know how many future statesmen and ministers of Christ may be among these newsboys and bootblacks to-night."

Soon after the boys were gone we were again startled as Brother G. made a passage among the people and brought in my dear old cot, which I supposed was away up town. There was the box that had so long confined my limb and the mattress on which I had lain, everything just as it had looked when I was taken from it. I had a mingling of feelings at this hour. Many of my friends were in tears. Some tender words were said, and as I rose to respond some one said to me,

"Jennie, sit down and talk; you have been standing so much!"

"Oh," I said, "I can't sit down; don't talk to me about sitting when I can stand on my feet, and look at that box, which so long held me bound! If that cot could talk, its story would not be all of suffering; it could tell of wonderful grace that has supported me through all these years. Here I am on the eve of starting to my home in Ohio. Since my feet last trod Ohio's soil over six hundred persons who have stood at my bedside are in their graves, and here am I, the spared monument of God's amazing mercy. May he bless every soul who has ever handled that cot or shaken hands with me while I lay upon it!"

The cot has been doing good service since I was done with it, for several invalids have used it.

We expected to leave on the midnight train. Brother I. D. Ware, having learned that we had not secured tickets for a sleeping-car, went of his own kindness to attend to it; but none could be had, so we remained until the next merning, he having arranged for us in a Pullman car. This was greatly to our advantage, and we were deeply grateful for his kindness. He came with others of our dear friends to see us start for home.

A page from my journal:

March 5th.—On the train! Crossing the Juniata, the mountain-peaks on each side of us are lovely, the ice-crowned tops contrast so strangely with the black points here and there. We passed Horseshoe Bend after night; it was a beautiful sight, illumined as it was, and the furnace-fires added to the witchery of the scene.

Just after midnight, while enjoying a good sleep, the porter roused us, saying,

"A broken wheel! We must change cars."

There was some ill-humor manifested, but the porter exclaimed:

You may be thankful to get off with nothing worse. We narrowly escaped a serious accident."

We reached Columbus at 6.30 A. M.; our friends had expected us the day before. When I did not appear, one said,

"Let us go through to the baggage-car and see if she isn't there."

All were astonished at the great change in me.

Business matters detained me until the next day, so in the afternoon cousin T. C. Barrett took me to the State-house. Met Governor Bishop and other acquaintances, also Dr. Freeman.

We reached Dayton sooner than our friends expected. Fannie walked home, but my old friend Lottie Fallace, whom I met in the dépôt, took me home in her buggy.

My precious mother was perfectly overcome. I feared the result of the shock, as she was very feeble. Her first words, as she took me in her arms, were, "Praise the Lord!" After a while I lay down on the sofa, and she said,

"That is more natural; now I can sit down and talk to you. I cannot realize that you can walk. Only think! I have not seen you on your feet for over seventeen years."

We had many callers who had been doubting Thomases. Dr. C. said,

"Well, well! I have looked forward to this hour for a long time, and can hardly believe my own eyes. It's truly wonderful!"

Such testimonies were not unusual.

Sabbath morning, Brother F. M. Leas, my faithful old friend, took me to Grace church. Dr. Hoyt preached. I walked up those steps

with a grateful heart. My return home revived many memories; in every association there were reminders of the past.

In the afternoon Brother and Sister P. called and took mother and me to Raper church love-feast. There met Dr. Pearne, now our presiding elder. He did not recognize me until Brother M. P. Gaddis referred to his feelings on meeting me at Grace church in the morning. Some one asked him,

"Is this Jennie?"

He answered,

"It's not the old-time Jennie, but a new edition."

My first visit was to the sick. Mrs. Winters called for me on Tuesday to go and see Sister Hammond. Soon after, she passed away triumphantly.

How true that "among the sweet sounds that vibrate through the earth none are sweeter than 'home;' none hath greater power to stir the fount of feelings and wake tender memories of the past—true and worthy—affections, which are as angel-guides to the naturally wayward but striving heart.

"All the choicest blessings of life cluster here, and there are none so hardened or perverse as not to have a chord somewhere which can be touched by the tender remembrances of home.

"It may be deeply imbedded in a rough nature, wellnigh destroyed by crime, but traces of it remain longer than anything else; the heart of the culprit melts and the tears of the prisoner flow as a loving hand applies the pressure.

"In sickness and sorrow, in any and all circumstances, we turn to home.

"'A mother's care! how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure and tender flame
Enkindled from above
To bless a heart of earthly mould,
The warmest love, that can't grow cold,—
This is a mother's love.'"

March 20th.—"Be ready for any work the Master may bring before you; and remember that waiting on him when all seems dark and discouraging is often counted truer service, in his sight, than the more active work we would choose ourselves, but which, to be pleasing to him, must be done in the power gained by much secret abiding in his presence."

I surely need time alone, but there is a sweet abiding in my soul.

This has been a busy day. Mrs. Hixson and Mrs. Gravatt called. I went with them to temperance-meeting; from there with Mrs. M. B. Parmely to the store. Met Mrs. Reibold and others. Took tea with Mrs. P.



### CHAPTER XXV.

#### PRAYERS ANSWERED.

ARCH 25th.—Last Friday night went to Raper church; remained all night at Sister P.'s, and went with her to Springfield, Ohio, to attend the holiness-meeting at the Central M. E. church. We were assigned to Mrs. J. Kinney, who was an old acquaintance. Met here Sister Fannie Williams, Brother and Sister Davis of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, and many other friends. All were astonished to see me in such health.

Brothers Brunten, J. Naugle, Gunn, and others, sang joyful praises when we met. These have been blessed days. Came home on 6 A. M. train; met a number of the railroad boys and policemen who helped me when on my cot. I long to be a blessing to all that have been kind in the past. On my way from the dépôt called at the Christian Publishing-House; there met Rev. McKinnan.

In the afternoon Sister Winters called for me to go to the Soldiers' Home; we had a good meeting.

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Many of the boys remembered my being there on my cot. How I would enjoy going with the ladies every week to their service! Chaplain Earnshaw says,

"These ladies will only know in heaven the good they do."

Our visit at the hospital was very affecting. Sister P. sang; Sister W. and I made remarks and prayed. The fields all about us are white with harvest; many invitations come, to go and labor.

Called to see Miss Susie Gebhart, who is a great sufferer. She said to me,

"It seems wonderful that you are well, and here I am an invalid."

Would that I could be the comfort to her, that she has been to me!

Spent an hour at Sister Howard's; had prayers with them. They are in deep sorrow; her aunt and daughter will be buried from her home at one funeral. We little know what a day will bring forth.

Another pressing invitation from Brother Kemp to come there and write my book. He says: "You must not disappoint us; your room is all ready."

Oh how I long to do this work at home! but I find the demands upon my time are too great, so it will be impossible.

We are so happy in our home, and our dear family-altar, though broken, is sacred. Here we can bow and carry each absent loved one on the wings of faith and prayer.

If we could only get some tidings from our dear brother! Mother feels he cannot be living or we would hear from him. Her constant prayer is that we may finally all meet in heaven.

April 1, 1879.—The dear friends of Green Street church, Philadelphia, with others, have sent me a sewing-machine. Sister H. said the general impression was that I received the regular collections taken wherever I spoke; they, knowing that this was not so, felt I must have some token of their appreciation of my labors, and had sent it. God bless each one!

Saturday, Dr. Crawford took me to Zimmer-manville, where I remained over Sabbath; attended two services. Rev. David Winters preached in the morning. They requested me to speak at the evening-service. I consented; had a full house.

To-day I called at the *Telescope* office; met Revs. S. Venneida, Shuey and Berger. Went to the Soldiers' Home. Took tea at Sister G. Hoagland's; then went, in company with Mother Stewart, to a temperance-meeting. How faithful Sister Mary Bowman has been in this work! Brother H. came after me to go to Urbana; had to refuse, but promised to go soon as possible. I go next to Brother

Gaddis', at Miami City. Dr. Leonard wants me to give my experience at our own Grace church Sabbath evening. Blessed Lord, direct me!

I have finally concluded to go to Brother Kemp's next week; shall fill other engagements from there.

It is a trial to leave home, mother and all, as we have seen so little of each other for so long. But I cannot doubt this way is opened by Him whose will I desire above all things to serve. Our faith is often both tried and strengthened by circumstances. I feel that I have not one desire apart from that which may promote his glory.

I am so thankful dear mother agrees with me in this decision. We could scarcely endure the separation were it not for the "eye single." I cannot afford to let self come into anything. In every step of my way I want the consciousness that "He leadeth me." Fannie will soon return East.

Tuesday, April 8, 1879.—London, Madison county, Ohio.

"Lo! I come with joy to do
My blessed Master's will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands
And loving Mary's heart."

Truly I can say, "Wonderful are the ways of

our Lord!" Blessed be his holy name for making my way so clear! Did ever one of his weak, unworthy children have more to praise him for than I?

Sabbath took dinner with Sister Glascow in Dayton; deeply felt the responsibility of the evening-service; had a crowded house.

Yesterday, as I was planning to go on a mission, Sister P. came with her carriage, thus enabling me to do my duty; also took me to the train. I brought dear mother to South Charleston, where we remained until to-day. Visited Aunt Fannie, cousins W. Barratts and Mell. Peters.

Brother Kemp met me at the train. They gave me a hearty welcome, but were disappointed that mother was not with me. I am glad that Brother K. has sent for her to come in the morning; it will do her good. When they brought me to my room, I was overcome with the cheering appearance that greeted me. The first thing was to return thanks and invoke God's blessing upon all the hours and associations of this place. I have been pleasantly located before, but this excels most of the marked leadings of the past. I am in the north-east corner room up stairs, where I have a lovely view of London and the surrounding country. A bright, cheerful carpet and new furniture, with the evidence of its being God's chosen spot, make this a pleas-

ant place and sacred to my soul. May the time spent here be to the glory of God!

After my return home from the East daily calls were coming for the sequel to *The Valley of Baca*. I made every effort to turn my attention to writing, but was constantly interrupted, and began to feel that my way was hedged up in this work. On our way to Springfield, Sister Pritz said,

"Jennie, where are you going to write that book?"

I said,

"I cannot tell. I am almost discouraged in trying to write, but have committed it all into the hands of Him who will direct me. Several have invited me to their homes to write, but I would not be any more retired than at our home."

Here the matter was left.

Before Brother Kemp left S. he came to me saying,

"Sister Jennie, no man has more to praise God for than I have; I was snatched as a brand from the burning. Years ago, when going to destruction, I was arrested by the Spirit of God and brought from darkness into the light of liberty in Christ Jesus. He has blest and prospered me. I have a pleasant, happy home and one of the best Christian wives that lives. Now, Sister P. tells me you want to write your book. The moment she mentioned it, I was impressed that the

Lord would be pleased to have you come to us and write it. You can have a room up or down stairs, and things just as you want them. But I do not want to make a mistake, so will go home and tell my wife about it; and if she feels as I do, we shall know that this is of the Lord. We will tell you frankly how we feel after prayerfully considering the matter."

Letters from them soon assured me that this was the place.

April 11th.—Dear mother has gone home. She greatly enjoyed this visit, and will feel satisfied to know I am so pleasantly situated. Now I must improve the moments.

As I turn to my writing, in obedience bowing low at the feet of Jesus, my cry is, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?"

I have just here a thought that comforts me: "A humble knowledge of myself is a better way to God, than ever so earnest a search after science."

I know I am the Lord's—cannot doubt this when I see all I have come through, what ways have opened and how I have been provided for. In suffering have been supported by grace. Surely, what deliverance I have had! What liberty has been granted me before the people in times of extremity! But I came to this work feeling just as ignorant and helpless as when I

commenced the *Baca*. Oh that God may bless the sequel as he has the first!

Blessed Lord, I want souls benefited by the work done in this room. Let blessings come to this home. Oh, prepare my heart, Holy Spirit; give unction in words that will be fitly spoken. Thou knowest my need of increased wisdom, of spiritual, mental and physical strength. Let thy own name be honored and glorified. With confidence I now look up.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees, And looks to that alone; Laughs at impossibilities, And cries, 'It shall be done!"

Had an acceptable call from Rev. J. C. Jackson, the Methodist Episcopal pastor. He desires me to give my testimony in his church Sabbath evening.

On consultation we find that it will be necessary to set apart a reception-day for visitors; he proposed announcing this, so there would be an understanding among the people.

Have received letters from Urbana and Waynesville; find I cannot be released from my engagement at those places.



### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### A CURE FOR HASTY TEMPER.

APRIL 18th.—Last evening started for Urbana. At Springfield went to see Mr. Howard in behalf of railroad work; gives much encouragement. Took tea at Rev. W. A. Robinson's. On the train met Maggie Daily and Brother Miltenberger of Bellefontaine.

When we reached Urbana a carriage was wait ing, and conveyed me to Brother Happersett's; no one but Brother H. expected me until this afternoon. Had a number of calls, among them Brothers L. Z. Lantz and Hartsler. In the evening we attended the entertainment at Young Men's Christian Association hall for the benefit of the reading-room, where, as they had arranged for it, I gave a brief talk. All the churches were represented, most of the ministers being present, few of the people ever having seen me on my feet. Have several engagements for to-morrow; take

tea at Mr. I. Happersett's, and attend a railroadmeeting in the evening.

Monday, April 21st.—Yesterday I attended several services; gave my experience at a union meeting. Went to the Howard Weaver Mission last evening. Remained all night with Brother B. F. Dixon; was so amused when he showed me a spoiled piece of wax fruit that Sister D. and I tried to make years ago. He laughed, saying, as I recognized it,

"Oh, it's Jennie! This is proof! I felt as though it might be an impostor showing off for you, so I thought I'd see."

Brother H. brought me to Spring Hills. We called this morning on Rev. Thompson; went into Mr. Glenn's old home for a few minutes. How everything brings up memories of other years! Dear sister Sallie, brother Frank and all, say they can scarcely believe their own eyes. Had nearly forty calls to-day, and a crowded house in the evening at the dear old church on the hill. In relating in this place the dealings of the Lord I live it all over again.

April 22d.—How interesting sister's children are! Here I am writing, where I last stood upon my feet. As I came into the room I closed the door and knelt in the same spot where I last knelt and prayed, in 1862. Everything looks so natural! Many of the people have changed but

little. The old apple tree where I used to watch the robins build their nests still stands. The water in the old well, is as fresh and cold as ever.

Through the kindness of Luther Leonard, I took a ride upon the hill, where I could view the country, then went to the churchyard, where many new graves have been made since I walked there. How many graves I visited, of those who have stood beside my cot!

My dear friends Brother and Sister Lantz came for me, so after dinner we bade the loved ones "Good-bye" and started on our way. Stopped a few moments at West Liberty, and met Mr. Henkle, Dr. Leonard, Rev. Wm. Fitzgerald, Mr. Davis and others. Came to this home where Providence so called me in darker days, little expecting to see Grandma L. again on earth. Brother Yoder and a large company spent the evening here. We trust these hours have been profitable.

April 24th.—Last night will not be forgotten. Yesterday came to Springfield with Conduct or Dow and Mr. Cash, who have carried me so often as baggage. Took tea with Miss Minnie La Rue; then went to hear Rev. Joseph Cook lecture on "God in Natural Law;" a rich treat both to meet and hear him. He wants my book as soon as published. The remainder of the evening, until midnight, was spent at the Central

M. E. church. Brother Myers' class met, and continued the meeting in memory of my anniversary. One year last night since I walked! We had a thanksgiving-time. Several brethren from Urbana were present.

This morning, in company with Rev. Robinson, Mrs. Larrence and Mother Stewart, we visited Wittenberg College at chapel service; by invitation of Dr. Helwig, we each made a few remarks. What might be accomplished if these students would heed the admonitions given them, and "dare to do right in the face of temptation"!

After a delightful week at my work I came home to spend one night while on my way to Waynesville. Mother was so rejoiced to see me. Spent an hour with Mrs. S., who died soon after; a profitable talk with Sister Mary B. concerning temperance-work. Spent the two hours at Xenia with Sister M. Conable and her mother. On the train met Professor Smith and others. Spent nearly three pleasant and profitable days in the home of my old pastor, Brother L. F. Van Cleve.

On my return to Brother Kemp's I felt impressed to see the baggage-master; when I mentioned my mission to the conductor, he at once invited me to the baggage-car. To my surprise, there lay an invalid on a cot. They thought him asleep, but I said,

"I cannot leave this car without speaking to him."

As I approached the cot, found it was Brother Ingersoll, a minister from the Soldiers' Home. The ladies had sent for me several times to see him before he left, but I was not at home. This meeting was a special providence.

May 23, 1879.—Well does Mrs. Savage say, "Christians are witnesses to the power of God's grace, to the sweetness of his comforts, to the truth of his promises and the tenderness of his providences." My soul testifies to this.

With tears of gratitude I have just read the cheering letters of Dr. C. C. Moore and wife. also Mr. and Mrs. A. Burdett Smith of New York. They write encouragingly about reading The Valley of Baca; the latter has so kindly advertised it in his *Elite*. Although I cannot secure the whole number of subscribers, I appreciate fully their kind offer. While I can heartily recommend it as being among the best of fashion magazines, and know it is a blessing to many. I find it impossible for me to do anything of the kind in connection with my work. May my dear friends have their reward. for I am sure they desire to aid me in getting out my book. It is just like them to say, "We want to give you practical sympathy is why we make the offer to you of two hundred subscriptions toward the publishing of your book."

This has been a pleasant and profitable day. Rev. Jackson and wife, Sister's Sparks and Ritsel spent the day with us; had other calls in the morning. Brother J. will be a valuable critic; he spent some time in reading manuscript, and gives me much encouragement. Have spent a delightful evening with the family. The baby, Georgie, is becoming so fond of me! It is a real rest to run down stairs and have a play with him and Charlie. Sister K. is a congenial, lovely woman. All are so interested and so anxious to make me happy, even Joseph the hired-man and Billy the Irishman; the latter had a good laugh when I told him about Bridget.

Even before I became interested in Father Mc-Namara's work in New York I had some strange experience with Irish girls. I will give one incident.

I was one evening surrounded by a group. Bridget, like many others, had a great, tender heart, but her terrible temper often caused her trouble. She complained of this, and I said to her,

"Why, Bridget, we are trying to get to the same heaven! Is not my Jesus your Saviour too? He is as willing and able to help you overcome your besetments as well as mine or anybody else's."

"Yes, but I'm a Catholic."

"He w'll bless a Catholic just as quick as he

will a Methodist or any other name if you come to him in the right spirit. I once had a fearful temper—was a selfish, wilful girl. There is no telling what might have become of me if the grace of God had not changed my heart. Can't you ask Jesus to give you a new heart and create within you a right spirit?"

"Oh, but this *Irish mad* is awful! I would be glad if I could get it out of me."

"Bridget, not long ago I heard a Scotchman who has overcome his temper say, 'I believe when a Scotchman gets angry, he is worse than any Irishman that lives.'"

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Bridget, raising both hands with a look of horror; "then what will you do with poor Bridget, when there's both Scotch and Irish blood in her veins?"

Our talk, I learned, was not in vain; each of these girls, as many others, have begged me to pray for them.

Sabbath, June 1st, I spent at South Charleston; attended two services. Took tea at Cousin M. Peters'. By request of Rev. S. Smith gave my experience at evening-meeting. John Heaton, an invalid, was taken to church on his wheeled-cot. I was deeply affected to see him. As I walked behind them felt as though it was a dream; could scarcely realize it was I, walking behind the chair just like the one I had occupied.

June 9th.—Just returned; was called home suddenly on business; left dear mother feeble. Came to S. C. on Saturday. Sabbath A. M. went to Williams chapel, to quarterly meeting. Rev. S. Brewster preached a grand sermon, followed by the sacrament. Brother Davidson met me there. I had services at their home (the Infirmary) in the afternoon. We had a full house. It was a sad sight to see the little ones here. One bright little boy and his sister stood side by side, and Mrs. D. said to the little boy,

"Willie, if a real good man would give you a nice home, would you go?"

His chin quivered as he gave a tender, loving look at his sister, and, with the starting tears, answered,

"No; I don't want to leave Minnie."

"Would you if the gentleman would take Minnie too?"

"Oh yes; then I'd go."

I went through the building; shook hands with all the inmates. Few people have the interest in these public institutions that the work demands. How those who have the care and responsibility of them feel it! How they could be strengthened in their work! Mrs. D. is well adapted to her position; she has a heart touched with the infirmities of all.

June 23d, 5 A. M.—May this be a week full of

work! Yesterday was a feast of fat things. At the basket-meeting on Brother Pancake's place, led by Brother Verity, met Brother Teeters and Sister Whitridge. A happy day for Brother Komp.

Saturday, 28th, Newport.—At Brother Withroe's (Mrs. K.'s father). Can go on with my work here, it is so quiet. Rev. Garrison brought me out last evening; took tea with them. Filled an engagement at his church—Protestant Methodist. Rev. Spahr, P. E., of Columbus preached on "God's Love." To-morrow we have a missionary service. Hope Brothers Rankin and Kemp will come. So glad Dr. Moore's medicine is doing good. How strange we all had the chills several weeks ago!

Brother K. said we would send for Brother B.'s remedy; asked me to write, as he was in a hurry. I told them we would forward the money soon as we knew the medicine could be had. No envelopes were at hand, without going down stairs, except those with my stamp on, so I directed one of those. Soon a long answer came back; found that medicine was made by Dr. C. C. Moore of New York, an acquaintance of Ocean Grove, who there had bought my book and had been trying to trace me up. He said he wanted the first copy of the sequel; would give five dollars for it. He sent a large package of his pilules, and gave me

such a per cent. that this proved a special providence in opening my way to continue my writing. This medicine broke the chills, not only in ourselves, but many others.

July 1st.—I spent four days in Columbus; Saturday and Sabbath evenings at Wesley M. E. church. Sabbath, 4 P. M., a railroad-meeting at the dépôt, and Monday evening at Rev. J. M. Cuskey Heath's church There were many old friends in C. from different places. Did space permit, I could fill pages with these days. Spent one profitable Sabbath with Friends at Selma, Ohio, where three meetings were held. Took dinner at Samuel Howel's, and spent the night at Seth Smith's with Esther Frame and her family.

Fuly 16th, 6 A. M.—Breakfast over; lovely sunrise. The view from here is grand. We had a strengthening time around the family-altar. What an advantage it is to have the early hours! How much can be accomplished from five until eight! I would love to remain in this sacred place, but I must go to-morrow; shall not return until campmeetings are over. My only desire is to know fully my Lord's will; I cannot doubt my duty in the campaign before me. They engaged me to attend these meetings before I left the East. I have responsibilities that must be met.

July 22d.—Blanchet Station, Kentucky. At

Mr. Dugan's. I went home last Friday, 7 A. M.; had much to attend to that day and Saturday. Sabbath attended four services, two open-air meetings, one at the park, and at 6 P. M. at the Soldiers' Home: 7 A. M. vesterday took train for Cincinnati. Rev. Ketchum met me at the train. Methodist Book Concern; found many acquaintances among those coming to the ministers' meeting, but few had seen me on my feet. Dr. Walden, Brothers Ketchum, Hypes, and others, insisted on my going into the ministers' meeting; after which, Rev. J. Pearson had me go home with him. was a treat to meet Sister P., my friend of other days. 4 P. M. I took the train for this place. My precious brother James was waiting. As I came out of the car he lifted me to the platform, saying, with a joyful heart,

"Oh, my sister, is it possible this is you?"

He had to stop several times and look at me before we reached the house. I shall go with him this morning to Mr. Norman's, and Mr. M Stevens will take us to his home, some six miles where they expect me at their meeting to-night Dear boy! it is a great pleasure to be with him I have here taken my first horseback-ride over these hills. It was quite a romance for me.

July 25th.—According to engagement, I went to Loveland camp-ground in company with Sisters P. and Whitstone; here, as at all the places visit

ed, lived over the experience while on my cot. The past came up vividly. The first of the feast was the closing of the Sunday-school encampment. Dr. Vincent lectured—subject, "On Deck"—and Dr. Payne, "The Needs of the Hour."

Camp-meeting opened on Saturday; services were all full of interest. They desired my experience on Tuesday. That night several of us felt a concern for the colored people. The landlord was much pleased when a meeting was proposed for them, and a room was arranged to hold it in. The next day Brother P. and a party came out from the city. Sister P. insisted upon my going to their table. Before I was through eating, Sister Kelly came to me, saying,

"We have a disappointed waiter. Do you see that bouquet on the post at our table? He says, 'Whar is our lady gone? I went to de woods and made dat bouquet, kase dis is her last meal wid us.'"

I went back to our own table to eat my dessert, to let those waiters know that I appreciated that little act of kindness, which was the means of a work being accomplished for souls.

The landlord invited me to go through the kitchen, pantry, laundry, and all, so I could shake hands and give a tract or card to each servant in the hotel. Just before I left they all came into the dining-room and sang two pieces for us.

Spent the night at Brother P.'s, Mount Auburn, Cincinnati; called to see my engraver, F. E. Jones; first time we ever met. He shook hands, saying,

"How glad I am to see you!"

As I replied, "It's a pleasure to meet you," Rev. P. called from the buggy,

"Only five minutes to reach the train." I said, "Good-bye, Brother Jones! I'll send you a photograph."

After this he came to see me, but our brief interview was equally disturbed. We met no more until the engraving was made.

Spent two hours at Lockland with my invalid friend, Miss McGown.





## CHAPTER XXVII.

### OHIO AND INDIANA YEARLY MEETINGS.

A UGUST 1st.—Went out to Embury Park camp-meeting, where we remained two weeks. My heart was deeply interested in the work assigned me in having charge of the children's meetings. I had written to Christine Herrman, an invalid friend, at Heidelberg, Germany, telling her I had promised to take charge of the children, and, if Providence permitted, we would be at camp-meeting Sabbath, August 3d, and she sent the following message, to be read to the children on that day:

"Dear Children: I send you love across the ocean. Do you love Jesus? Oh, I love him, and that makes me so happy in all my affliction! I have been an invalid for twenty-four years. Oh, children, in Jesus the mind is happy and peaceful always. Do not forget to pray for your afflicted friend,

Christine."

A number of the children answered her note. I also received a letter on Saturday from a friend



in Paris, France, who enclosed some rose-leaves in return for some I had sent her; they were crushed, but their fragrance was still sweet. So with us: we may be crushed and wilted by suffering and sorrow, but in the midst of this, what will make our lives useful?

"Jesus' love in our hearts; that is the fragrance," the children answered.

I told them of a beautiful rose brought to my room when I first went to the home of Mr. K. How cheerful it was! I sent leaves from that rose to Paris, Germany, India, and five of our own States. Think how many enjoyed one little rose! How many hearts even a little boy's or girl's can cheer by their bright, happy lives if their hearts belong to Jesus!

Children can learn a great many lessons in their plays. One day we had a doll-baby at our meeting; it could move its head, hands and feet and open and shut its eyes. It seemed wonderful for a doll, yet the children named many things we could do that dollie could not—see, hear, talk, walk, etc. The question was asked,

"What have you that dollie has not?" One little boy answered earnestly, "It's got no THINKER."

After Brother Carland told us that his Sundayschool teacher won the hearts of his scholars by a plate of bread and butter, it occurred to us that we could have a treat for the little folks which would help impress the lessons taught. The matter was mentioned to a few of the parents and friends, and a little surprise of cake, candies and peaches was prepared. We trust they will not soon forget the impressions made by this, in connection with Sister Robinson's "children's talk."

Each day was filled with interest. Mrs. L. O. Robinson, Rev. Barns, Brother and Sister Bergeman, and other prominent workers, labored through the meeting. Mrs. Griffith, Mother Stewart and Miss Nettie Moore came to the temperance-meetings. We were favored with special music by the "Red Lion Choir," which rendered efficient service, on the Sabbath the meeting closed. Monday morning, August 18th, they gave us a rich treat, thus celebrating my birthday. As written by one of their party, "We shall ever keep green in our hearts the memories of acquaintances formed here."

That evening, after spending a half hour at home, went to the Urbana camp-meeting, where they had expected me several days before. Revs. Leonard, Runyen, Richards, Professor Stevens and Brother Ketchum met me on the train. Soon had a glad welcome to the pleasant cottage-home of Brother Kemp, where I found my kind friend had arranged all, for the sale of my books and views, from which I realized much benefit.

I remained until the meeting broke up. Many memories of past associations were revived. I met hundreds of acquaintances, many of whom had to see me, before they really believed that I could walk.

Friday, on our way to the train, eleven of us went to see the new Grace church in Urbana. We had a little consecration-meeting around the altar, and a soul was blest that left the campground with a burdened heart.

Returned home with Sister Mollie. As a storm detained me Saturday, I felt it duty to rest quietly on Sabbath.

Monday morning started with mother to cousin David Cory's, at Carlisle, Clark county, Ohio. Spent a very pleasant evening here.

The next day we all attended the union campmeeting, three miles distant, going to and from the meeting morning and evening, except one night I remained at Brother Thomas', on the ground.

One day, after I had occupied some time, Rev. Thomas, a Baptist minister, and Brother C., to my surprise, took up a collection which amounted to thirteen dollars; besides, sold a number of books, which cousin Cory had brought from Urbana. Mother greatly enjoyed the visit, as she had not been here for thirty years.

We returned home on Friday; found a tele-

gram from Mount Pleasant to come to the Ohio yearly meeting of Friends, also a message to come to the State camp-meeting at Delaware, Ohio. I had a longing to spend Sabbath with mother, and went to my room to seek direction. Presently mother came to the door, saying,

"I would like to have you at home, but it is clear that you must go to one place or the other. I shall not be uneasy, for it appears to be your duty to go."

When I arrived at Columbus the temptation was strong to go to Delaware. The long distance and expense to Mount Pleasant seemed a barrier, but I felt relieved when I obeyed the promptings and bought my ticket for Mount Pleasant.

While waiting at Steubenville, I found Dr. Reed, of the female seminary, lived quite near; called and spent a pleasant hour, then took the train for Portland Station. Ascertained the telegram I sent from C. had gone out so late I could not expect any one to meet me. Could only get an open buggy to go the remaining eight miles. Had just started when we met Willie Updegraff coming for me. We reached his father's, David Updegraff, at 10 P. M. I was excused from seeing any one that night, as I was very weary. Sabbath morning I felt refreshed. Nearly thirty congenial friends were guests in this home.

The soul-feast began at worship, early in the

morning, lasted all day. Attended three services; gave my experience in the afternoon. Monday, with a large company, dined at Brother Hussy's; after devoting the evening to mission-work, went home with Brother Hills.

Tuesday morning Brother Updegraff presented me, in behalf of this people, with thirty-six dollars. In addition to this, several books and sets of views were sold. After meeting I dined with Mrs. Williams, president of the Presbyterian Missionary Society; then attended their meeting, and met a Sabbath-school class, to whom their teacher had read *The Valley of Baca*. That evening I went to Steubenville, and spent the night with Dr. Reed at the seminary.

Wednesday, September 3d.—Returned to Urbana, Ohio. The M. E. Conference being in session there—at Grace church—spent a delightful week attending most of the meetings. Bishop Simpson presided.

September 11th went to St. Paris, where friends had arranged for one meeting for me. Friday returned home, where I found company waiting The hours of the next six days were filled with work.

September 16th had a visit from F. E. Jones, the engraver, of Cincinnati.

On the train I met Prof. Sunderland and Sister Fitzgerald. She would have me go to the par-

sonage until ready to go to Glady Creek, where we spent the night, then went on to Spring Hills. Arrangements were made for a series of meetings to be held here the next week. Friday evening Brother David Plank took me to his home in the country, where I spent a pleasant evening with friends. Saturday visited Brothers Joseph Plank and, S. Hedding, whose home was one of affliction. Sister H. has since gone home to heaven. Spent that night at Brother Zooks'. Sabbath afternoon I filled an engagement at the Omish Sabbath-school. The house was crowded; met many dear friends of other days.

Saturday received word they expected me at Bellefontaine that evening. I sent a note stating that I would not be there; they must not make arrangements for a meeting until Tuesday. Sabbath I could not get away from the feeling that I ought to go to Bellefontaine that night, and, while Brothers Z. were anxious for me to remain, they could not insist. We made arrangements to go after meeting closed. I only had time to say generally, "'How do you do?' and 'Good-bye' to one and all." I longed to shake hands with each one, but the buggy was at the door. Brother Zooks was hastening home, for he wanted to change horses before we could go on. As we came to their gate we met Dr. Wilson, who said,

"Why, you are going the wrong way. Did

you not send a note last evening, saying you would not be in B. to-night?"

I answered,

"I did. It was sent by a colored man to Mr. Pollock."

"Well, from some cause he did not receive it. This morning word was given out in all the churches that you would be at the M. E. church to night."

I questioned,

"What! not have meeting to-night? Why how can we get there in time? It is five now, and eight miles to go."

He answered,

"You get into my buggy. I'll get you there in time, for you must not disappoint the people; they have been expecting you to come so long."

When we drove up to Brother Daily's the people were going to church.

Brother P. came in. On inquiry, he said,

"The pastor is sick, and you are expected to occupy the evening in relating your experience. The people are anxious to see and hear you; the house will be crowded."

We had but a few moments. I prayed earnestly for guidance. Oh how I trembled in view of meeting this congregation of familiar faces! Only three or four had seen me since my restoration.

As I walked into the church where so many

memories of the past were clustered I could praise the Lord that this was a *real* experience and not a dream.

I remained here until Wednesday. Time was improved; besides meeting many friends, attended two meetings a day.

As I went into Sister McKee's, the little room that was our first home in B. and the place where I last saw the face of Brother Dickie, with emotion I prayed in the same spot where he knelt at my cot. His last words seemed to be re-echoed: "Don't forget to pray for me." Spent the night at Brother J. Chambers'; have long been interested in their Children's Home, which now numbers seventeen. I desired to see the spot where they expect to have an orphans' home built. company with Brother C. and wife, Sister Clift, and Lizzie Slicer, we visited the place; knelt on the spot where we anticipate a "faith home" will ere long be erected, where many little homeless ones will find a shelter under the protection of these worthy friends, whose labor and care is surely prompted by love for the unfortunate.

September 25th.—At De Graff, Ohio, was met by Brothers Haines and Bull. Among other sick friends called on Dr. Hance, the only physician now living, of nine that treated me up to 1869. In 1864 and '65 he came five miles and made thirty-three visits without any charge; he always

administered spiritual comfort, as well as made professional visits. Attended one meeting at M. E. church; had a full house. 26th returned to Spring Hills, where arrangements were made for a series of meetings. From Friday night until Wednesday there were two meetings a day, and five services on Sabbath, with large attendance. People came from Urbana, Bellefontaine, De Graff, Quincy and other parts of the country. I called on nearly every family, and as I bowed and prayed in many homes memories of other days were revived

It was a great pleasure to be with sister Sallie and her family. For years we have enjoyed each other's society so little that any reunion is a blessing. Since that visit, the Angel of Death has taken from their home their little prattling Fannie.

"How can we give thee up,
How let thee go?
But here is rest: 'tis joy to know
For them comes naught of sin or woe.
Our other lambs may go astray,
But not so these. O Saviour, they
Are in thy fold; some day
We'll enter too within thy fold,
Beyond the gates of pearl and gold."
Miss Dewitt.

Richmond, Indiana, Saturday night, October 5, 1879.—My dear journal, how vain I find it to

commit all I have felt to your pages! Wednesday morning I visited and prayed with sixteen families, spending but a few moments with each. Dr. Hales dined with us at brother Frank's. Before leaving my loved ones I felt that we must have prayers once more in our dear old home. Dr. Wilson, Mrs. E. Terrel, Mrs. Rexter, and others, were present. My soul yearns for a special work to be accomplished in every family. Mrs. Pitman and her mother took me out to Calvin Smith's.

Wednesday night I filled an appointment in the Christian church at Glady Creek. Mother came over with Mr. Gerard. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Koogle came from B.; had a good congregation. Brother S. insisted on taking a collection. I trust the friends at the Omish church, Bellefontaine, De Graff, and Spring Hills, will be rewarded by the blessing of God resting on the seed sown.

Thursday I was obliged to meet parties at the Bellefontaine fair; met several hundred acquaintances. From there we went to West Liberty. John Alguire took mother and me to Brother C. Yoder's, where quite a company were awaiting us. I was very tired, yet we spent a pleasant evening, closing with singing and prayer. Next day, on our way to Urbana to take the train, I called at Brother Lantz' for a few moments. These

homes where the most of *Baca* was written leave a blessed memory. Only in heaven will they and Brother Kemp know how much they have done to help me in the writing of my books.

I arrived home at 3 o'clock P.M. yesterday Oh, so glad for a few hours' rest here!

This afternoon I took the train for Richmond, Indiana; they expected me several days ago. On coming into the home of Brother E. Bellis, vividly I remember the suffering it cost me to reach here before. Oh that I may have as direct a leading now as on my former visit to Wayne county! Of one thing I am confident: it is my duty to return to my writing as soon as possible. I shall need wisdom to direct me in the economy of time.

The yearly meeting of Friends was in session. I greatly enjoyed these sittings and meeting with friends from far and near. Time was improved. Wednesday I went to Chester; Thursday, to Votaw's Station; Friday, to Dover; held meetings at each place; Saturday, to Brother Luke Woodward's, where on Sabbath morning we attended New Garden meeting. In the afternoon led a crowded house at Newport, now called Fountain City, also an evening-meeting.

Monday called at Brother Henly's; dined at Brother Lee Purviance's, and went on to Middleboro'. Tuesday was taken by Brother Nichols

to Earlham College. Wednesday, Rev. P. Carland came for me to go to Centerville; attended four services here. An unusual feature of these meetings was the great number of children who attended without any special arrangement. The first four front and the side pews were filled with little boys and girls. Oh that laborers would take hold of the boys and girls of our land with more interest!

Friday, A. M.—Returned to Richmond during the day. With Sisters B. and Hadly, called on several in affliction. That evening, by special request, gave an account of my restoration. I felt it a privilege to walk into the homes in Wayne county where the memories of former associations were revived.

Saturday.—Calls began in the morning. Had an earnest talk with an unsaved man, then Rev. E. S. Freeman of Dublin and A. M. Whitaker of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a blind brother, and with others. This was a remarkable day. Sister Rhoda Coffin came for me to dine with them.

Afternoon.—A committee of the Young Men's Christian Association gathered at Brother B.'s. We bowed earnestly asking God's blessing before going out upon the work of the afternoon. We then had a drive to the country. At the beautiful home of Mr. Garr, with Brother and Sister B., Brothers Hudson and Dickinson, we had an

other hour of profitable conversation and prayer. Took tea, as promised, at Rev. Mr. Enders', the Lutheran pastor, whose history in affliction has been so similar to my own, that I spent the early evening with great interest in their home, going out to Earlham later. Matron and Superintendent Wright were waiting for me.

Sabbath it was a pleasure to meet with this household; sacred memories clustered around almost every room, as was the case in all the places where my cot tarried for a night. That afternoon I attended a crowded union service of Young Men's Christian Association, at the Presbyterian church. The meeting was called for the purpose of arousing a deeper interest in the work of saving young men. There was a real enthusiasm in the congregation.

"I am sad when I think of the many Who are throwing their lives away, Who are wasting their God-given talents So carelessly day by day;

"And my heart is filled with a longing To reach them a helping hand— To draw them away from the peril In which they unconsciously stand."

After spending two days with my dear Mrs. Pritz in Milton, Indiana, she returned with me to Dayton, the home she so recently left.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

# WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

CTOBER 29th.—In company with the delegates, Mother Stewart, Sisters Berger, Pritz and Van Doren, had a pleasant ride to Indianapolis, where the annual meeting of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union was being held. It was a grand body of the noble women of our country, presided over by Mrs. Wittenmyer. The convention found much to encourage the temperance-people of the land in the reports of the progress of the cause, but all felt the need of more earnest work, and laid plans that, under God, will doubtless result in greatly advancing the cause.

November 8th.—

"When the cares of life are pressing
With a weight we scarce can bear,
What a stream of endless blessing
Flows to us from over there!"

Thursday evening, Mrs. Sarah Smith, the ma-

tron, sent for Sister Francesco and me to go to the State Reformatory for Women. Had an interesting meeting with the inmates in the chapel. Next morning, as I went through the prison and other departments shaking hands with each inmate. I thought that those in charge of this great work can realize the force of these lines as they see the fruit of their labor amidst their cares. Would love to commit to my journal some of the incidents they gave us, but time will not permit. Returned to the convention before the evening lecture by Mrs. Foster. I spent a pleasant hour with Dr. Houghton and wife and Dr. Pearson. Took tea at Dr. Cross'. Saturday afternoon, at the Young Men's Christian Association building, attended the Industrial School that was started by three or four littles; a great work has been done since. In the evening a reception was given to the members of the convention at the residence of Mr. D. Ricketts. It was to me an unusually enjoyable occasion, especially in the opportunity afforded of meeting a score or more of the persons mentioned in Baca, many of whom I had not seen for several years, and introducing them to one another, several of them having never met before. This convention was more like a reunion of old friends than any I ever attended. They were from all directions, east and west. Early in the evening I learned a dear cousin, Fannie Woodward, lived in the city and was searching for me. After the reception I had a hearty welcome to their pleasant home.

Sabbath went to the Meridian Street M. E. church. Heard Rev. W. H. Boole of New York.

Mr. Hanscom had arranged for Miss Snively and me to dine with Mrs. Dr. Gause, Mrs. Jones, and others from the East, at the Occidental Hotel, so we would be near to the place of the mass temperance-meeting in the afternoon. Mr. Grubb and Mr. McDonald of Ohio were also in the company. By the courtesy of Mr. H. we were all taken to the Central Avenue M. E. church, where, with Esther Pugh, we held an interesting meeting.

After spending the night with an old friend, Mrs. Beard, returned next morning to the convention, which was held in Robert 's M. E. church. After dining with cousin Fannie, we called on Mr. George W. Cobb in the interest of the railroad-work. Took the train for cousin Amos Fithian's at Knightstown, Indiana, where I had a very delightful visit until Wednesday morning. Left for home on the 6 A. M. train. Had a quiet day's rest. Last evening heard Miss Youmans' lecture on temperance.

To-day I was too late for the opening of the Industrial School, but Mrs. Applegate gave me a good report of its work; yet in all such enterprises the cry is coming for more laborers.

Called on Mrs. Theobold, Miss M. C. Thompson, Dr. Hypes, Mr. Allen, and at Brother Shaffer's office. I shall enjoy Sabbath at home. Blessed place! but how I miss dear Fannie!

London, Wednesday, November 12th.—A hearty welcome by all back to my room, next dearest spot to home. Returned Monday. I have since mailed over twenty-five letters and as many postals. Over one hundred should be written, but it is impossible, and get my manuscript ready. Hope I shall make more rapid progress with my writing than heretofore. Brother K.'s are so very kind they will not even let me build my own fire. Moody, Footie and Finley are pleased when they can do a favor.

Saturday, December 13, 1879.—Half-past six; worship and breakfast over. How I enjoy these early hours! What shall I render unto the Lord for all his goodness?

Day before yesterday Brother K. butchered; when I went down stairs, he invited me out to see his nice lot of meat. Two large dressed hogs were apart from the rest.

"These," he said, "are for a widow-lady; I am going to ship them to Dayton."

As I watched the boys taking them to the cars, and knew they would be so acceptable, I could imagine dear mother's surprise and how her heart will, like mine, overflow with gratitude

to our Father, who will reward these friends for their remarkable kindness.

Have been writing so closely, I felt it my duty to attend the missionary tea-meeting at Mrs. Morgan's evening before last; had a social time. The young people managed it this month, and most successfully. I remained all night with Sister James.

Saturday, Stella McDonald came and took me to their home, six miles in the country, near Lafayette, where they had arranged for a meeting. It rained, and was so dark that to accommodate all, and please us who were afraid to go in the buggy, they went in the big wagon. I was surprised to find how comfortable we could be made with hay and robes; the ride was a real novelty. Had a well-filled house for such a night, and good attention.

To-day Brother Jackson came out, also Miss Mary Warner; he read part of my manuscript. She will be of great assistance in copying it for me.

I have promised to visit the public schools tomorrow; this will take a few hours of time, but am sure it will be well spent. I never enter a schoolroom but I long to impress the children with the importance of improving time and opportunity, and to encourage the teachers, on whom is such responsibility, to feel how privileged they are to thus mould characters and make lasting impressions, for the teachers rank next to the parents in the unconscious influence exerted.

Saturday, December 20th.—Oh how sacred the memory of this room and the associations of this home will be! Brother K. is going to send mother a Christmas turkey.

The holiness-meeting and reception here last night were blest to our souls. The house was filled. A number, with Father Withroes, came over from Newport. Mrs. Rease of Steubenville, Ohio, and Rev. Mr. Carland of Indiana, are here. To-morrow will be my last Sabbath with this people. We always have a precious time in Brother K.'s class.

On Tuesday morning Rev. Mr. Crow, a Presbyterian minister, of Pleasant Valley, Ohio, and Rev. P. C. were with us at our last family-worship. Our parting-hour had come; "Good-byes" said. On my way home I stopped over at Alpha, where arrangements were made for a meeting. A blind friend of other days, Miss Mary George, stayed with me all night at Dr. Crawford's.

Was delighted to find brother James at home; the pleasures of Christmas were increased by his presence and other company, with the cheering letters from dear Fannie and her husband, Mr. Howell, giving favorable news.

January 1, 1880.—In Columbus, Ohio, attending the Local Option Temperance Convention; many of the leading temperance-laborers of the State are in attendance. I dined at Brother Wm. Hubbard's with President Merrick and others. Evening, in company with Mother Stewart, enjoyed the railroad Young Men's Christian Association reception; remained with her over-night at Brother Peters', where we met old camp-meeting friends. From here filled an engagement at the Neal House with our State W. C. T. U. president, Mrs. Woodbridge, and secretary, Miss Nettie Moore. Met Judge T. and others of the committee; they have added their endorsement to my evangelistic railroad-work.

At the invitation of Rev. A. G. Byers I visited the penitentiary. From the chaplain and warden we learned nothing was more effectual than kindness with firmness. Sabbath attended a service at 8 A. M. in the Blind Asylum, 10 A. M. the Friends' meeting, and at 4 P. M. Brother W. A. Wagner's gospel-meeting at the dépôt. I am rejoiced to meet such a company of railroad-men and their families who are interested in the Master's work. How our hearts beam to see a revival in this branch of work all over our land! Monday returned home.

Fanuary 7, 1880.—At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. P. Smith of Dayton, I was privileged to visit

the Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio. conducted by Miss Helen Peabody and her efficient corps of teachers. My heart had long been drawn to this school, both because of its sending forth so many thoroughly-trained Christian workers for home and foreign fields, and also from its being the home of one of the teachers. Miss Emily Jessup, with whom I had corresponded and feel deep sympathy, as for many years she has been similarly afflicted as I was. Her wheeled-chair passing through the halls, rendered the account of my restoration peculiarly effective upon those young minds. We have reason to believe the Lord blest it to the salvation of precious souls. Over a week was most pleasantly and profitably spent with this interesting family.

Fanuary 22d.—Business called me to Cincinnati. From the train I went to the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern. Met a score of ministers; among others had a talk with Bishop I. W. Wiley, who had not met me on my feet before. Went through the building to the different departments; longed to shake hands with every employé. So well I remember when in my helplessness it was a privilege to be able to pray for each of the hands, even those that made the paper, or had anything to do with making my books or boxing and delivering them. How little I then thought I would ever visit Brother F. E.

Jones' office, where my engraving on the cot was made, and have another for a sequel standing on my fect! From here I went home with Rev. J. Pearson to Mount Auburn M. E. parsonage; 'attended a series of meetings in his church, where blessed associations were formed.

On Sabbath, through Mr. P. Henkle, we enjoyed a visit to the Bethel Sabbath-school, a sight excelling anything I have ever witnessed; over thirty-five hundred were present, several hundred being mothers with babes in their arms. Some walked two or three miles to this meeting.

Some days after this I was hurrying along on Fourth street when an aged woman tapped me on the shoulder, saying,

"Please stop, lady! Did you not talk to the mothers at the Bethel t'other Sunday?"

As I answered, "Yes," she continued:

"God bless you! I knew 'twas you. I haven't forgot what you said, and have prayed for you every day since."

Her eyes glistened with tears as I gave her a tract with a kind word and passed on. I thought, "How blessed it will be to be hailed in heaven, and thus meet those who have brought blessings to us! What encouragement to be faithful in dropping a little word here and there for Jesus! Even a kind look will make its impression."

Pleasant hours were also enjoyed in the home

and church of Rev. G. R. Alden; Mrs. A. is better known as "Pansy." I am greatly under obligation to them and Rev. J. Pearson for their aid in completing the copying of my manuscript.

After spending a pleasant night with Mrs. Ervin House, whose husband's writings were a blessing to my soul years ago, I had the pleasure of visiting the school of Mr. Thane Miller—another privilege I never expected to enjoy when long before this I felt interested in his work. From there called on a dear invalid, where I gained more strength than I was able to give; her sweet face of patient waiting and enduring helped me through all the day's labors. After a little visit with Mrs. Conklin, who bestowed a timely favor, I bade farewell to these dear friends and turned homeward, spending Sabbath at the seminary at Oxford.

After several busy weeks at home, besides others, a visit was made to Troy, Ohio, where I had expected to go some time before, as the reader will remember. It was a pleasure to meet this people again. I only expected to remain one night, but the friends insisted upon having a meeting the next evening, in the Presbyterian church. Although my time was pressed, I had no liberty in turning away from this request. As I walked into that church and stood where my couch sat when the surrender was made, to be a more willing instrument in the Lord's hands, to

go anywhere, or do anything for Christ's sake, all the past came up vividly; unutterable gratitude filled my heart for all the leadings of my heavenly Father from that time to this. I was even carried farther back than my first visit to Troy by the presence of my first pastor in Dayton, Rev. M. A. Richards; he opened the services of this meeting. I am reminded of the contrast between my condition on the evening when some friends called to unite their prayers with ours, before starting to Lakeside in 1877, which resulted in my going to Philadelphia, and all that followed in the unexpected paths which the Lord has led me, until the present time, March 22, 1880, when a little company gathered in, to bid us Godspeed on my second trip to Philadelphia.

Tuesday, in company with mother, we started eastward, stopping on the way at several places. Friday evening arrived in Philadelphia, where a little company warmly welcomed us in the home of sister Fannie.

And now, at the close of this little volume, with a grateful heart I desire to return thanks, first to our loving Father, who has brought me into the light and liberty of his precious love, and released me from the bondage of suffering and helplessness, and next, to each of the dear friends he has raised up, who by their sympathy, by their material aid and by their prayers have encouraged and

helped me on my way, until now I send forth this second record of the Lord's dealings, hoping and praying it may accomplish His purpose, who has so manifestly led and sustained me, and be a comfort to some suffering ones who are still called to remain in the furnace of affliction. I can fully sympathize with you, dear sufferer, and would that I could see all delivered; but I trust you will realize there is as much service, in patiently suffering and waiting, as in actively doing our heavenly Father's will, resting assured, if it be his will, restoration will come. He knoweth what is best for us.

This reminds me of the promise made on page 124. By request, a reference was made to a sermon in a letter from Rev. D. Steele, D. D., which is here inserted for the benefit of the reader:

SALEM, June 9, 1879.

Miss Jennie Smith-

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST: I have not forgotten you, but have often inquired respecting your welfare. I rejoiced when I heard that you were healed. Last spring I saw your pastor, Brother Leonard, who told me that you were walking about the streets of Dayton as well as anybody, and praising the Lord. When at Mansfield camp-meeting in 1877 I saw that you were misunderstood, and that some good people, whose zeal was in advance of their knowledge, were reproaching you with unbelief because you were not healed. So I took occasion in a sermon to speak of the difference between the grace of faith and the gift of faith somewhat as follows:

"I. The grace of faith is required of every soul who has any knowledge of the Object (Christ), and its absence in

such souls is the ground of their condemnation. 'He that believeth not is condemned already.'

"2. The gift of faith is not required of any one, but is sovereignly bestowed by 'the Spirit, dividing to every one severally as he will.' The scriptural ground for this distinction is found in I Cor. xii. 4-31, especially in verse 9, where *faith* is enumerated as one of the *charismata* or special gifts, and what is specially to be noted is that it is mentioned in connection with the gift of healing.

"3. There is no more culpability for not having the gift of faith than there is for the lack of the gift of tongues or

the gift of miracles.

"4. The grace of faith is grounded on the general promises of the Bible; but the gift of faith is not grounded on any such promise, but on the conviction inwrought in the believer by the Holy Spirit that God will, through prayer, do some specific thing, as convert a certain soul or heal a certain invalid.

"5. The grace of faith is always accompanied by the condition, 'If it be thy will.' The gift of faith is the assurance that it is God's will; hence there is no if in this

prayer.

"6. The grace of faith is the permanent habit of a soul, as indispensable to spiritual life as breathing is to natural life. The gift of faith is occasional. St. Paul sometimes had it (Acts xxviii. 8), and sometimes he was destitute of it (2 Tim. iv. 20). The gift of faith is not requisite to the highest spiritual life, any more than the gift of tongues or the gift of healing.

"7. Though blessed with the most rapturous visitations of the Comforter and a cloudless communion with the Father and the Son, yet I have never been endowed with the gift of faith for my own, or for another's heal-

ing."

I write this as an invalid, about to take a sea-voyage in quest of health—a boon which I would gladly accept as an instantaneous gift if it was God's will. I am praying the

Lord to heal me, with or without means if it be his will. Ever since reading the chapter on faith-cures in Dr. Bushnell's *Nature and the Supernatural*, I have believed that the gift of healing has been in the Church in all ages.

There is danger of fanaticism in treating of the Holy Spirit and his gifts. May the Lord Jesus keep you from

all errors!

Yours with the abiding Comforter,
DANIEL STEELE.

Oh that a blessing may rest upon each one who reads this book! We ask an interest in your prayers, trusting we shall meet beyond the river, but while sojourning here on earth may we, as his humble followers, realize day by day

#### WHAT GOD IS TO HIS PEOPLE.\*

Our "Fortress" in life's war, secure, Impregnable, for ever sure;
No foe can ever harm
God's faithful people sheltered here;
He bids them not to doubt or fear,
But trust in his strong arm.

Our "Covert" from life's fearful storms;
Our "Hiding-place" 'mid earth's alarms;
Our God, to him we fly.
To this "Strong Tower" we love to run,
And when the victory is won
His name we magnify.

Our "Counsellor," our "Friend," our "Guide," His aid he never has denied To those who trust his grace;

\* Written on our visit to Bella Cook's. See page 270.

His loving-kindness he will give To those who by his precepts live, And love his name to praise.

Our "Rock," the great "Foundation-stone"
On which we build, in him alone
Our trusting souls confide;
All human things are insecure,
But this our "Rock," so firm and sure;
Will evermore abide,

Our "Burden-bearer"—loving word!—
We "cast our burdens on the Lord"
And joyously go free;
Life's heavy loads we need not bear;
He bids us "cast on him our care,"
And says, "I care for thee,"

Our "Light"—oh, blessed, glorious One!—In this dark world he is our Sun,
And his all-cheering rays
Our saddening gloom and fear dispel;
They make our souls with gladness swell,
And fill our hearts with praise.

Our "Prophet," "Teacher;" we would hear His blessed teachings, and revere The precious words divine: His statutes be our chief delight; Obedient, blameless in his sight, In his own light we shine.

Our "Wisdom" and our "Righteousness;"
Redeemed partakers of his grace,
"In him we are complete;"

He is our great atoning "Priest," And through his sacrifice the least May find in heaven a seat.

Our "Comforter" in sore distress,
Our "Fountain" in the wilderness,
Our "Bread of Life" from heaven,
We eat and drink abundantly;
The "feast" prepared, so full and free,
To us our God has given.

Our "Jesus," "Saviour," for our sin
Poured out his life our souls to win:
A cleansing stream it flowed;
Stupendous love, that brought him down
To wear for us a thorny crown
And shed his precious blood!

"Redeemer" of our captive race,
"Deliverer;" oh, the matchless grace!
He came to set us free;
He opened our dark prison-door,
And said, "Go out and sin no more;
I've come to ransom thee."

"Refiner!" Should our God prepare
A furnace-fire, and place us there
To glorify his name,
If thus he make us pure, complete,
Shall we not welcome furnace-heat
And triumph in the flame?

The great "I Am," "Jehovah," "Lord," By all the hosts of heaven adored, Our own victorious King; Through him we all may victors be, Before his power our foes shall flee, And we our triumph sing.

"Our Father"—dearest, sweetest name!
His goodness let our lips proclaim
Who deigns our names to own,
And calls us his, through saving grace,
Exalting us to share a place
As joint-heirs with his Son!

By MARY D. JAMES.



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